MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 04164 5292

Cecil Sharp
Herbert Hughes

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/31761041645292

I

THE

SONGS OF ENGLAND.

A COLLECTION OF

274

ENGLISH MELODIES,

INCLUDING THE MOST POPULAR

TRADITIONAL DITTIES,

4335

AND THE

PRINCIPAL SONGS AND BALLADS

OF THE LAST THREE CENTURIES,

EDITED,

WITH NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS,

BY

J. L. HATTON AND EATON FANING.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I. (New Edition).

BOOSEY & CO.,
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.,
AND
9, EAST 17th STREET, NEW YORK.

PATERSON & SONS,
27, GEORGE STREET,

KENNY & CO., PRINTERS,
25, CAMDEN RD., LONDON, N.W

M
1740
H34S6
v.1

LIBRARY
JUL 20 1964
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

913859

INDEX—VOL. I.

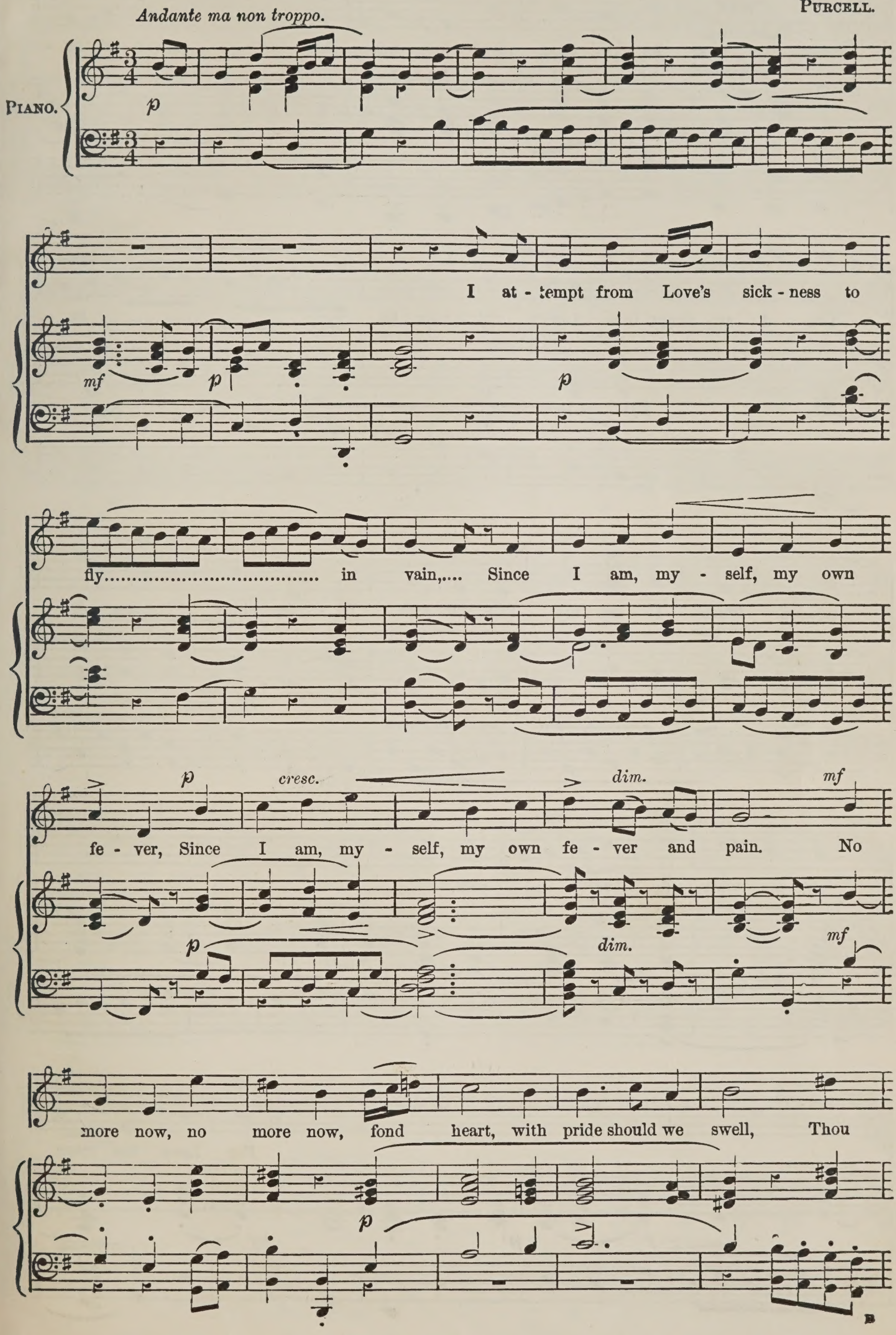
NAME OF SONG.	WORDS BY	MUSIC BY	PAGE
A hunting we will go	Henry Fielding	(1760)	196
Alice Gray	William Mee	Millard	158
Anchorsmiths (the)	Dibdin	Dibdin	81
Anchor's weighed (the)	S. J. Arnold	Braham	210
Arethusa (the)	Prince Hoare	Shield	178
Arrow and the song (the)	H. W. Longfellow	M. W. Balfe	124
A thousand a year		Millard	234
Away to the mountain's brow		A. Lee	30
Bailiff's daughter of Islington (the)		(Traditional)	110
Banks of Allan Water (the)	M. G. Lewis		78
Barbara Allen	Anonymous	(Old Tune)	111
Bay of Biscay (the)	Andrew Cherry	J. Davy	70
Begone! dull care	Anonymous	(17th Century)	40
Bid me discourse	Shakspeare	Bishop	34
Black-eyed Susan	John Gay	Leveridge	163
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	Shakspeare	Dr. Arne	149
Blow high, blow low	Dibdin	Dibdin	134
British Grenadiers (the)	Anonymous	(16th Century)	26
Cease your funning	(Old English)	Gay	143
Cherry ripe	R. Herrick	C. E. Horn	140
Come, lasses and lads		(17th Century)	127
Dashing white sergeant (the)	General Burgoyne	Bishop	184
Death of Nelson	S. J. Arnold	Braham	216
Deep, deep sea (the)	Mrs. George Sharpe	C. E. Horn	200
Down among the dead men	Dyer	(About 1700)	138
Drink to me only	Ben Jonson		22
Early one morning		(Old English)	131
Flow, thou regal purple stream	John O'Keefe	Arnold	52
Gaily the troubadour	T. H. Bayly	T. H. Bayly	23
Girl I left behind me (the)	Anonymous	(Old English)	101
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye	Folkestone Williams	John L. Hatton	118
Hearts of oak	David Garrick	Dr. Boyce	8
Heaving of the lead (the)	Pearce	Shield	86
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen	R. B. Sheridan	(17th Century)	16
Home, sweet home	J. Howard Payne	Bishop	213
Hope told a flattering tale			116
I am a friar of orders grey	John O'Keefe	Reeve	44
I attempt from love's sickness to fly		H. Purcell	1
I locked up all my treasure	Dibdin	Dibdin	168
It was a lover and his lass	Shakspeare	Thomas Morley	127
I've been roaming	George Soane	C. E. Horn	128
Jockey to the fair			188
Jolly young waterman (the)	Dibdin	Dibdin	182
Lass of Richmond Hill (the)	Upton	(Old tune)	160
Leather bottél (the)		(Traditional)	24
Lo! here the gentle lark	Shakspeare	Bishop	72
Love has eyes	Dibdin	Bishop	60
Lovely Nan	Dibdin	Dibdin	230

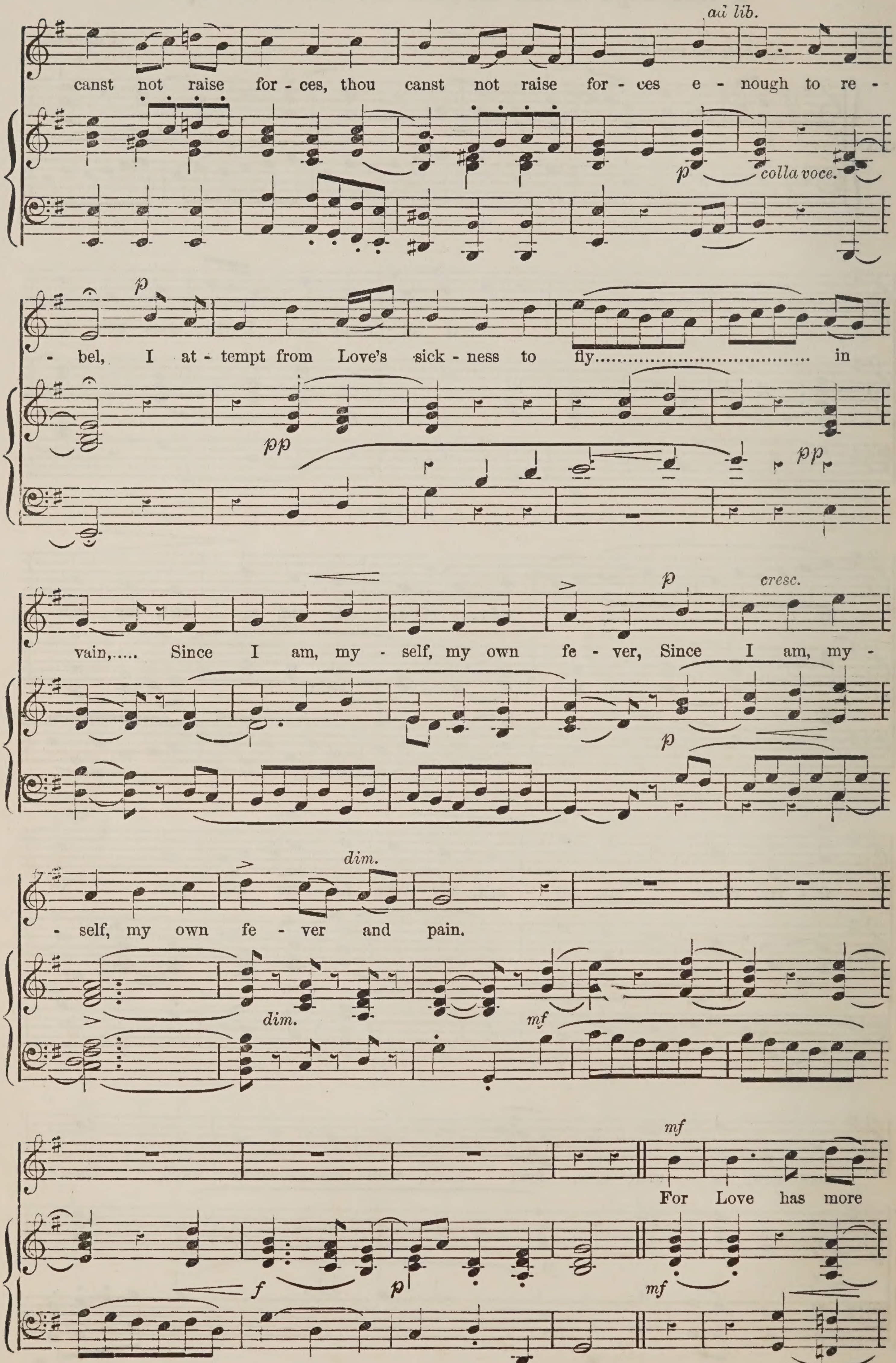
INDEX—VOL. I.

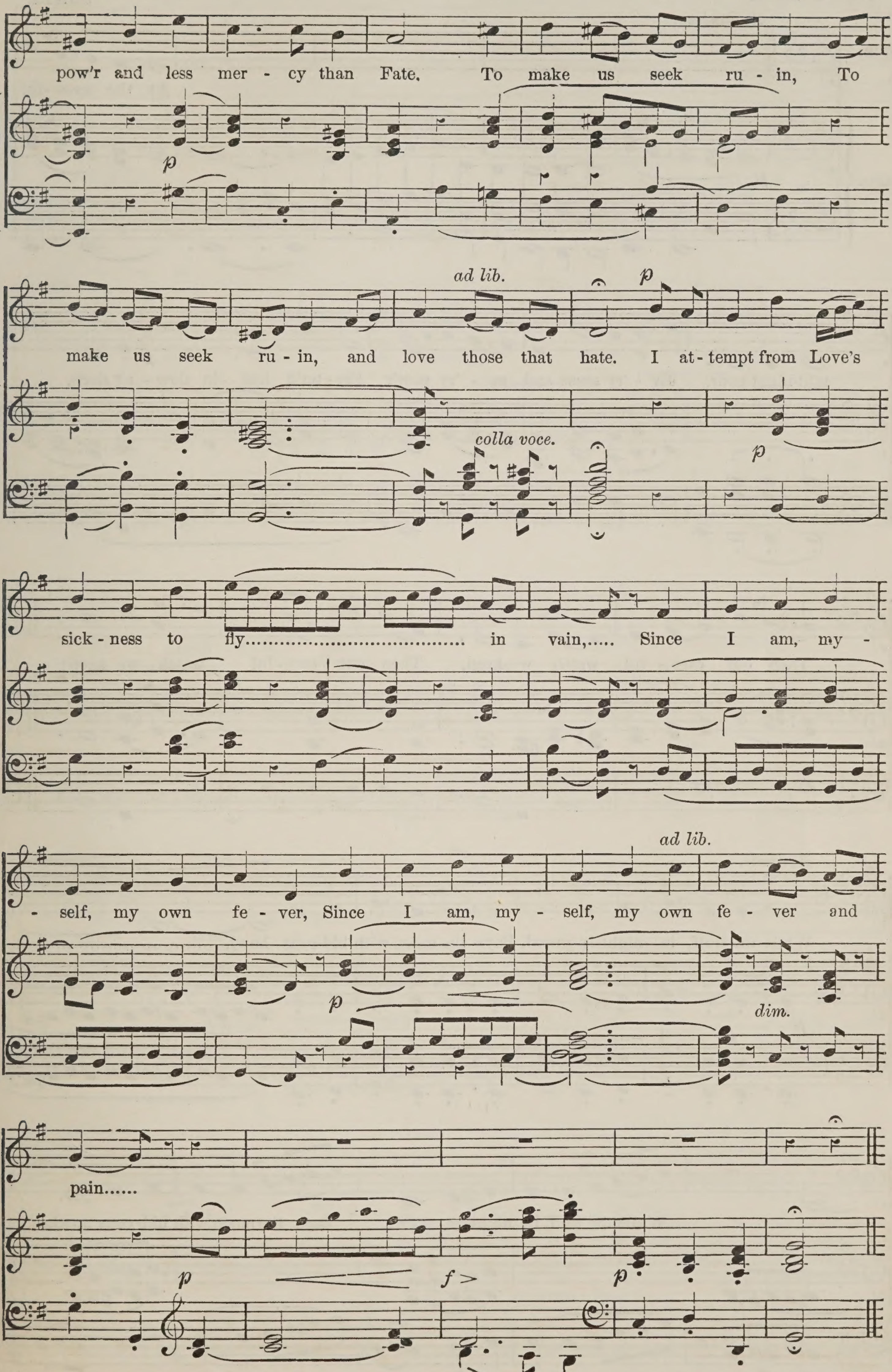
NAME OF SONG.	WORDS BY	MUSIC BY	PAGE
Meet me by moonlight	J. A. Wade	J. A. Wade	28
My lodging is on the cold ground	John Gay	(17th Century)	94
Near Woodstock town		(17th Century)	93
Now Phœbus sinketh in the west	Milton	Dr. Arne	9
O, bid your faithful Ariel fly		T. Linley	56
Oh! firm as oak		Bishop	106
Oh, no, we never mention her	T. H. Bayly	Bishop	144
Oh! rest thee, babe	D. Terry	Whitaker	98
Oh! say not woman's heart is bought	Isaac Pocock	J. Whitaker	18
Oh! the oak and the ash		(17th Century)	92
O, willow, willow	Shakspeare	(Traditional)	20
Pilgrim of love (the)	Dimond	Bishop	67
Plough boy (the)			96
Pray, Goody	Kane O'Hara	(from "Midas")	156
Pretty mocking bird	T. Morton	Bishop	62
Primroses deck the bank's green side		T. Linley	186
Roast beef of old England (the)	Leveridge	Leveridge	195
Rocked in the cradle of the deep	Mrs. Willard	J. P. Knight	220
Rule, Britannia	Thomson	Dr. Arne. 1740	198
Safely follow him	D. Terry	T. Cooke	12
Sailor's journal (the)	Dibdin	Dibdin	175
Sally in our alley	Carey	(Old tune)	27
Should he upbraid	Shakspeare	Bishop	47
Sigh no more, ladies	Shakspeare	R. J. S. Stevens	232
Simon the cellarer	W. H. Bellamy	J. L. Hatton	152
Soldier's tear (the)	T. H. Bayly	A. Lee	150
Soldier tired of war's alarms (the)	Anonymous	Dr. Arne	204
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee	Anonymous	G. A. Hodson	222
Tell me, my heart	T. Morton	Bishop	112
Then farewell! my trim-built wherry	Dibdin	Dibdin	41
There was a jolly miller	(Old English)	(Old tune)	181
Thorn (the)	John O'Keefe	Shield	146
Those evening bells	Moore	Beethoven	100
Three fishers	Charles Kingsley	John Hullah	237
Three ravens (the)		(Old English)	105
To Anthea	Herrick	J. L. Hatton	225
Token (the)	Dibdin	Dibdin	166
Tom Bowling	Dibdin	Dibdin	169
Under the greenwood tree	Shakspeare	Dr. Arne	102
Vicar of Bray (the)		(17th Century)	14
Village blacksmith (the)	Longfellow	W. H. Weiss	245
Wapping old stairs	(Old Ballad)	J. Percy	192
We all love a pretty girl under the rose		Dr. Arne	84
We met—'twas in a crowd	T. H. Bayly	T. H. Bayly	120
What shall I do to show how much I love her	Dryden	H. Purcell	228
When forced from dear Hebe	Shenstone	Dr. Arne	154
When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove	Dibdin	Braham	90
Where the bee sucks	Shakspeare	Dr. Arne	190
While the lads of the village	Dibdin	Dibdin	42
With lowly suit and plaintive ditty		Storace	88
Wolf (the)	John O'Keefe	Shield	4
Woodpecker (the)	Moore	M. Kelly	172
Wreck of the Hesperus (the)	Longfellow	J. L. Hatton	250
Ye twice ten hundred deities		Purcell	240

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly.

PURCELL.

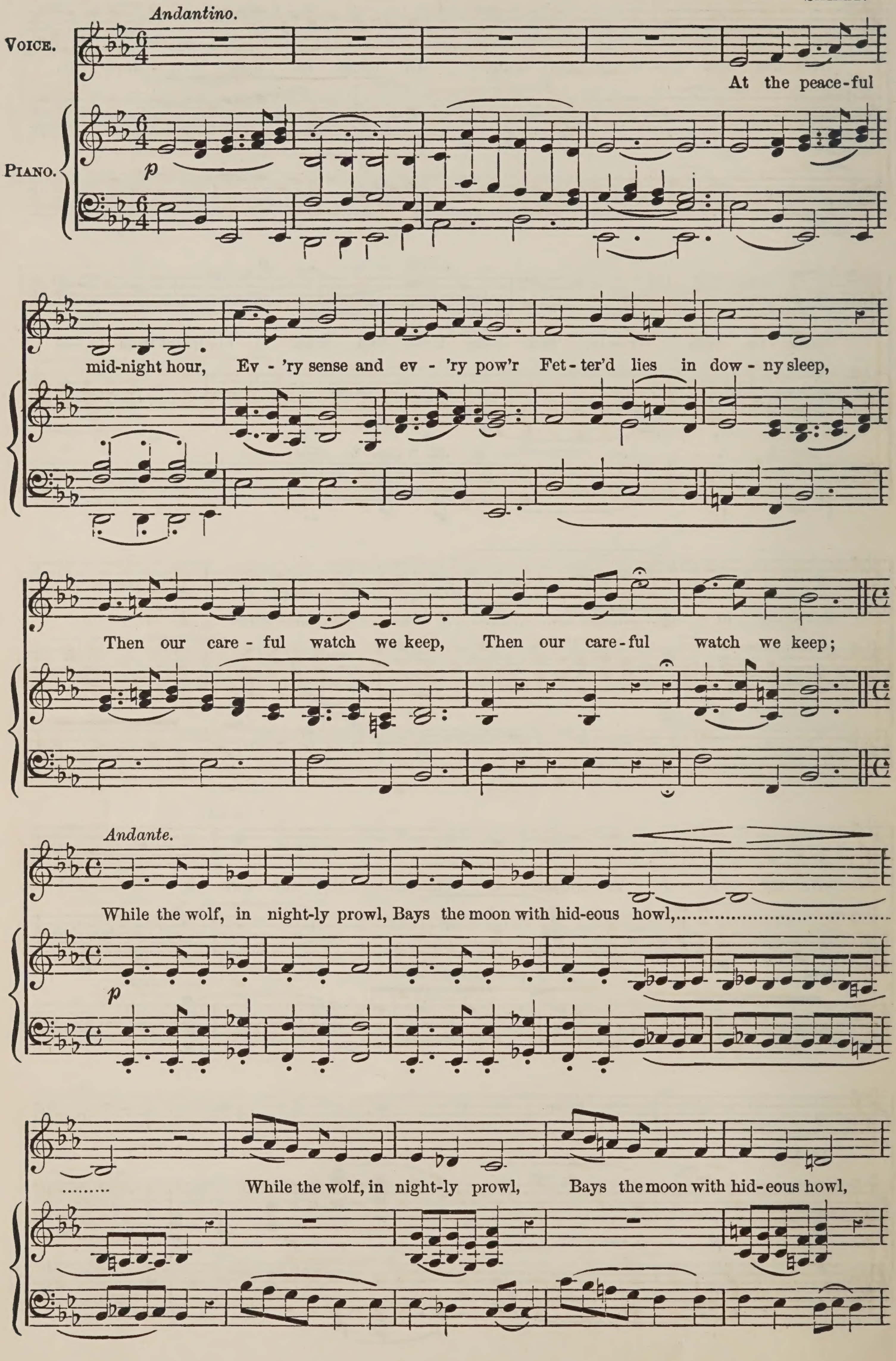

Andante ma non troppo.
PIANO.
p
mf
p
p
I at - tempt from Love's sick - ness to
fly.. in vain,.... Since I am, my - self, my own
fe - ver, Since I am, my - self, my own fe - ver and pain. No
p
cresc.
dim.
mf
p
dim.
mf
more now, no more now, fond heart, with pride should we swell, Thou
p

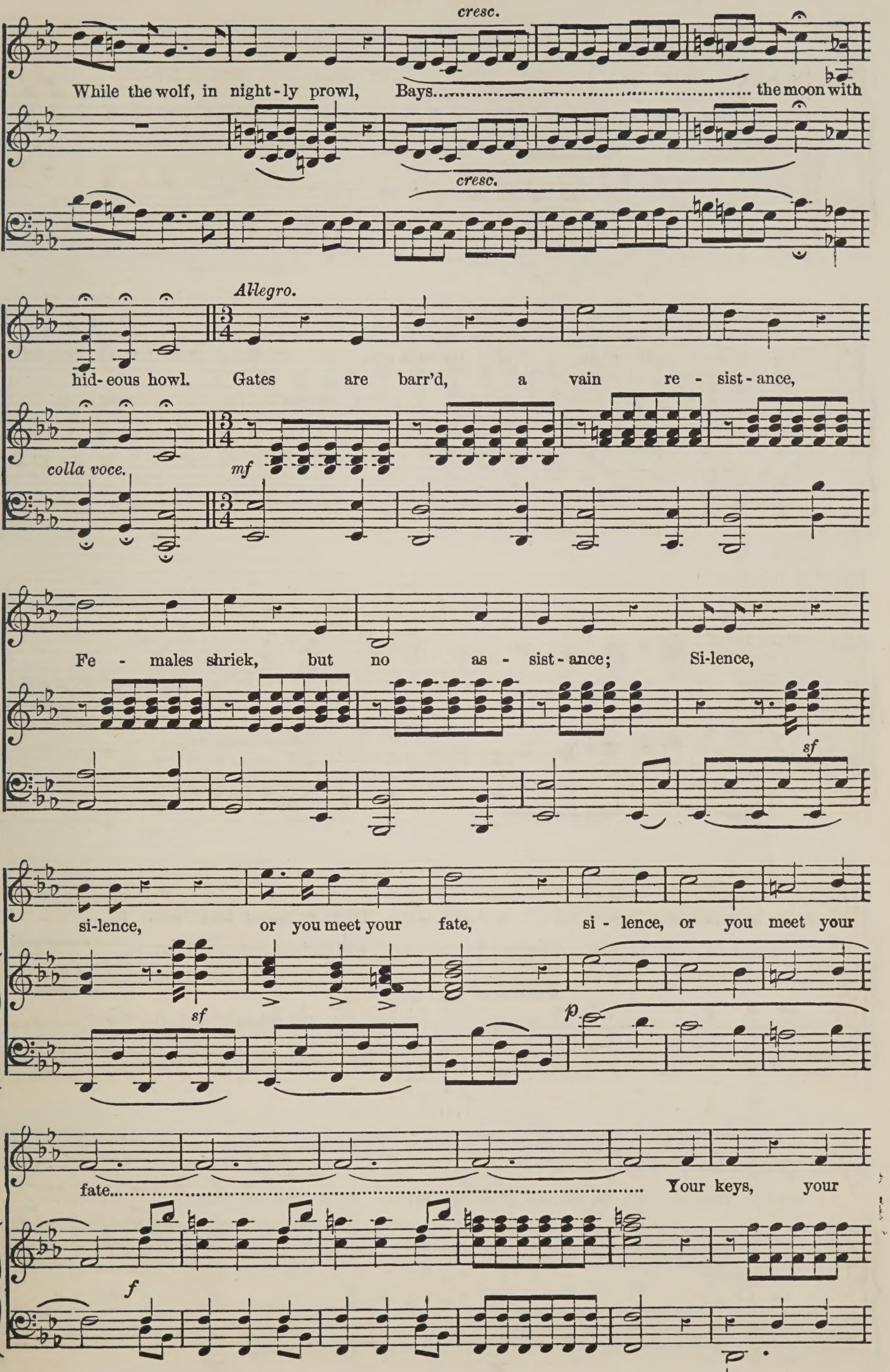

ad lib.
canst not raise for - ces, thou canst not raise for - ces e - nough to re -
p
colla voce.
p
- bel, I at - tempt from Love's sick - ness to fly.................................... in
pp
pp
vain,..... Since I am, my - self, my own fe - ver, Since I am, my -
p
cresc.
p
- self, my own fe - ver and pain.
dim.
dim.
mf
mf
For Love has more
f
p
mf

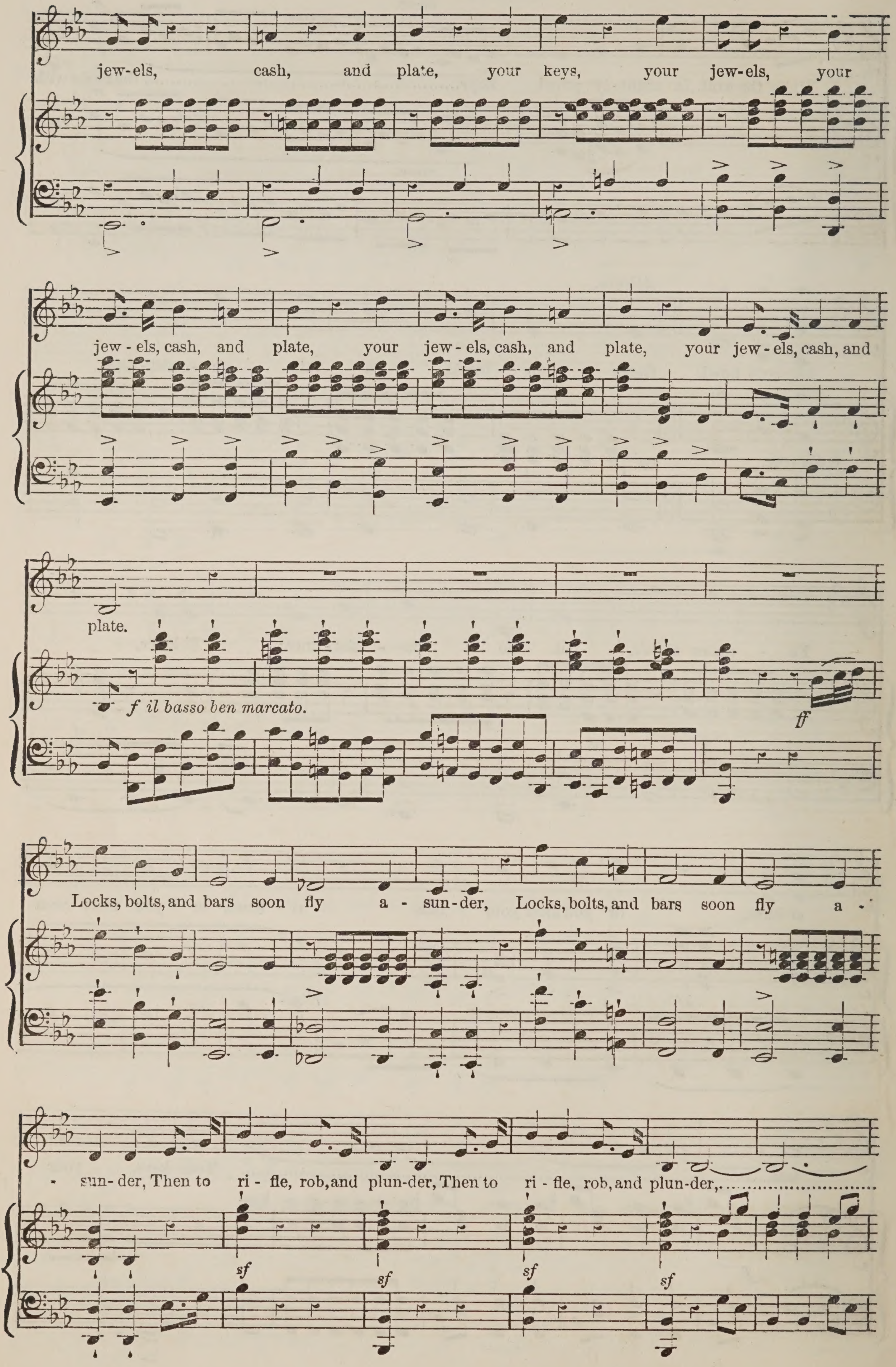

pow'r and less mer - cy than Fate. To make us seek ru - in, To
p
make us seek ru - in, and love those that hate. I at - tempt from Love's
ad lib.
p
colla voce.
p
sick - ness to fly.................................... in vain,..... Since I am, my -
- self, my own fe - ver, Since I am, my - self, my own fe - ver and
ad lib.
p
dim.
pain......
p
f >
p

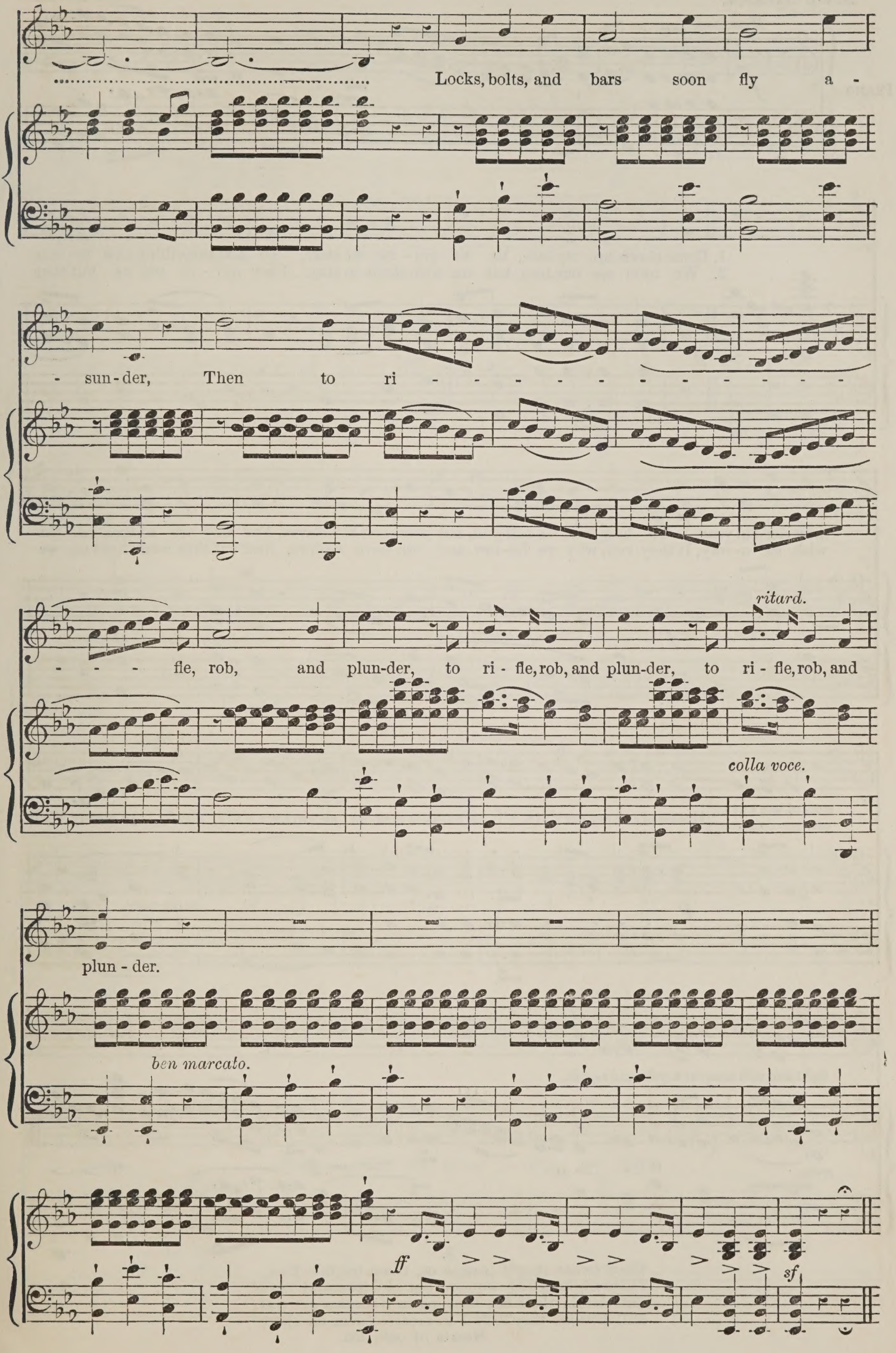
The Wolf.

John O'Keefe. **Shield.**


Andantino.
Voice.
Piano.
p
At the peace-ful
mid-night hour, Ev - 'ry sense and ev - 'ry pow'r Fet - ter'd lies in dow - ny sleep,
Then our care - ful watch we keep, Then our care-ful watch we keep;
Andante.
p
While the wolf, in night-ly prowl, Bays the moon with hid-eous howl,........
.... While the wolf, in night-ly prowl, Bays the moon with hid-eous howl,

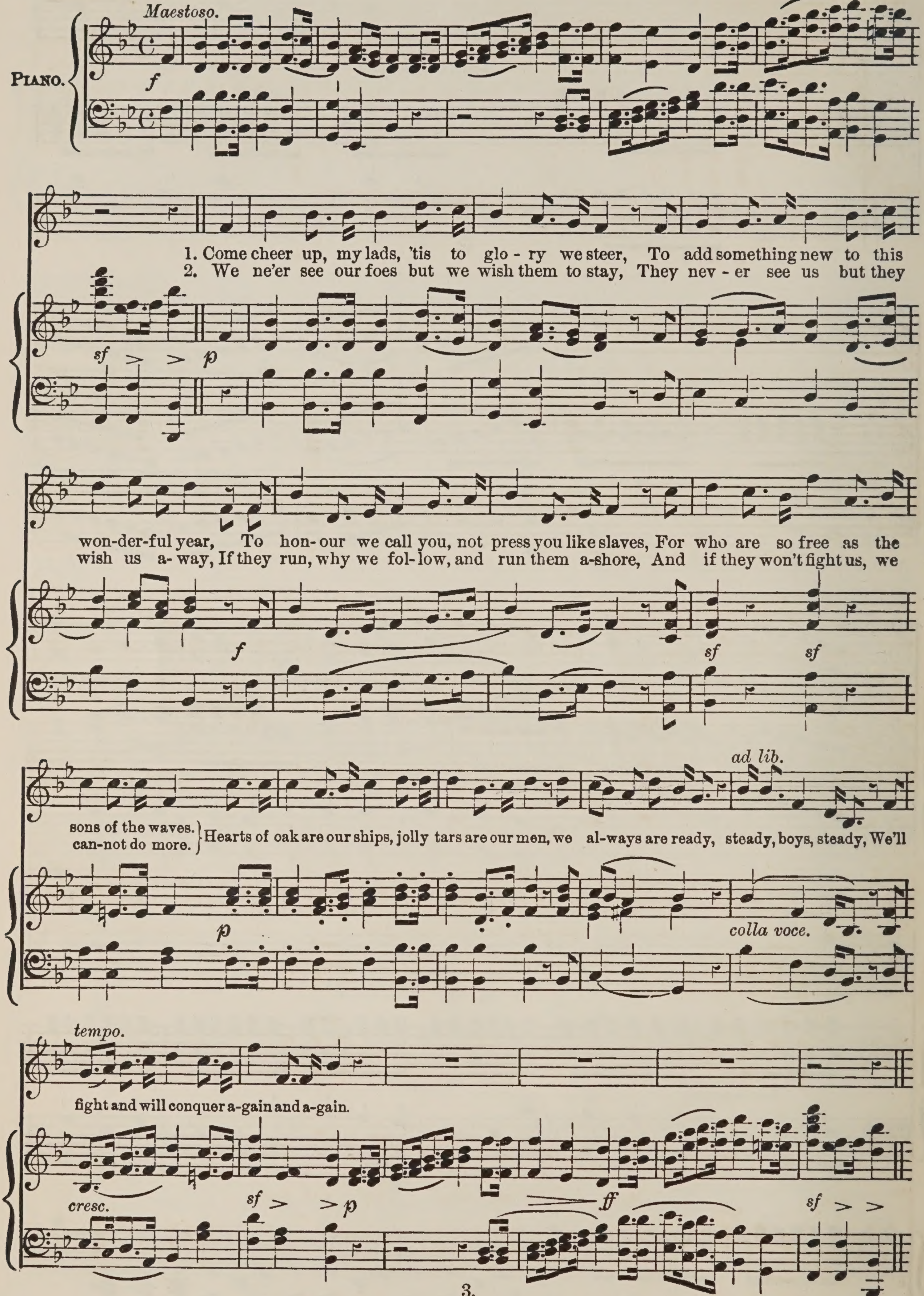

cresc.
While the wolf, in night-ly prowl,
Bays.............................. the moon with
cresc.
hid-eous howl.
Allegro.
3/4
Gates are barr'd, a vain re-sist-ance,
colla voce.
mf
Fe-males shriek, but no as-sist-ance;
Si-lence,
sf
si-lence, or you meet your fate,
si-lence, or you meet your
sf
p
fate.............................. Your keys, your
f


jewels, cash, and plate, your keys, your jewels, your
jew-els, cash, and plate, your jew-els, cash, and plate, your jew-els, cash, and
plate.
f il basso ben marcato.
ff
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-sun-der, Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-
sun-der, Then to ri-fle, rob, and plun-der, Then to ri-fle, rob, and plun-der,……
sf
sf
sf
sf


Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a -
- sun-der, Then to ri - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - fle, rob, and plun-der, to ri - fle, rob, and plun-der, to ri - fle, rob, and
ritard.
colla voce.
plun - der.
ben marcato.
ff
sf

Hearts of oak.

David Garrick. Dr. Boyce.

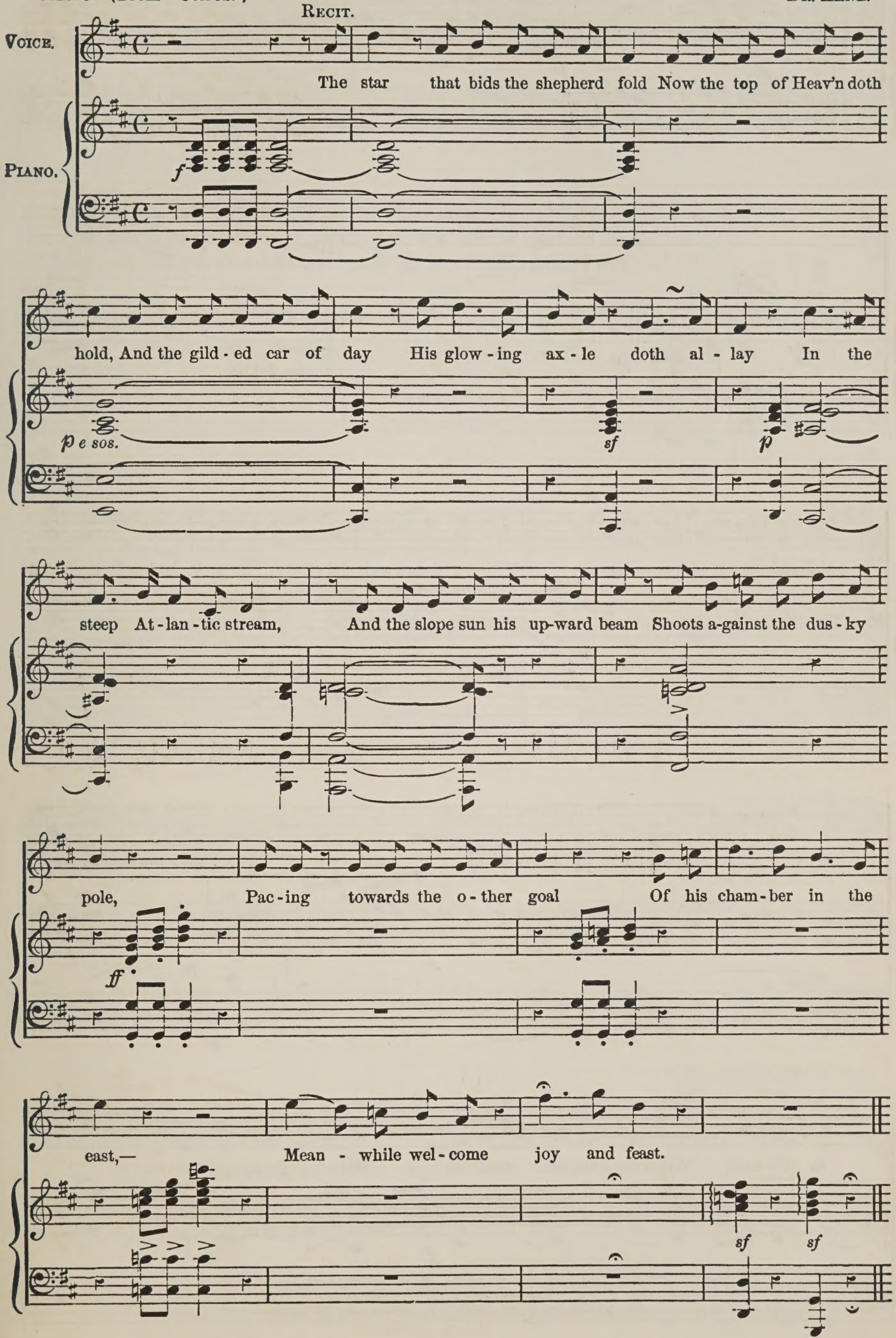

Maestoso.
Piano.
f
sf > > p
1. Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To add something new to this won-der-ful year, To hon- our we call you, not press you like slaves, For who are so free as the sons of the waves.
2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They nev - er see us but they wish us a- way, If they run, why we fol- low, and run them a-shore, And if they won't fight us, we can-not do more.
f
sf
sf
Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men, we al-ways are ready, steady, boys, steady, We'll fight and will conquer a-gain and a-gain.
p
ad lib.
colla voce.
tempo.
cresc.
sf > > p
ff
sf > >

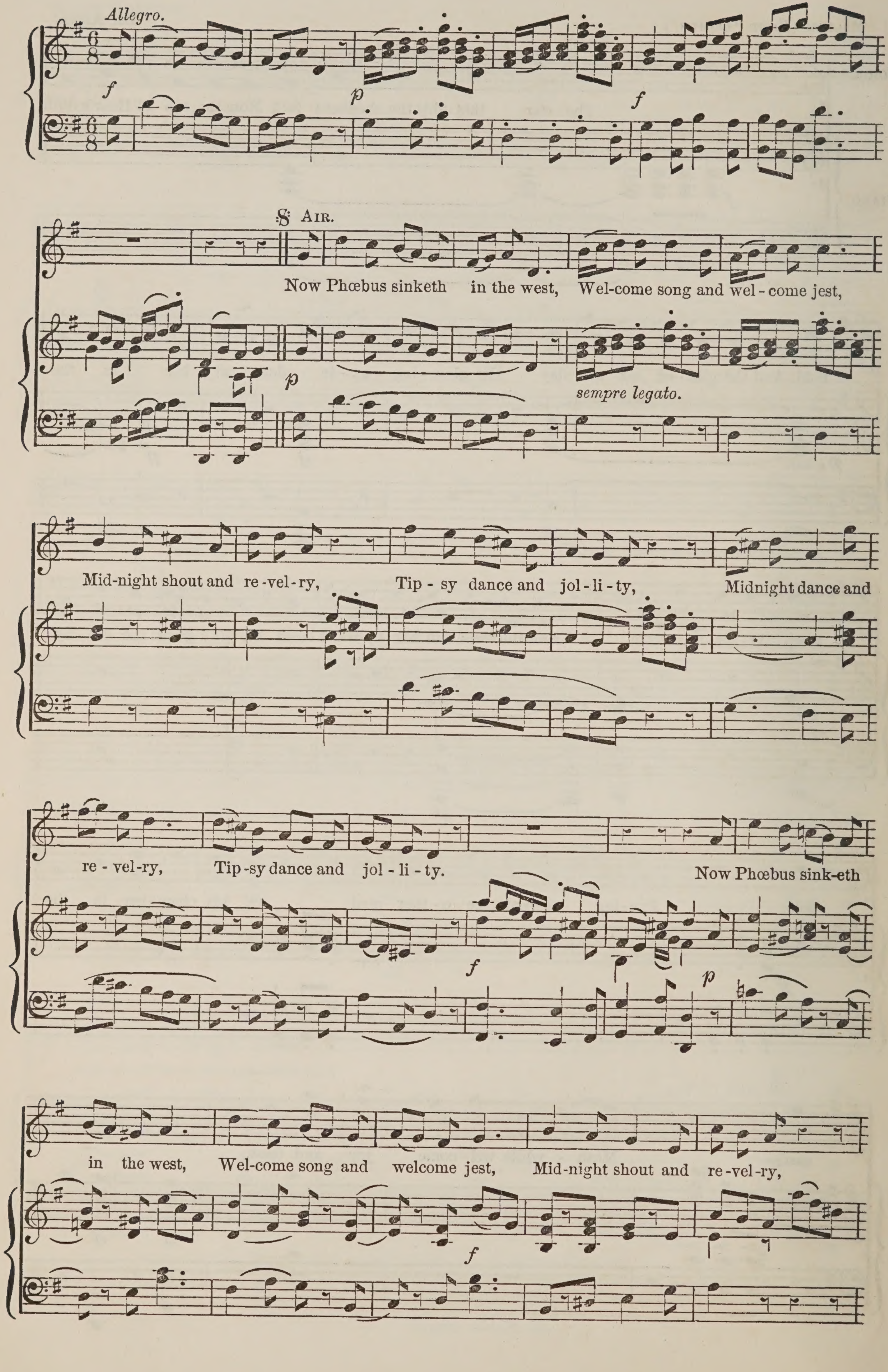
3.

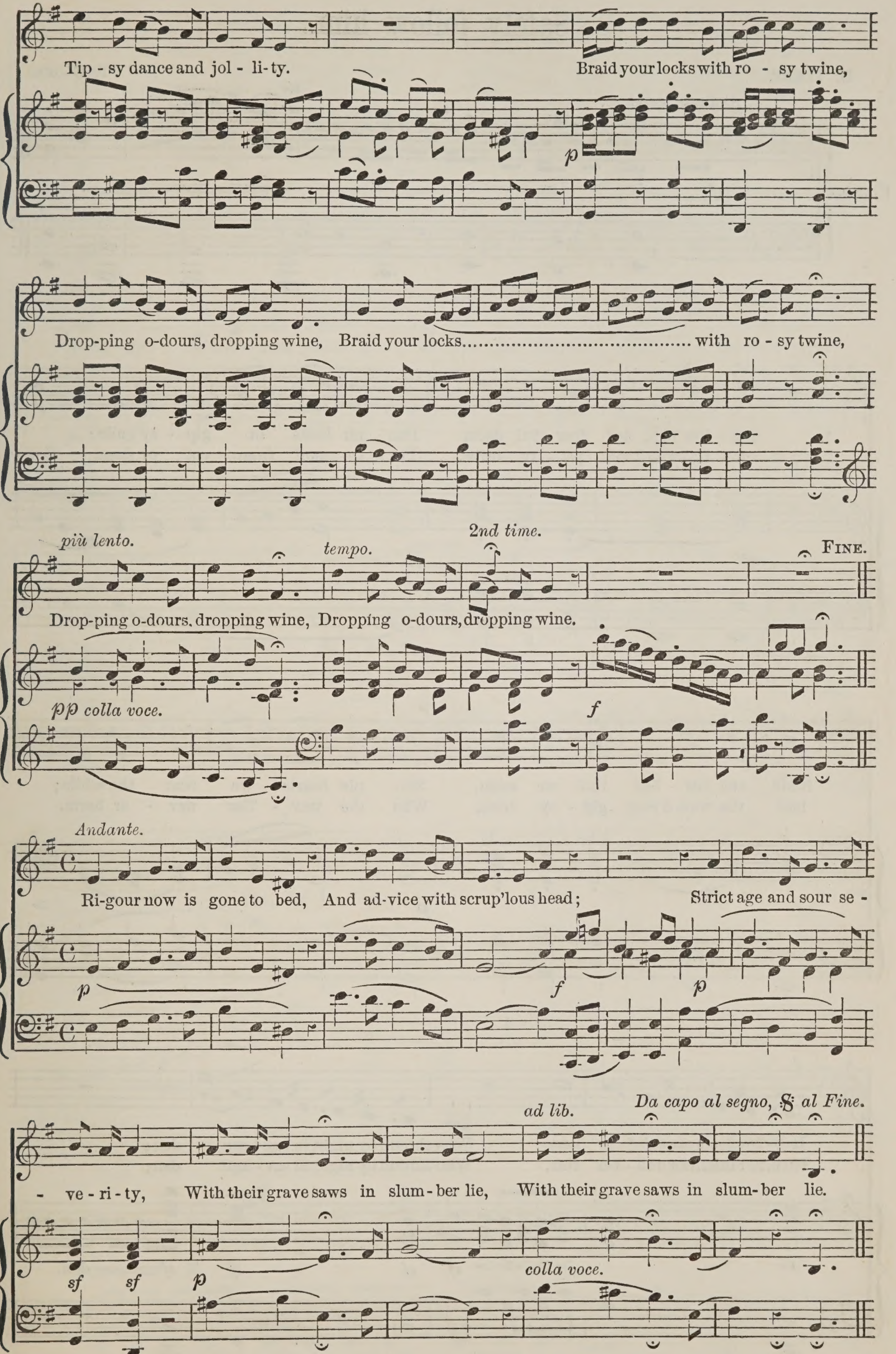
They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children and beaus,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the west.

Milton (From "Comus.") Dr. Arne.

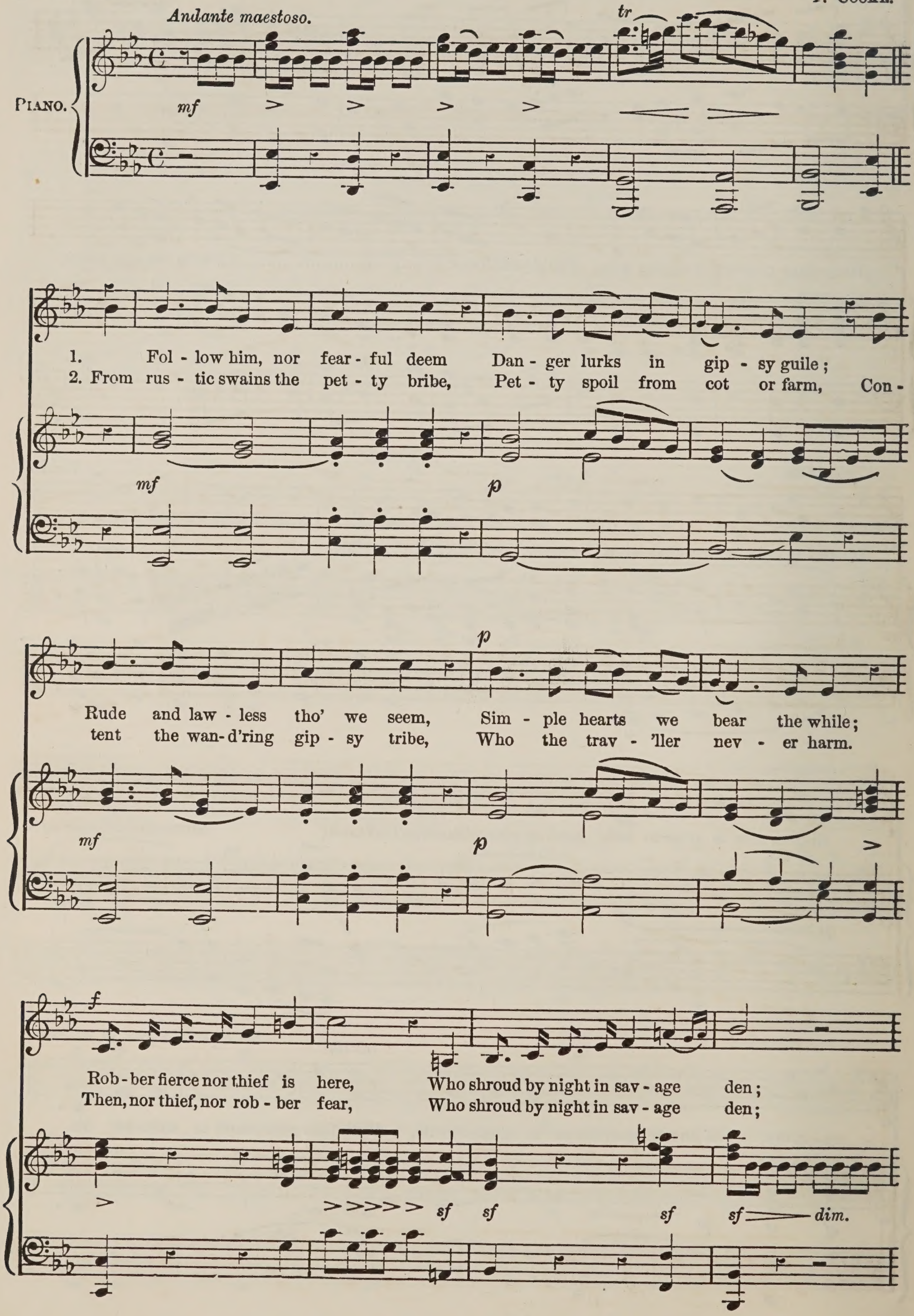

Recit.
Voice.
Piano.
f
The star that bids the shepherd fold Now the top of Heav'n doth
p e sos.
sf
p
hold, And the gild-ed car of day His glow-ing ax-le doth al-lay In the
steep At-lan-tic stream, And the slope sun his up-ward beam Shoots a-gainst the dus-ky
ff
pole, Pac-ing towards the o-ther goal Of his cham-ber in the
east,— Mean-while wel-come joy and feast.
sf
sf

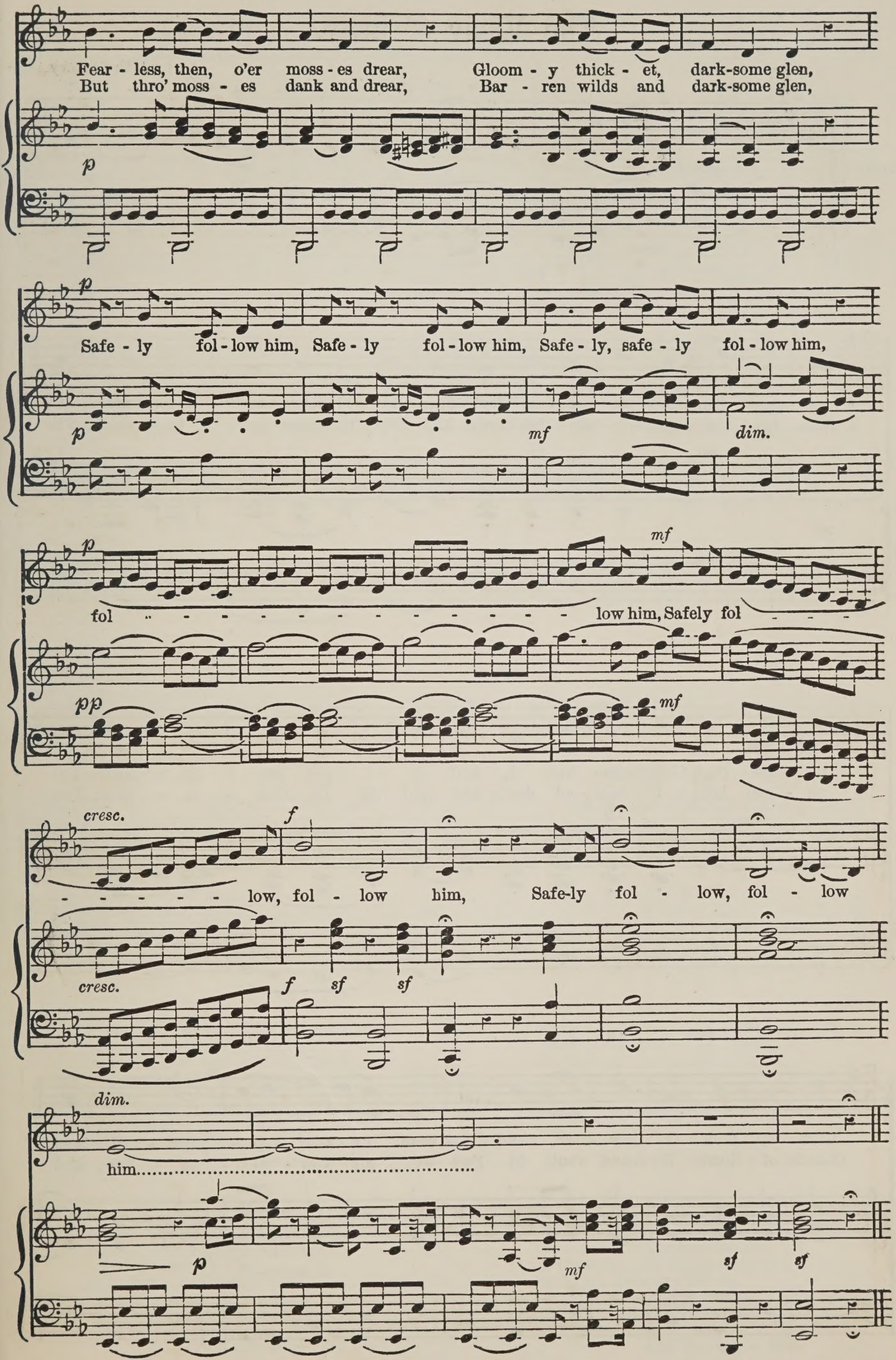

Allegro.
f
p
f
Air.
Now Phœbus sinketh in the west, Wel-come song and wel-come jest,
p
sempre legato.
Mid-night shout and re-vel-ry, Tip-sy dance and jol-li-ty, Midnight dance and
re-vel-ry, Tip-sy dance and jol-li-ty.
Now Phœbus sink-eth
f
p
in the west, Wel-come song and welcome jest, Mid-night shout and re-vel-ry,
f


Tip - sy dance and jol - li - ty.
Braid your locks with ro - sy twine,
p
Drop-ping o-dours, dropping wine, Braid your locks.. with ro - sy twine,
più lento.
tempo.
2nd time.
Fine.
Drop-ping o-dours, dropping wine, Dropping o-dours, dropping wine.
pp colla voce.
f
Andante.
Ri-gour now is gone to bed, And ad-vice with scrup'lous head; Strict age and sour se -
p
f
p
- ve - ri - ty, With their grave saws in slum - ber lie, With their grave saws in slum - ber lie.
ad lib.
Da capo al segno, 𝄋 al Fine.
sf
sf
p
colla voce.

Safely follow him.

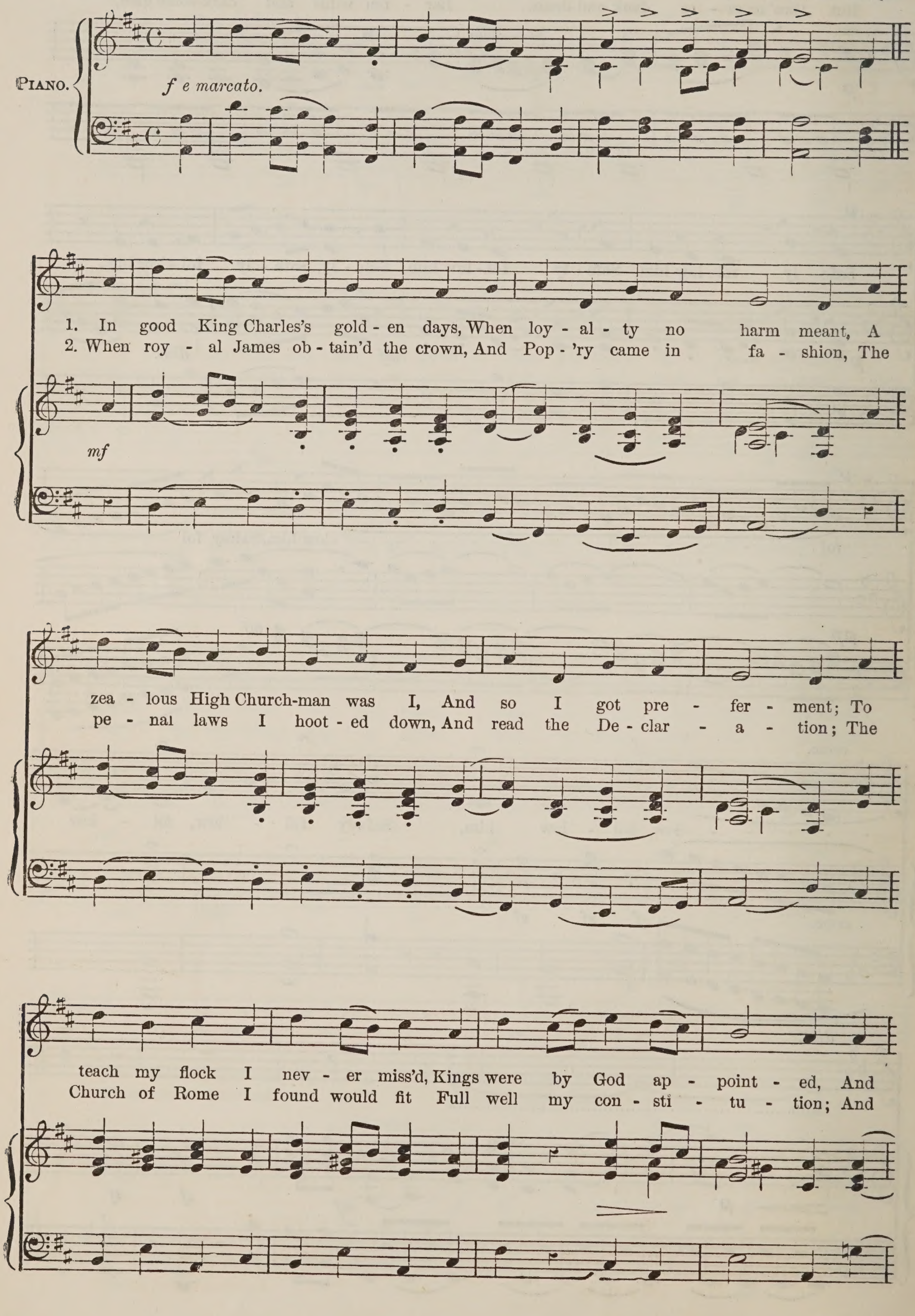
D. Terry. T. Cooke.

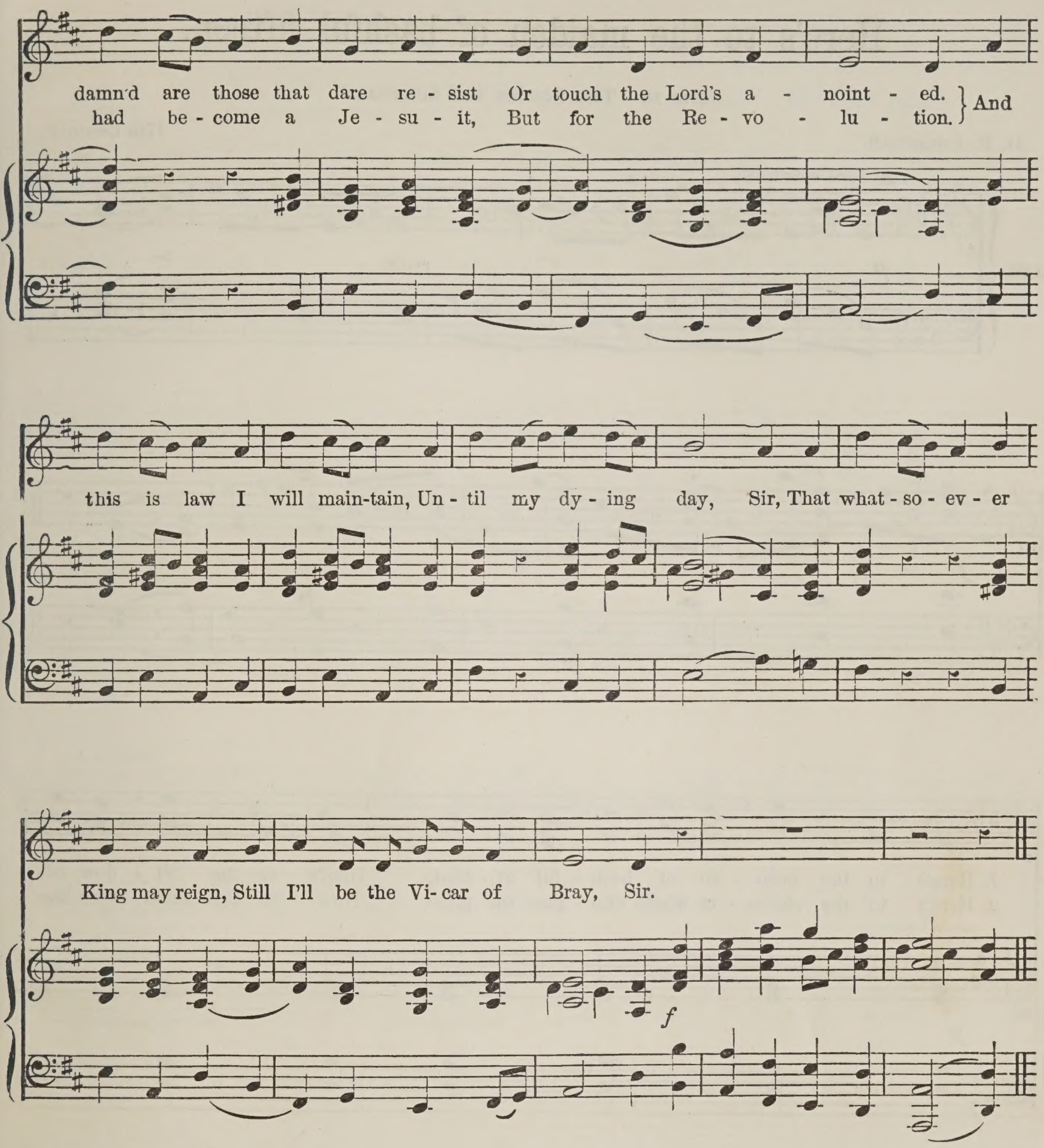

Andante maestoso.
Piano.
mf
tr
1. Follow him, nor fearful deem Danger lurks in gipsy guile;
2. From rustic swains the petty bribe, Petty spoil from cot or farm, Con-
mf
p
Rude and lawless tho' we seem, Simple hearts we bear the while;
tent the wand'ring gipsy tribe, Who the trav'ller never harm.
p
mf
p
f
Robber fierce nor thief is here, Who shroud by night in savage den;
Then, nor thief, nor robber fear, Who shroud by night in savage den;
sf
sf
sf
sf
dim.


Fear - less, then, o'er moss - es drear, Gloom - y thick - et, dark-some glen,
But thro' moss - es dank and drear, Bar - ren wilds and dark-some glen,
p
p
Safe - ly fol - low him, Safe - ly fol - low him, Safe - ly, safe - ly fol - low him,
p
mf
dim.
p
fol - - - - - - - - - - - - - - low him, Safely fol - - -
mf
pp
mf
cresc.
f
- - - - - - low, fol - low him, Safe-ly fol - low, fol - low
cresc.
f
sf
sf
dim.
him..
p
mf
sf
sf

The Vicar of Bray.

17th Century.


Piano.
f e marcato.
1. In good King Charles's gold - en days, When loy - al - ty no harm meant, A
2. When roy - al James ob - tain'd the crown, And Pop - 'ry came in fa - shion, The
mf
zea - lous High Church-man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment; To
pe - nal laws I hoot - ed down, And read the De - clar - a - tion; The
teach my flock I nev - er miss'd, Kings were by God ap - point - ed, And
Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my con - sti - tu - tion; And


damn'd are those that dare re - sist Or touch the Lord's a - noint - ed. } And
had be - come a Je - su - it, But for the Re - vo - lu - tion. }
this is law I will main-tain, Un - til my dy - ing day, Sir, That what - so - ev - er
King may reign, Still I'll be the Vi- car of Bray, Sir.
f

3.

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

4.

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c

5.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-a-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new Faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

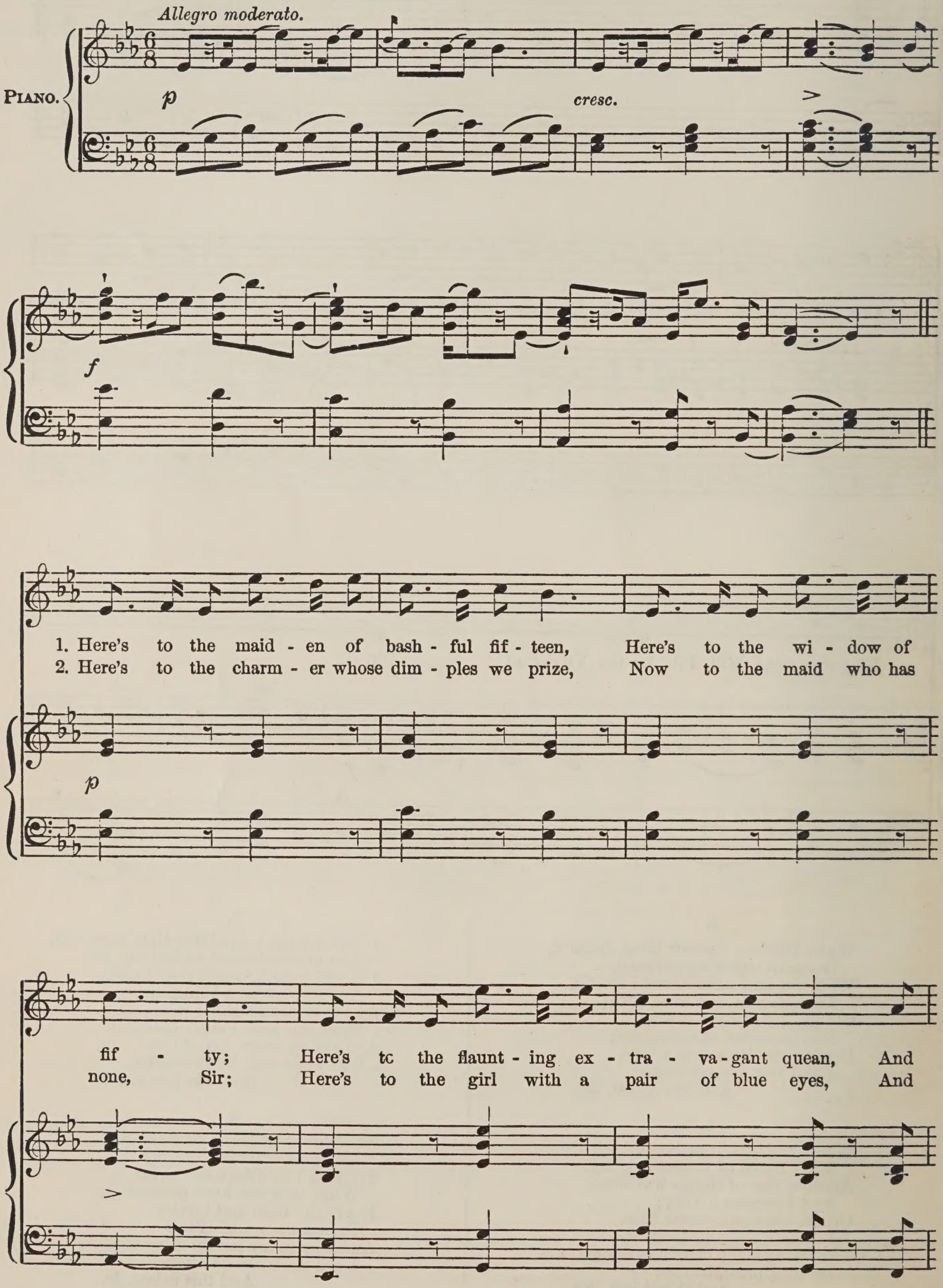
6.

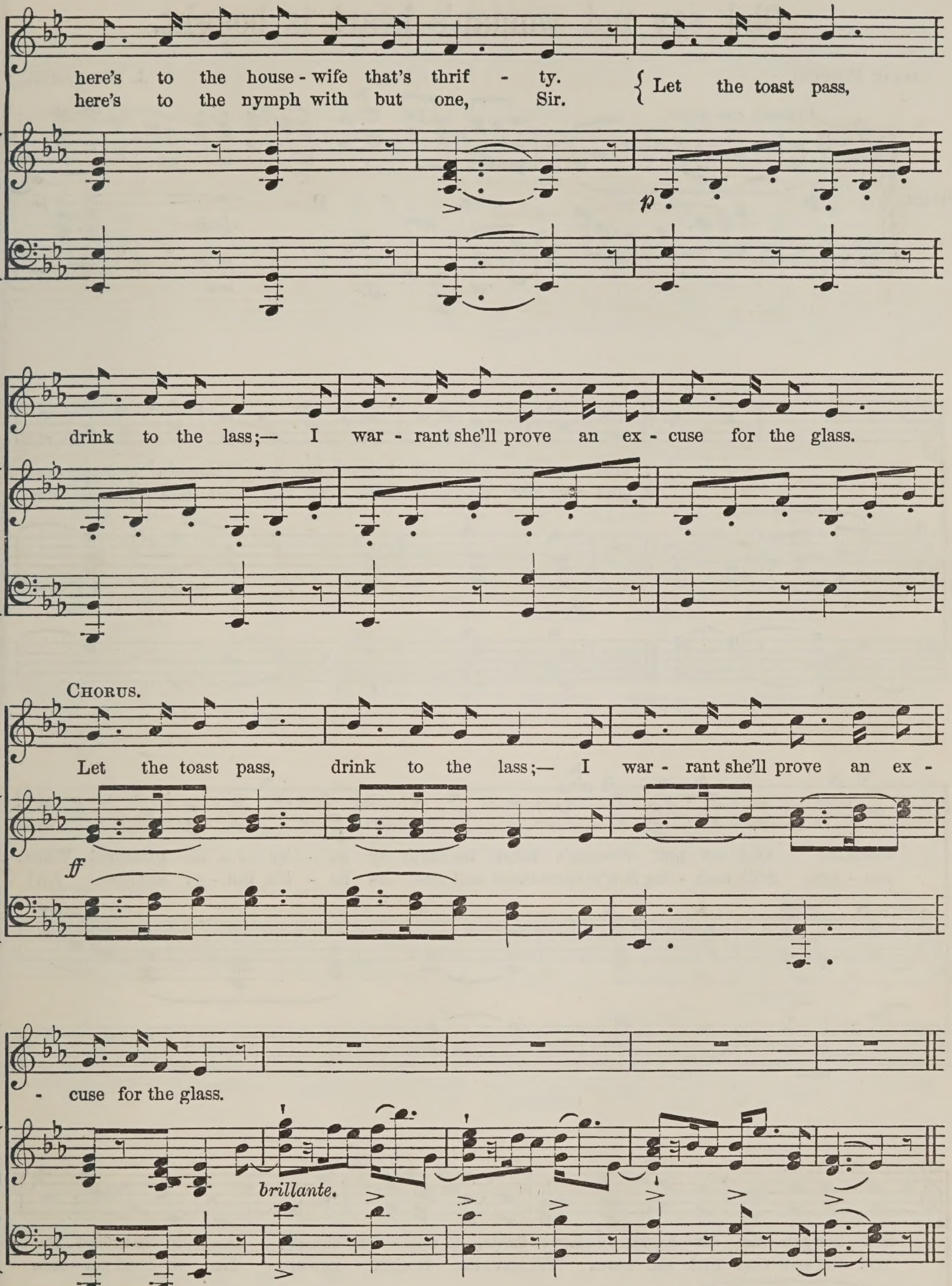
The illustrious house of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,—
While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.

Sung in "The School for Scandal."

R. B. Sheridan. 17th Century.


Allegro moderato.
Piano.
p
cresc.
f
p
1. Here's to the maid - en of bash - ful fif - teen, Here's to the wi - dow of
2. Here's to the charm - er whose dim - ples we prize, Now to the maid who has
fif - ty; Here's tc the flaunt - ing ex - tra - va - gant quean, And
none, Sir; Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And

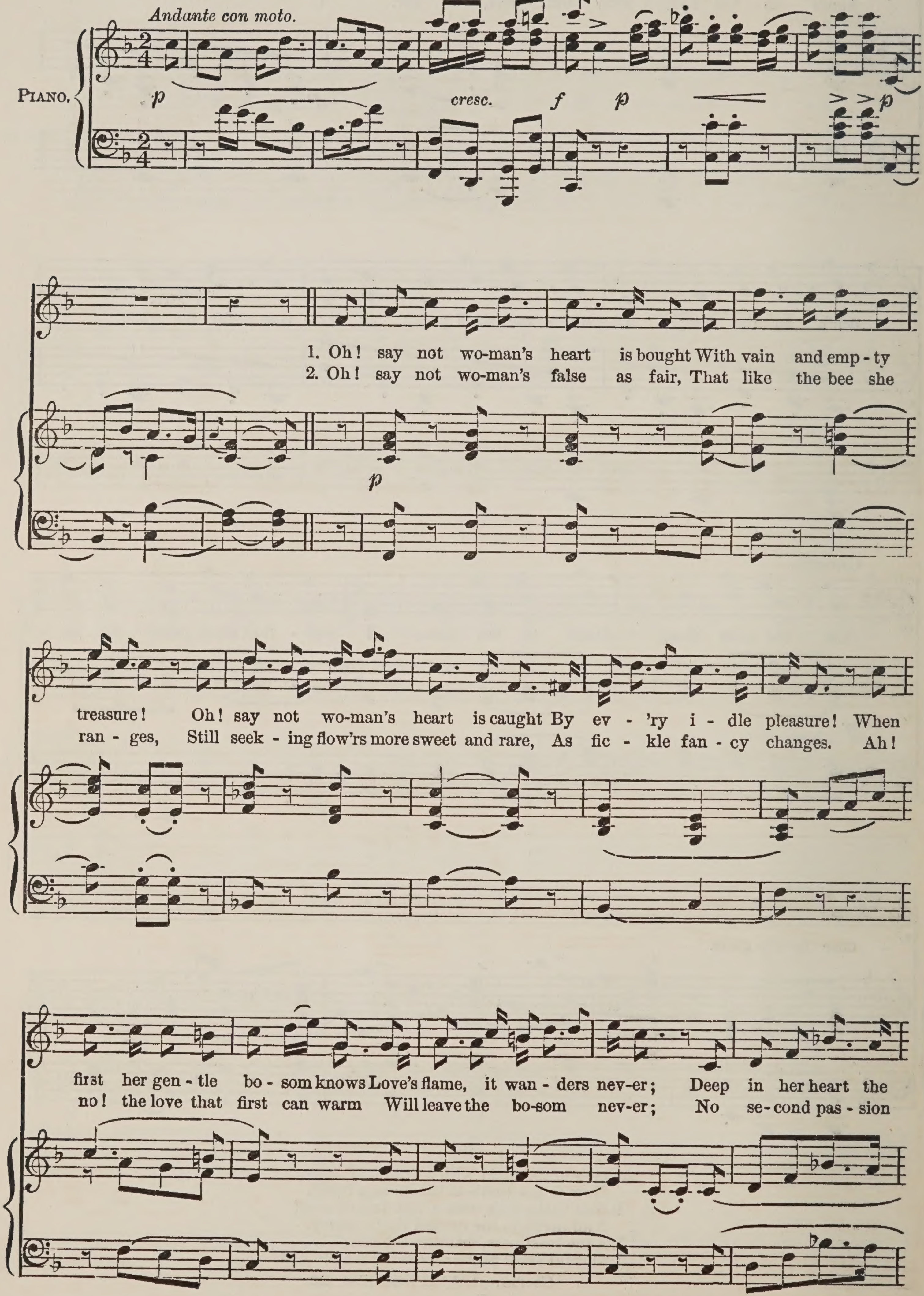

here's to the house - wife that's thrif - ty.
here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.
Let the toast pass,
p
drink to the lass;— I war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.
Chorus.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;— I war - rant she'll prove an ex -
ff
- cuse for the glass.
brillante.

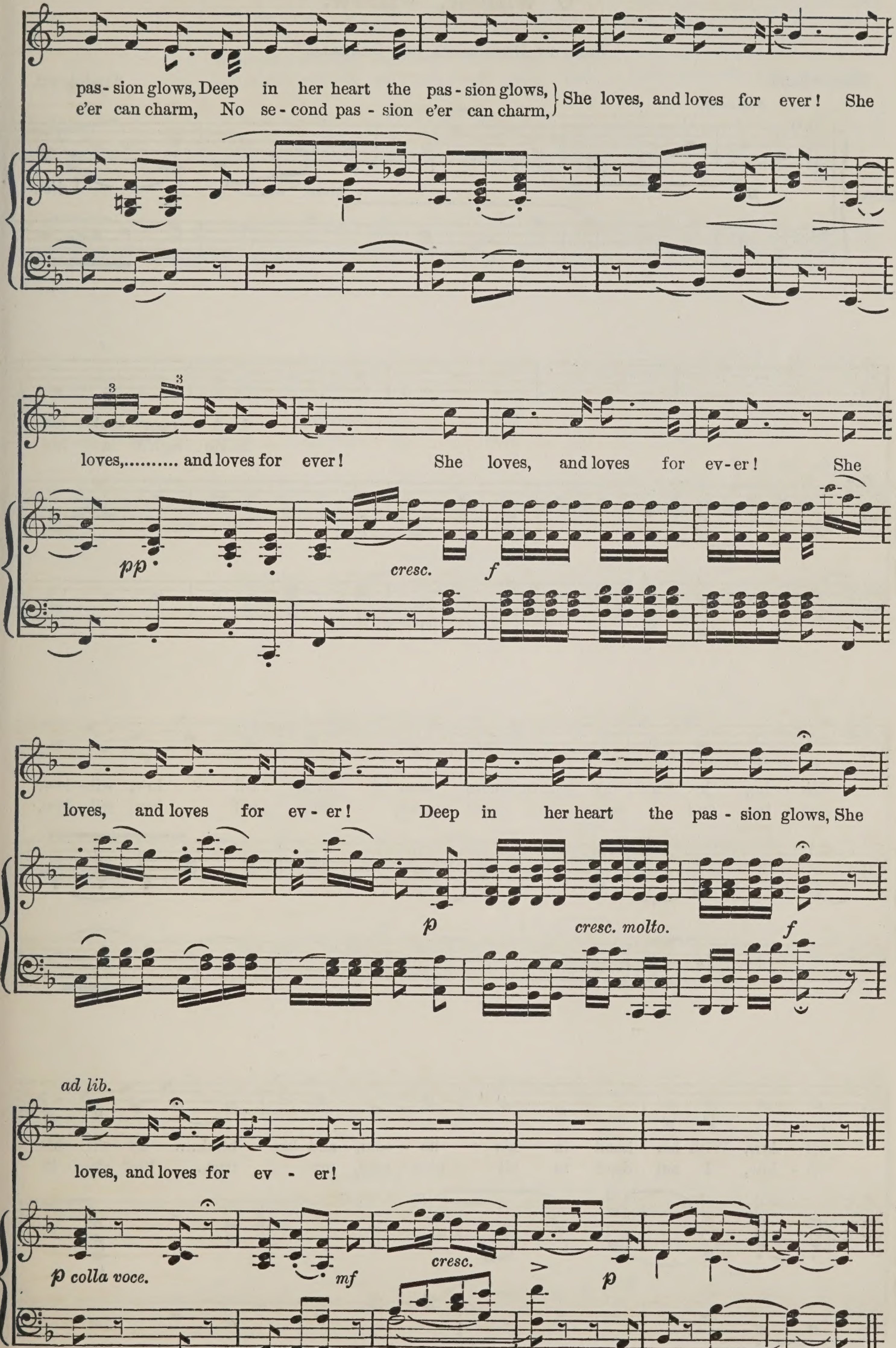
3.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry,
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe!
And here's to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;—
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
Chorus.—Let the toast pass &c.

Oh! say not woman's heart is bought.

Isaac Pocock. **J. Whitaker.**


Andante con moto.
Piano.
p
cresc.
f
p
p
p
1. Oh! say not wo-man's heart is bought With vain and emp - ty
2. Oh! say not wo-man's false as fair, That like the bee she
treasure! Oh! say not wo-man's heart is caught By ev - 'ry i - dle pleasure! When
ran - ges, Still seek - ing flow'rs more sweet and rare, As fic - kle fan - cy changes. Ah!
first her gen - tle bo - som knows Love's flame, it wan - ders nev-er; Deep in her heart the
no! the love that first can warm Will leave the bo-som nev-er; No se-cond pas - sion

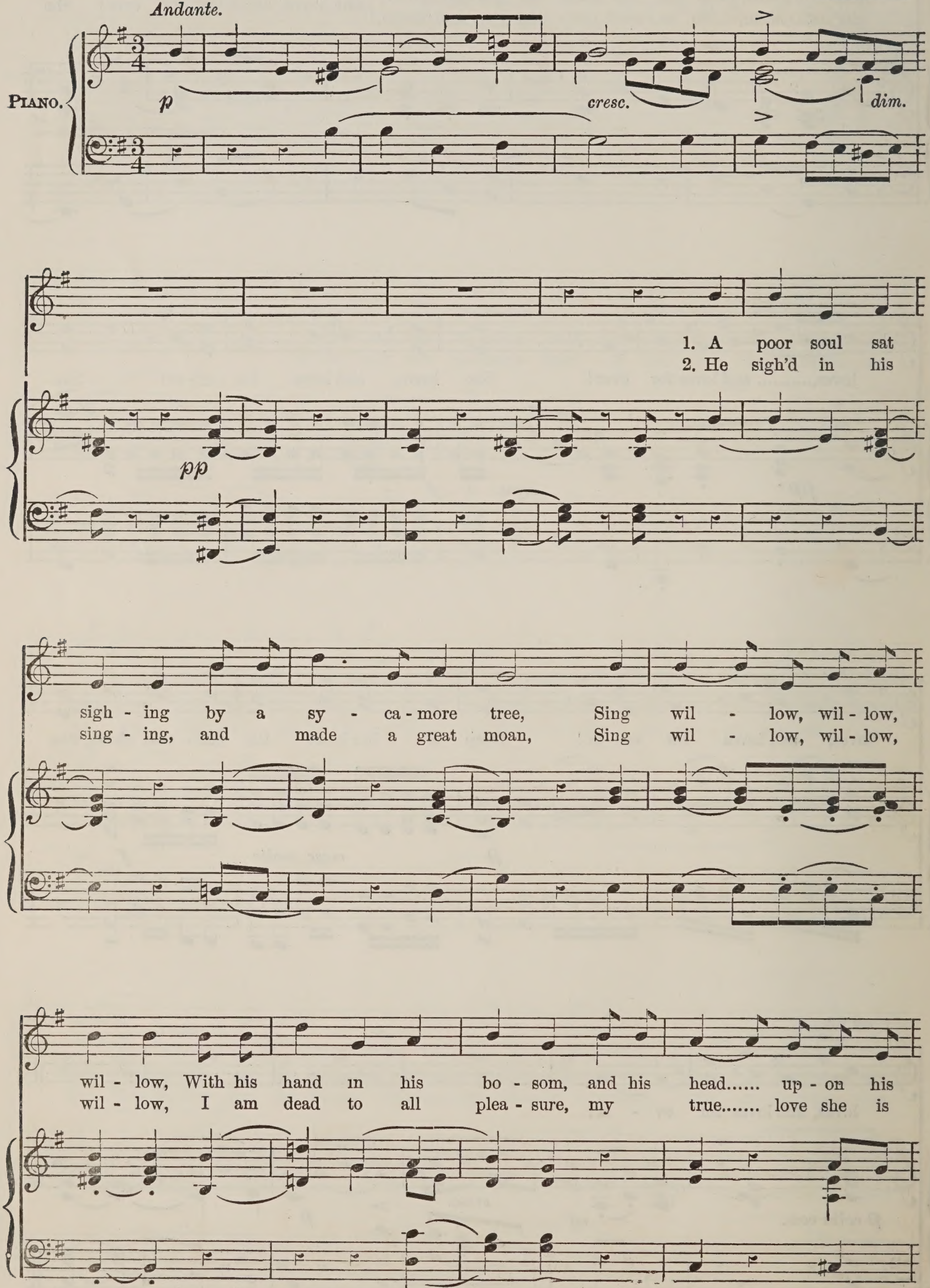

pas- sion glows, Deep in her heart the pas - sion glows,
e'er can charm, No se - cond pas - sion e'er can charm,
She loves, and loves for ever! She
loves,.......... and loves for ever! She loves, and loves for ev - er! She
pp
cresc.
f
loves, and loves for ev - er! Deep in her heart the pas - sion glows, She
p
cresc. molto.
f
ad lib.
loves, and loves for ev - er!
p colla voce.
mf
cresc.
p

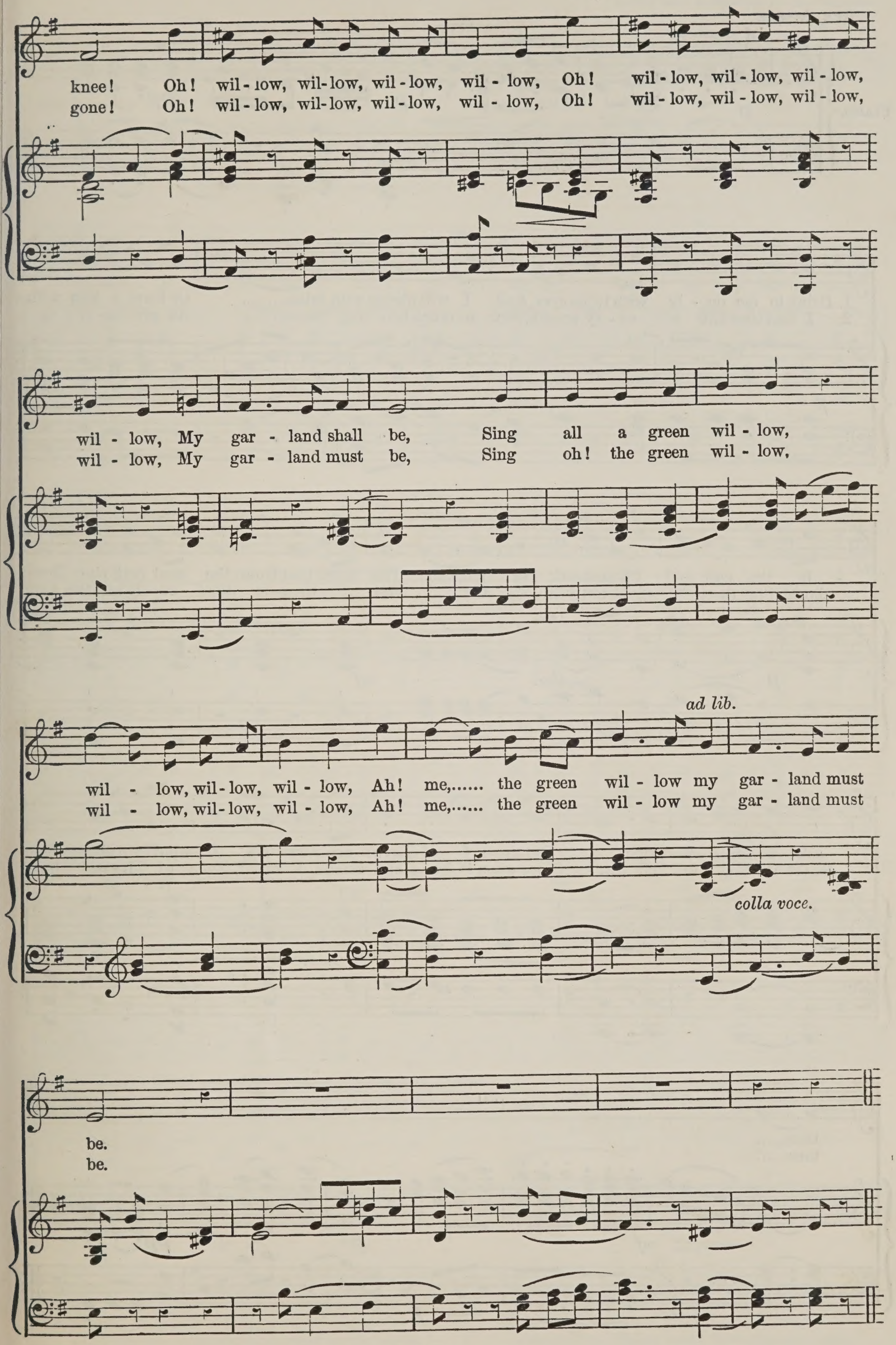
O willow, willow.

SUNG BY DESDEMONA IN "OTHELLO."

SHAKSPEARE.

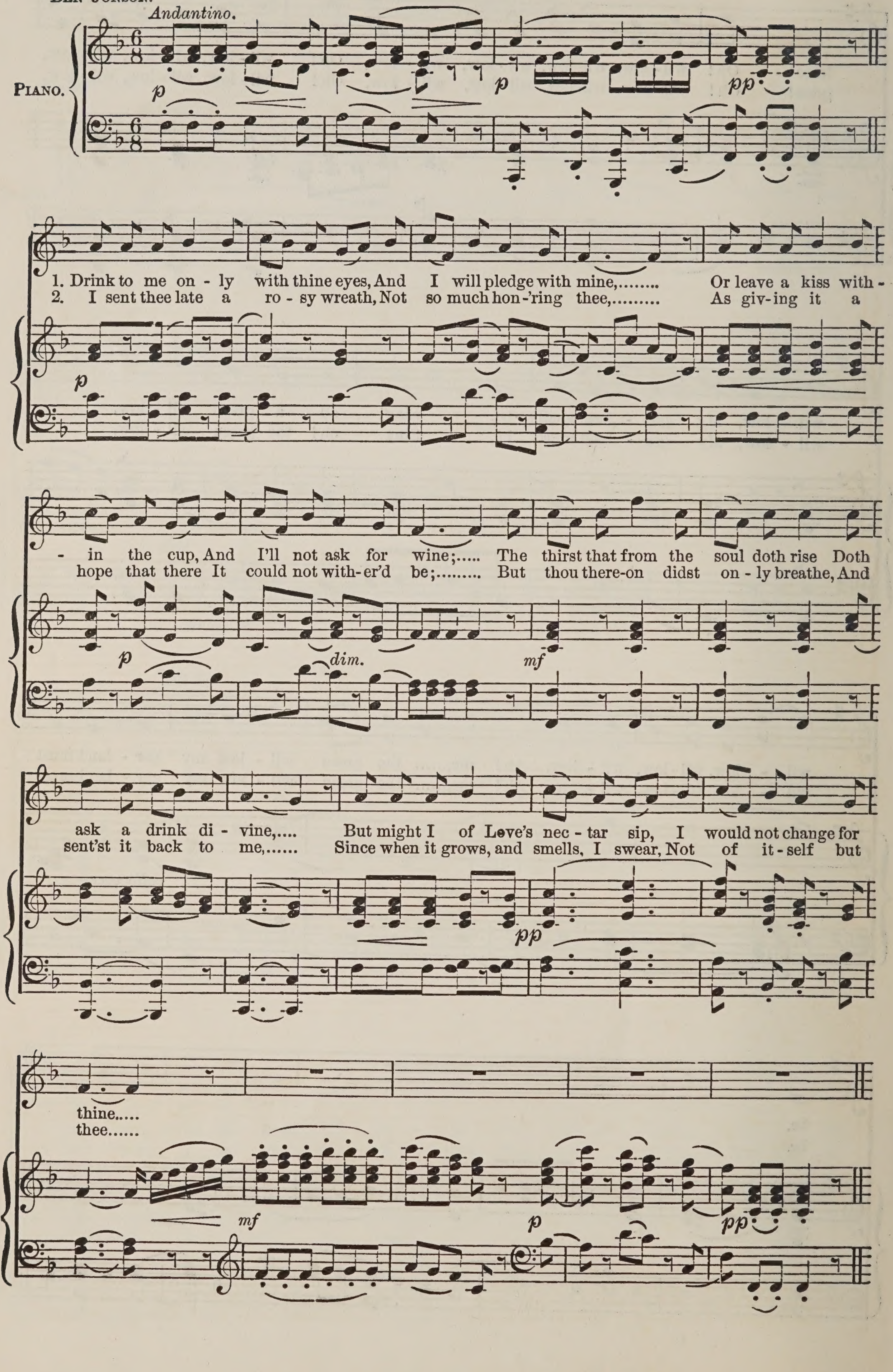
Traditional.


Andante.
PIANO.
p
cresc.
dim.
pp
1. A poor soul sat
2. He sigh'd in his
sigh - ing by a sy - ca - more tree, Sing wil - low, wil - low,
sing - ing, and made a great moan, Sing wil - low, wil - low,
wil - low, With his hand in his bo - som, and his head...... up - on his
wil - low, I am dead to all plea - sure, my true....... love she is


knee! Oh! wil - low, wil-low, wil - low, wil - low, Oh! wil - low, wil - low, wil - low,
gone! Oh! wil - low, wil-low, wil - low, wil - low, Oh! wil - low, wil - low, wil - low,
wil - low, My gar - land shall be, Sing all a green wil - low,
wil - low, My gar - land must be, Sing oh! the green wil - low,
ad lib.
wil - low, wil-low, wil - low, Ah! me,...... the green wil - low my gar - land must
wil - low, wil-low, wil - low, Ah! me,...... the green wil - low my gar - land must
colla voce.
be.
be.

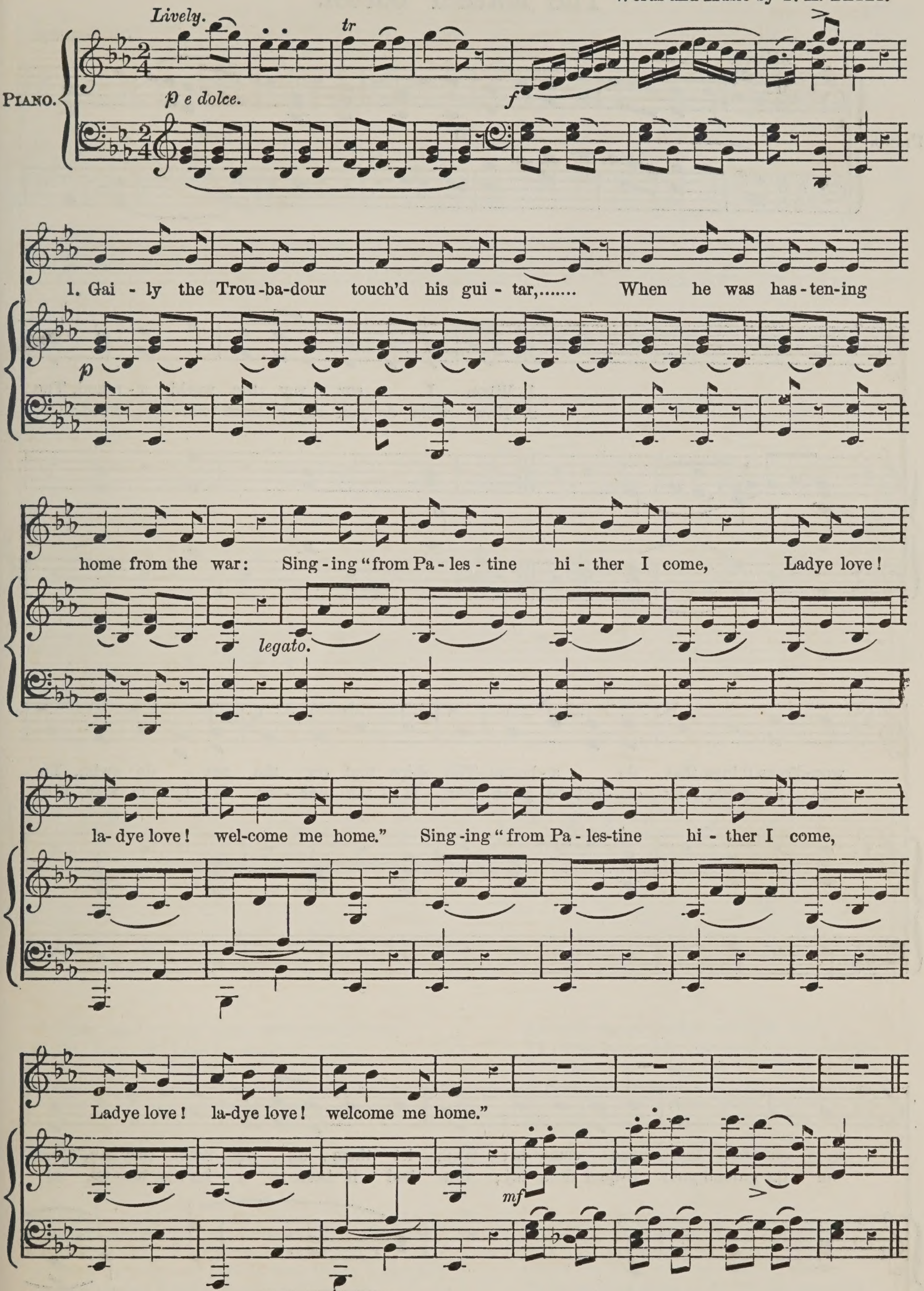
Drink to me only.

Ben Jonson.


Andantino.
Piano.
p
p
pp
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,........ Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;..... The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine,.... But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.....
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee,......... As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not with-er'd be;......... But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,...... Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thee......
p
p
dim.
mf
pp
mf
p
pp

Gaily the Troubadour.

Words and Music by T. H. Bayly.


Lively.
p e dolce.
tr
f
PIANO.
1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his gui - tar,....... When he was has - ten - ing
p
home from the war: Sing - ing "from Pa - les - tine hi - ther I come, Ladye love!
legato.
la - dye love! wel - come me home." Sing - ing "from Pa - les - tine hi - ther I come,
Ladye love! la - dye love! welcome me home."
mf

2.

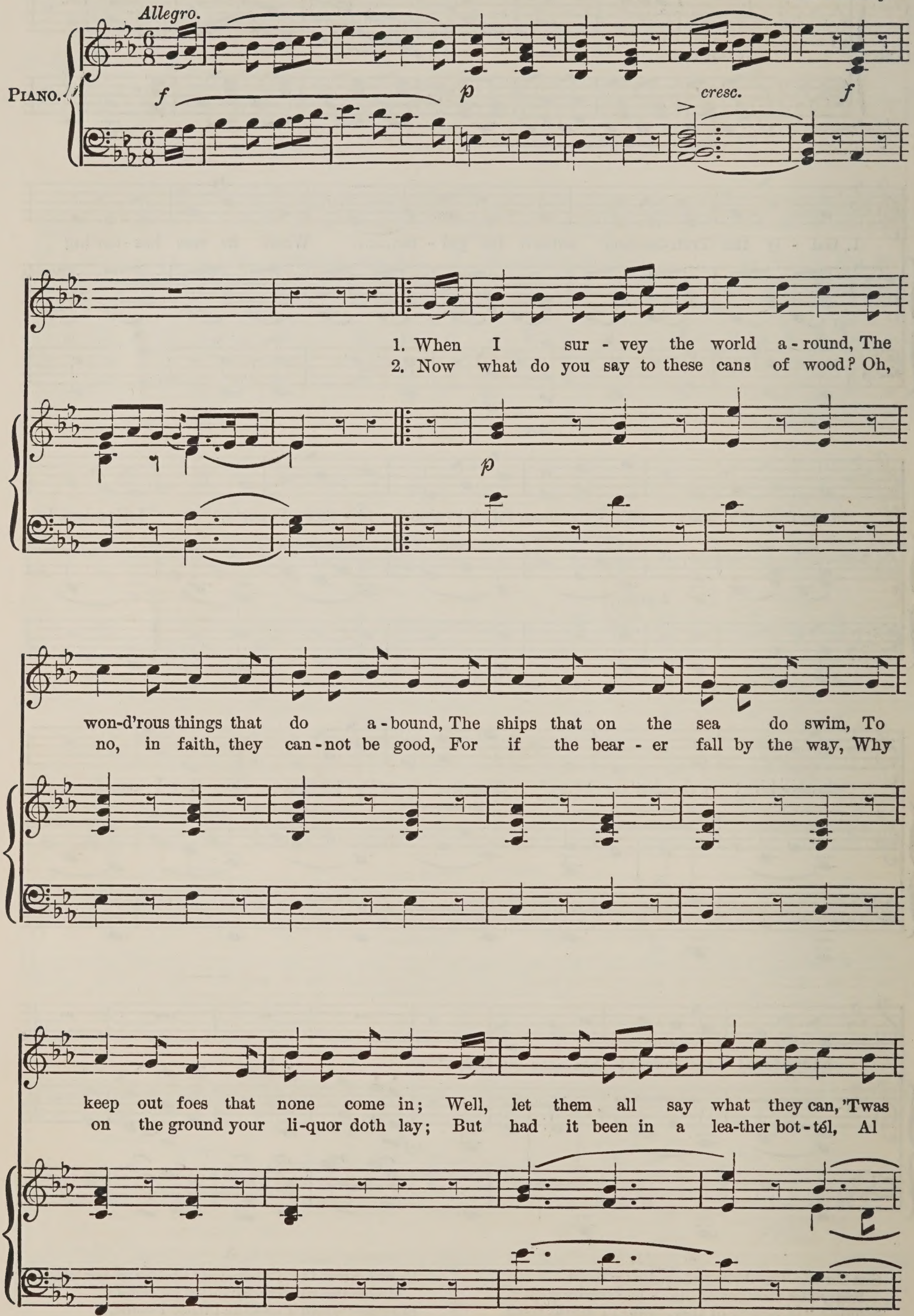
She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him when others slept:
Singing "in search of thee, would I might roam,
Troubadour! Troubadour! come to thy home."

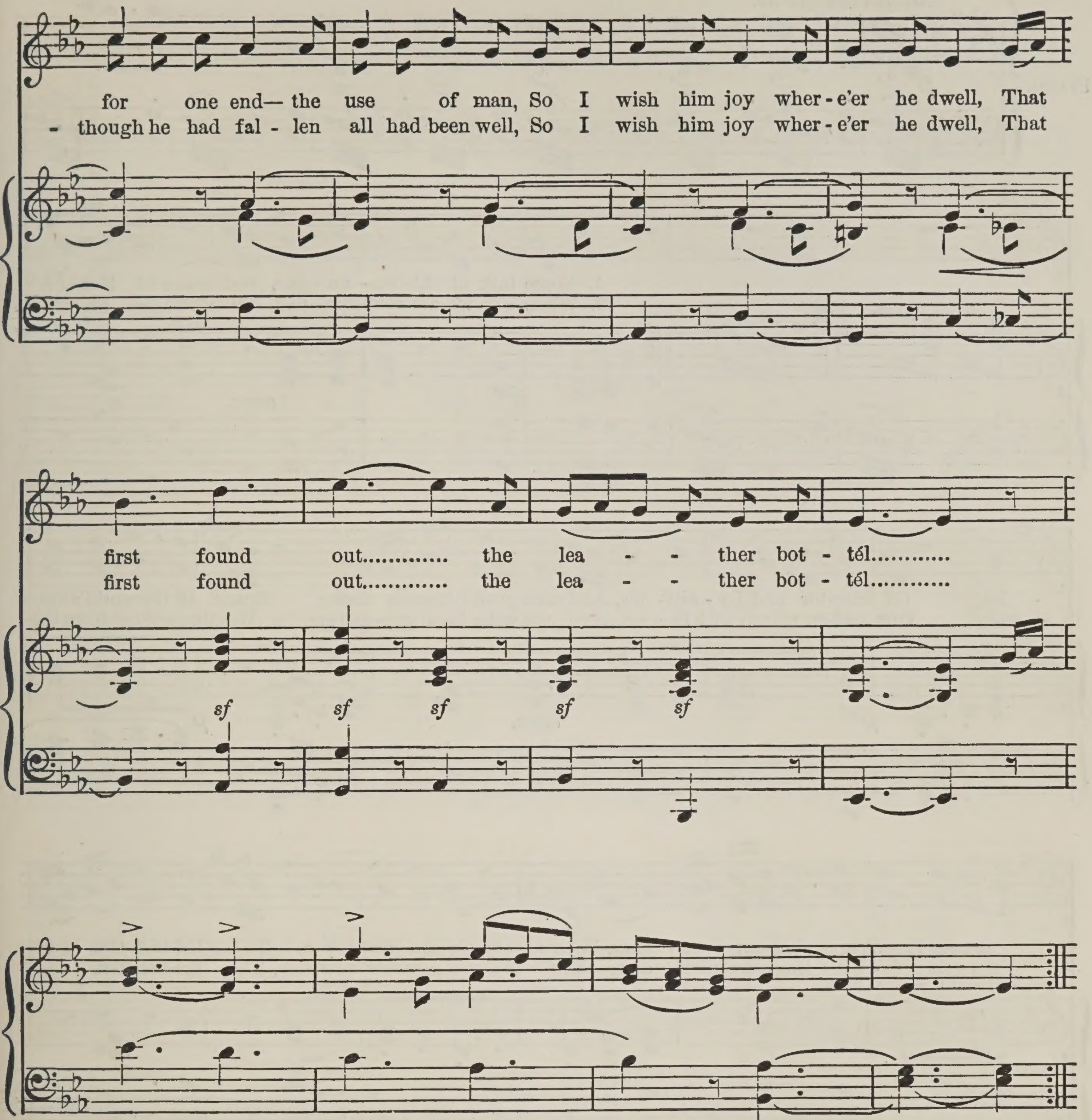
3.

Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name,
Under the battlement softly he came:
Singing "from Palestine hither I come,
Ladye love! ladye love! welcome me home."

The leather bottél.

17th Century.


Allegro.
Piano.
f
p
cresc.
f
p
1. When I sur - vey the world a - round, The
2. Now what do you say to these cans of wood? Oh,
won-d'rous things that do a - bound, The ships that on the sea do swim, To
no, in faith, they can - not be good, For if the bear - er fall by the way, Why
keep out foes that none come in; Well, let them all say what they can, 'Twas
on the ground your li-quor doth lay; But had it been in a lea-ther bot - tél, Al


for one end— the use of man, So I wish him joy wher-e'er he dwell, That
-though he had fal-len all had been well, So I wish him joy wher-e'er he dwell, That
first found out............ the lea - - ther bot - tél............
first found out............ the lea - - ther bot - tél............
sf sf sf sf sf

3.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottél,
And the stopper in, all had been well,
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

4.

Then what do you say to those black pots three,
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;
In a leather bottél they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

5.

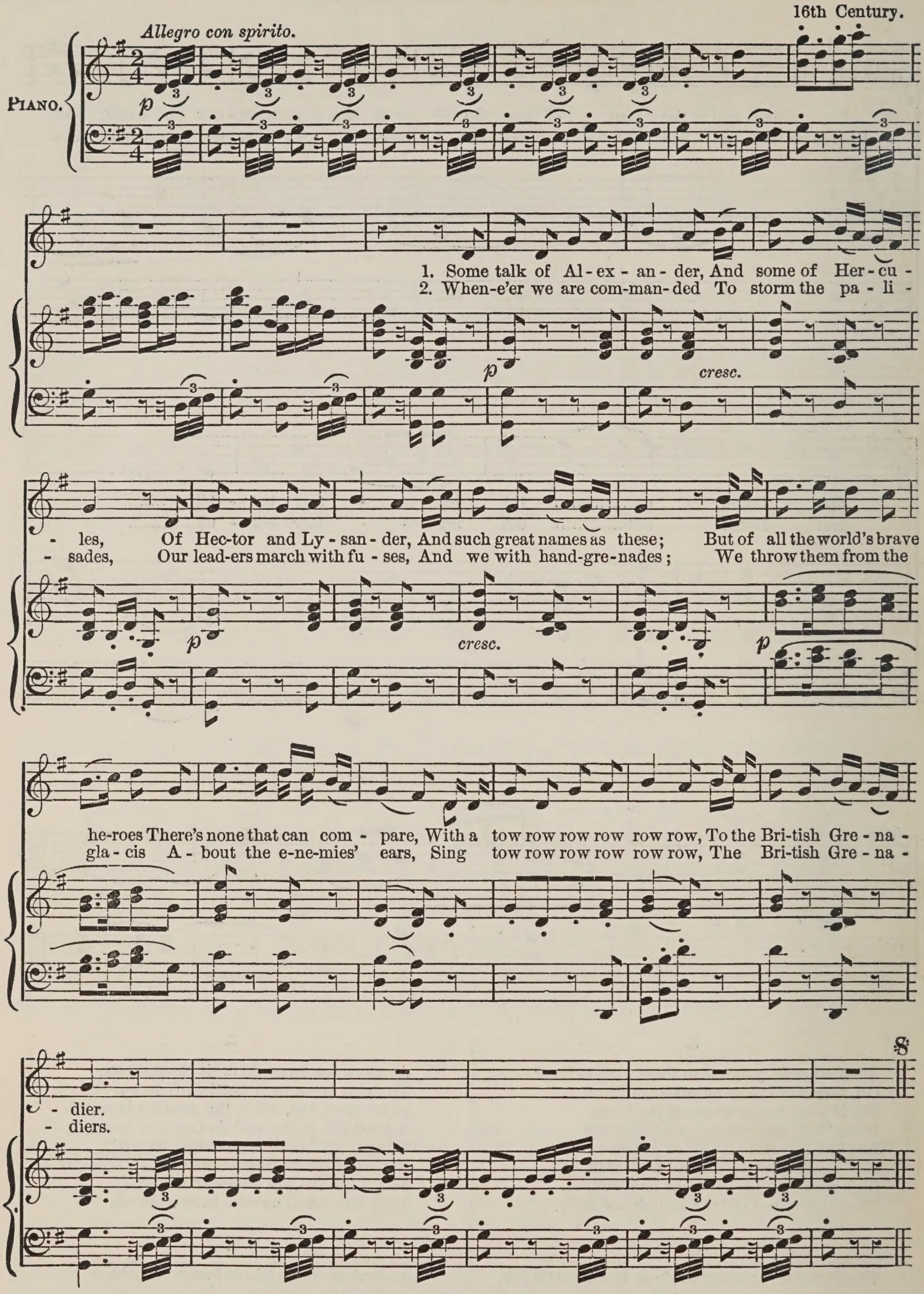
At morn the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown,
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
A good full bottle will do them no harm.
Then the lads and lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they be without this bottle?
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

6.

And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the sides you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

The British Grenadiers.

16th Century.

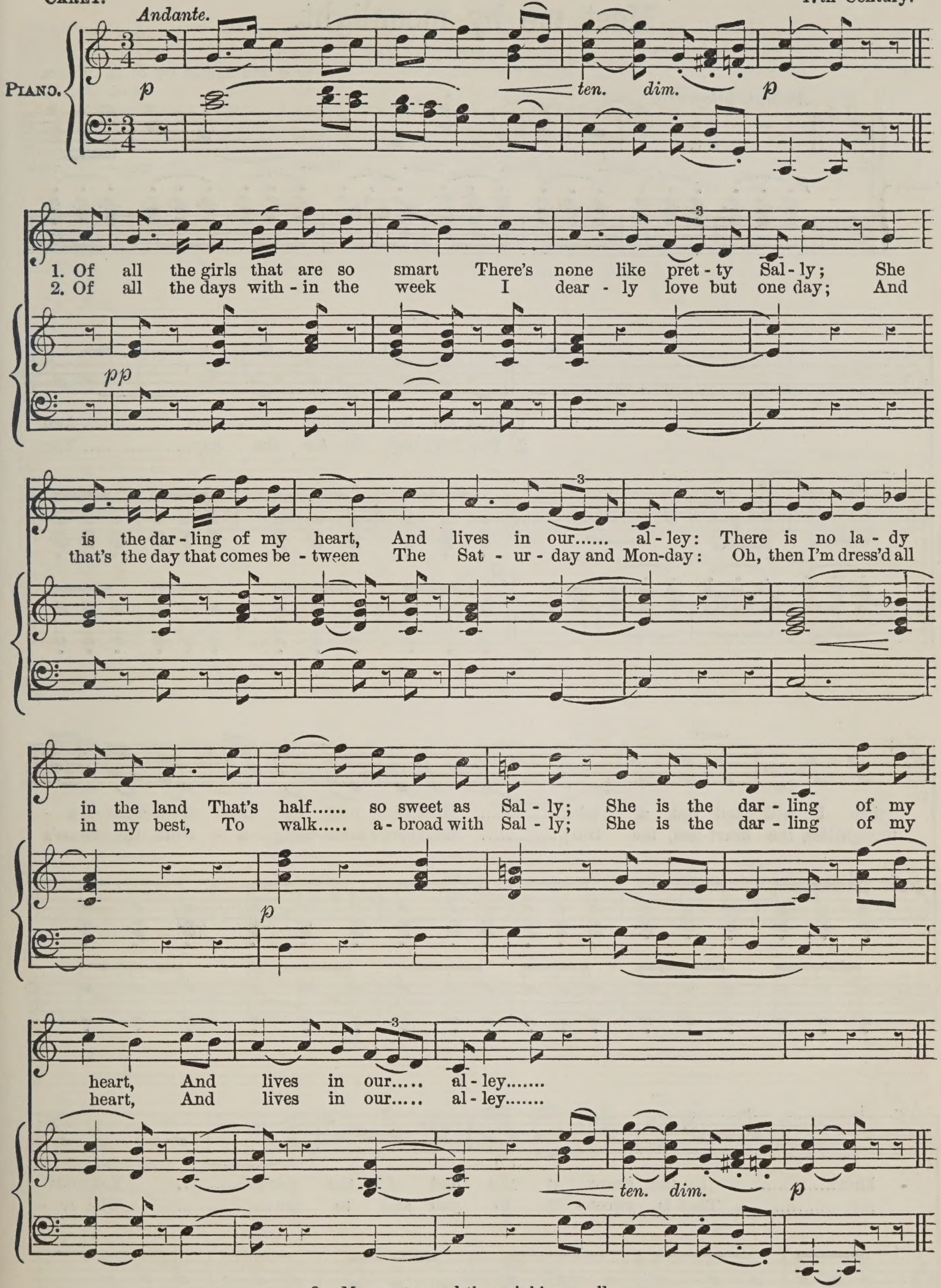

Allegro con spirito.
Piano.
p
1. Some talk of Al-ex-an-der, And some of Her-cu-les, Of Hec-tor and Ly-san-der, And such great names as these; But of all the world's brave he-roes There's none that can com-pare, With a tow row row row row row, To the Bri-tish Gre-na-dier.
2. When-e'er we are com-man-ded To storm the pa-li-sades, Our lead-ers march with fu-ses, And we with hand-gre-nades; We throw them from the gla-cis A-bout the e-ne-mies' ears, Sing tow row row row row row, The Bri-tish Gre-na-diers.
p
cresc.
p
cresc.
p
𝄋

3. Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the louped clothes:
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row
For the British Grenadiers.

Sally in our alley.

Carey.

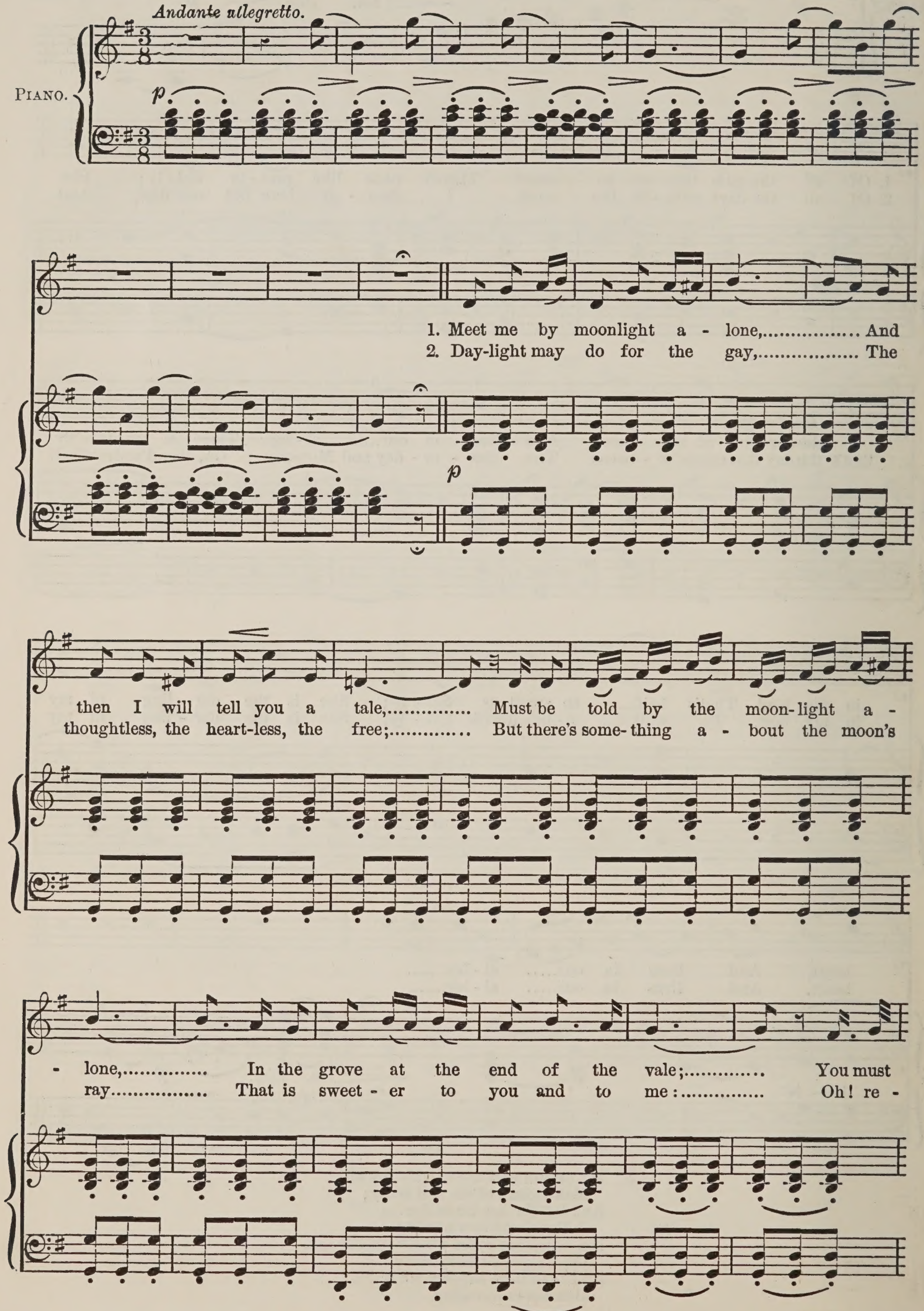
17th Century.

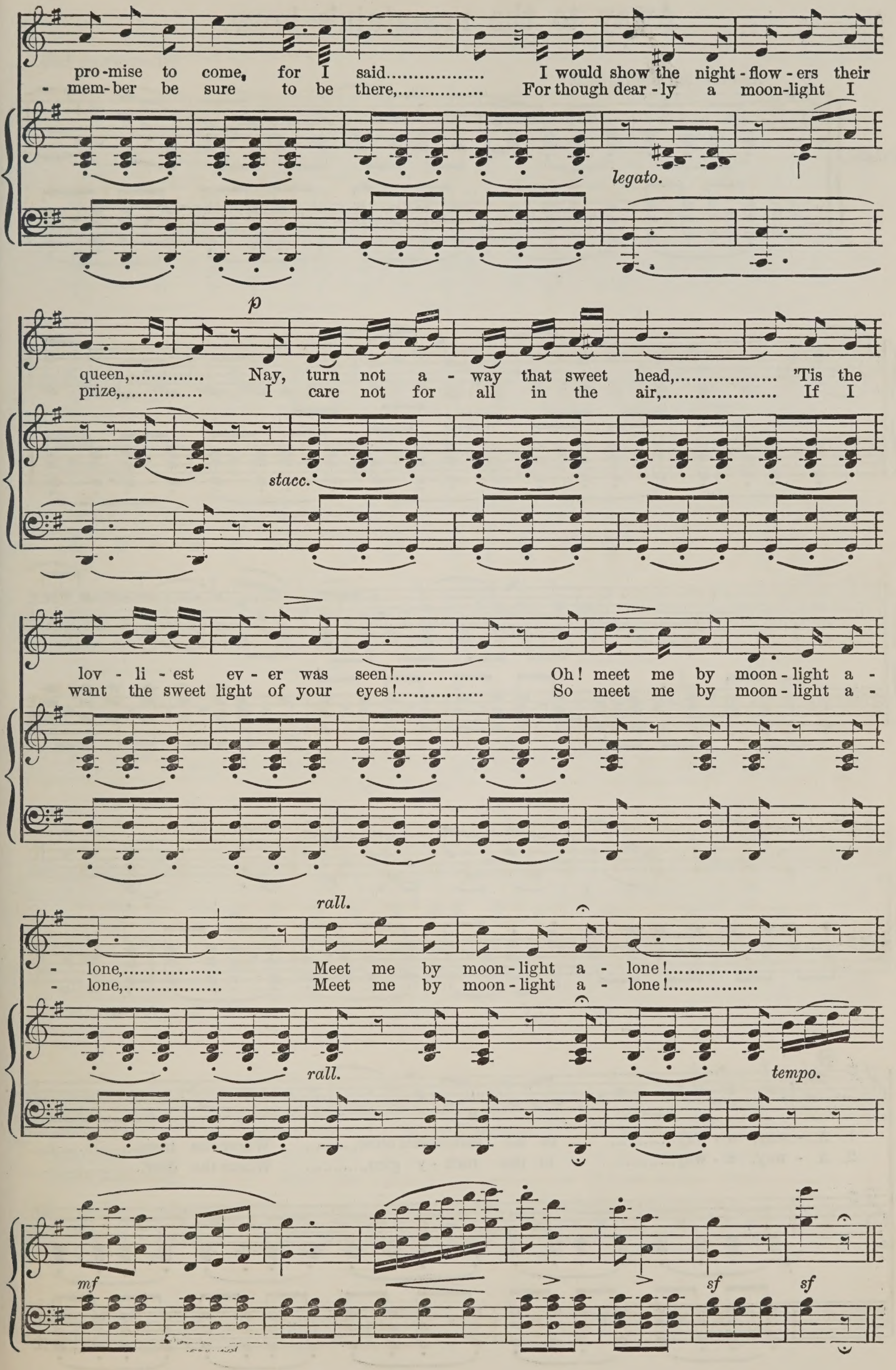

Andante.
Piano.
p
ten.
dim.
p
pp
1. Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly; She
2. Of all the days with-in the week I dear-ly love but one day; And
is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our...... al-ley: There is no la-dy
that's the day that comes be-tween The Sat-ur-day and Mon-day: Oh, then I'm dress'd all
in the land That's half...... so sweet as Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my
in my best, To walk..... a-broad with Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my
p
heart, And lives in our..... al-ley.......
heart, And lives in our..... al-ley.......
ten.
dim.
p

3. My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her I'd rather be
A slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh, then I'll marry Sally:
And then how happily we'll live!
But not in our alley.

Meet me by moonlight.

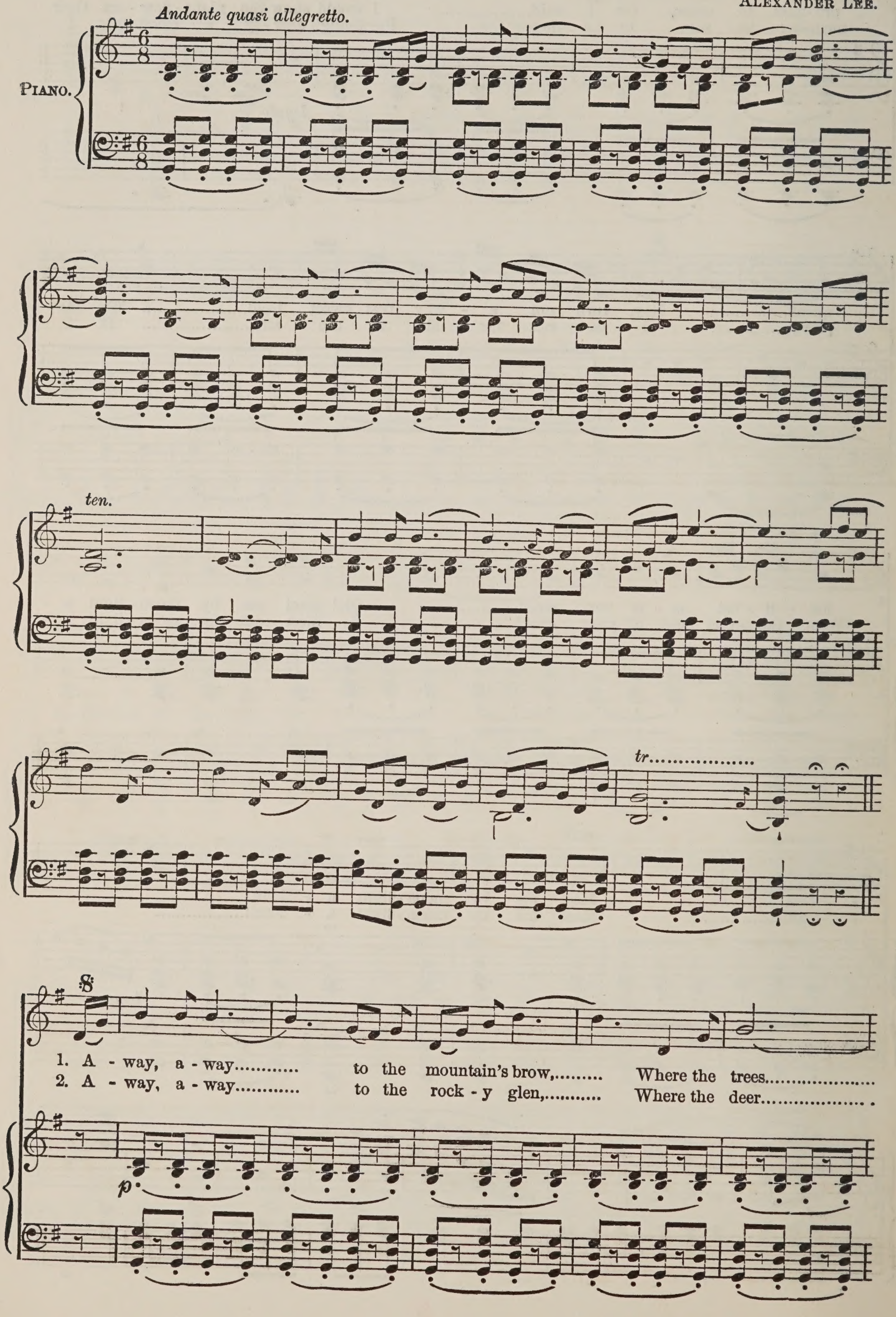
Words and Music by J. A. Wade.

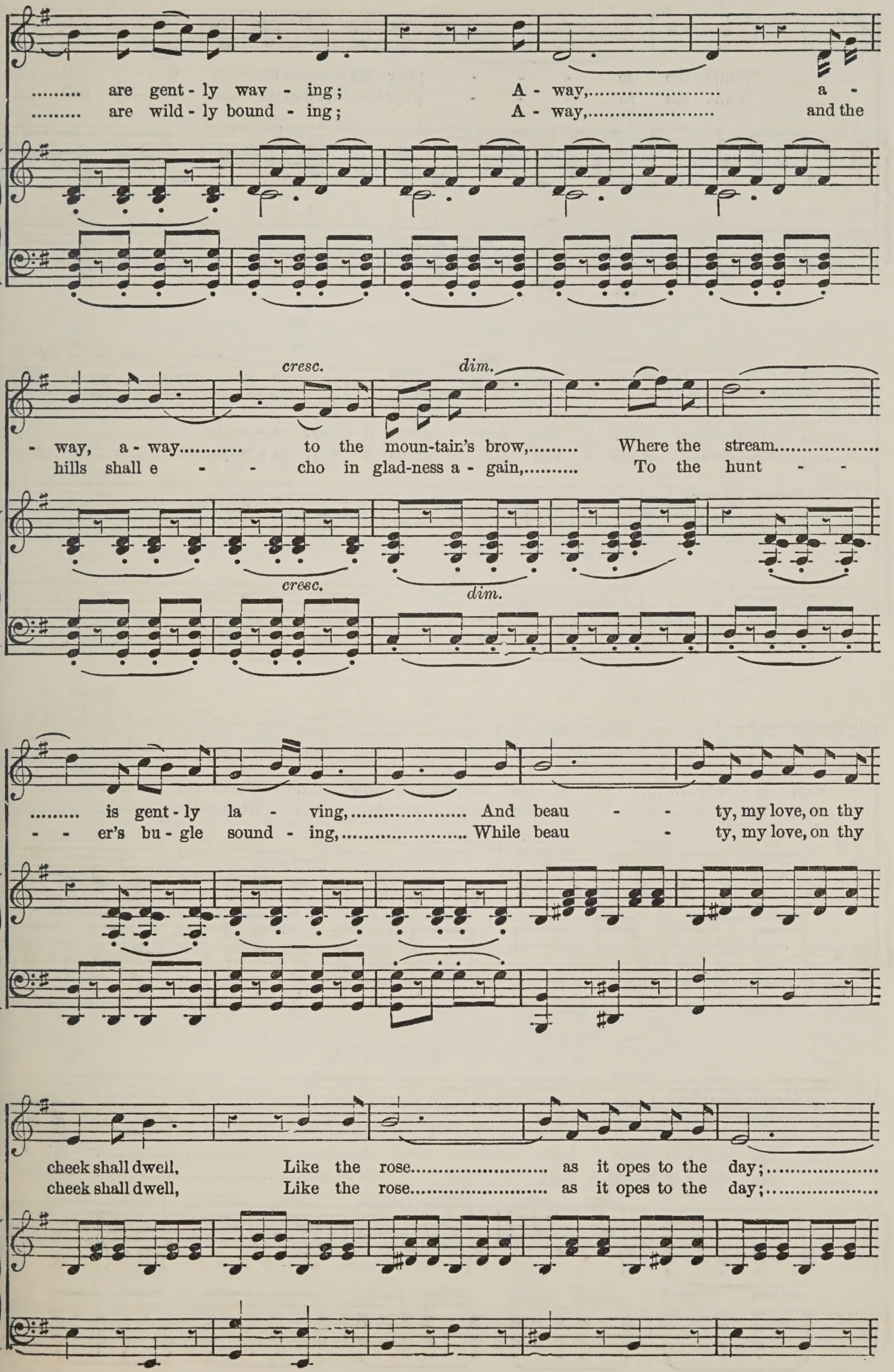

Andante allegretto.
Piano.
p
p
1. Meet me by moonlight a - lone,................ And then I will tell you a tale,............... Must be told by the moon-light a - lone,................ In the grove at the end of the vale;............. You must
2. Day-light may do for the gay,.................. The thoughtless, the heart-less, the free;............. But there's some-thing a - bout the moon's ray................. That is sweet - er to you and to me:.............. Oh! re -

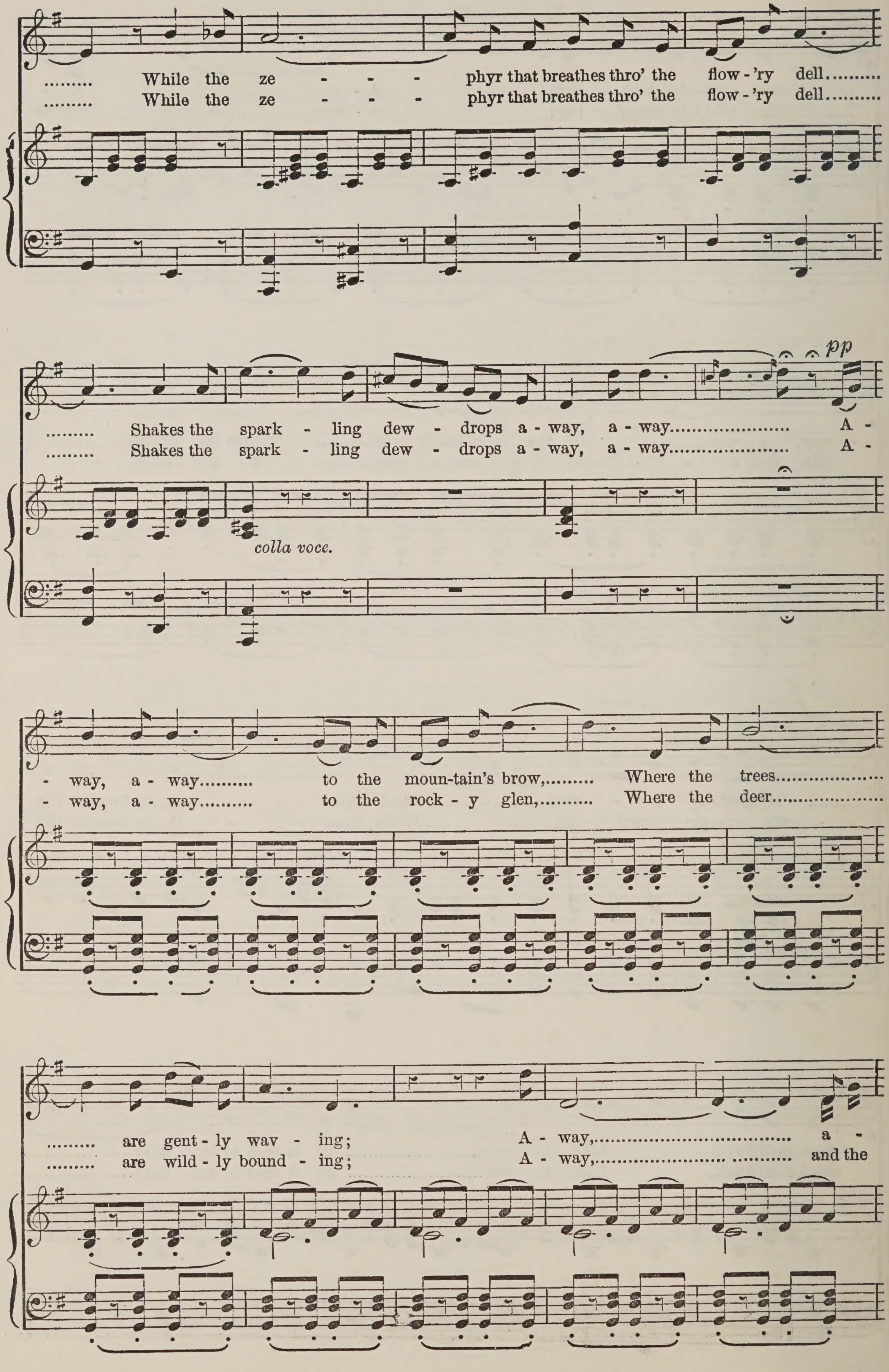

pro-mise to come, for I said.................. I would show the night-flow-ers their
-mem-ber be sure to be there,................ For though dear-ly a moon-light I
legato.
p
queen,.............. Nay, turn not a-way that sweet head,.................. 'Tis the
prize,............... I care not for all in the air,...................... If I
stacc.
lov-li-est ev-er was seen!................. Oh! meet me by moon-light a-
want the sweet light of your eyes!................ So meet me by moon-light a-
rall.
-lone,.................. Meet me by moon-light a-lone!.................
-lone,.................. Meet me by moon-light a-lone!................
rall.
tempo.
mf
sf
sf

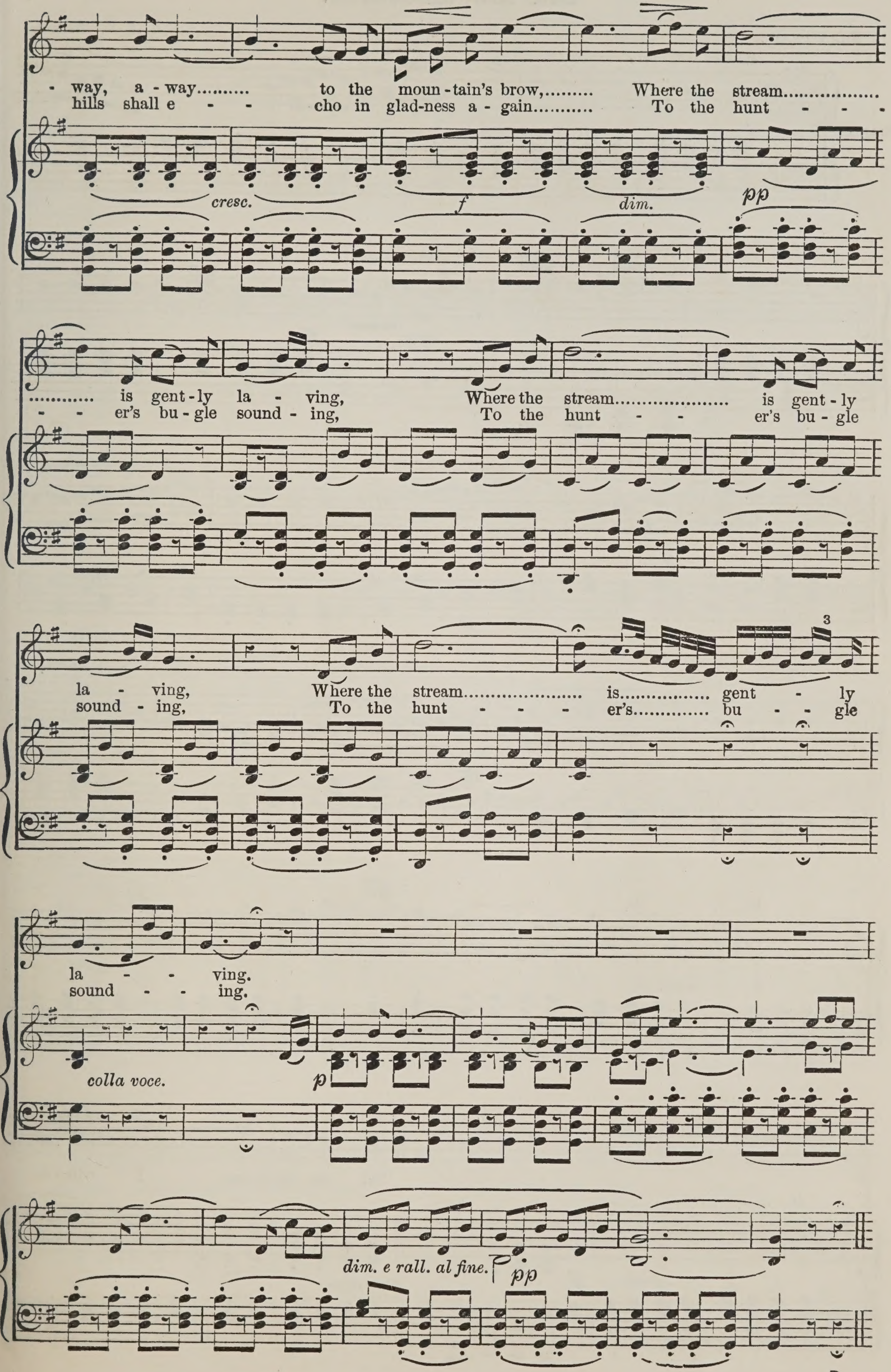
Away to the mountain's brow.

ALEXANDER LEE.


Andante quasi allegretto.
PIANO.
ten.
tr.
𝄋
p
1. A - way, a - way............ to the mountain's brow,......... Where the trees.......................
2. A - way, a - way............ to the rock - y glen,.......... Where the deer................... .


……… are gent-ly wav-ing; A-way,…………………… a-
……… are wild-ly bound-ing; A-way,…………………… and the
cresc.
dim.
-way, a-way………… to the moun-tain's brow,……… Where the stream………………
hills shall e-cho in glad-ness a-gain,………. To the hunt-
cresc.
dim.
……… is gent-ly la-ving,………………… And beau-ty, my love, on thy
-er's bu-gle sound-ing,………………….. While beau-ty, my love, on thy
cheek shall dwell, Like the rose…………………… as it opes to the day;………………
cheek shall dwell, Like the rose…………………… as it opes to the day;………………

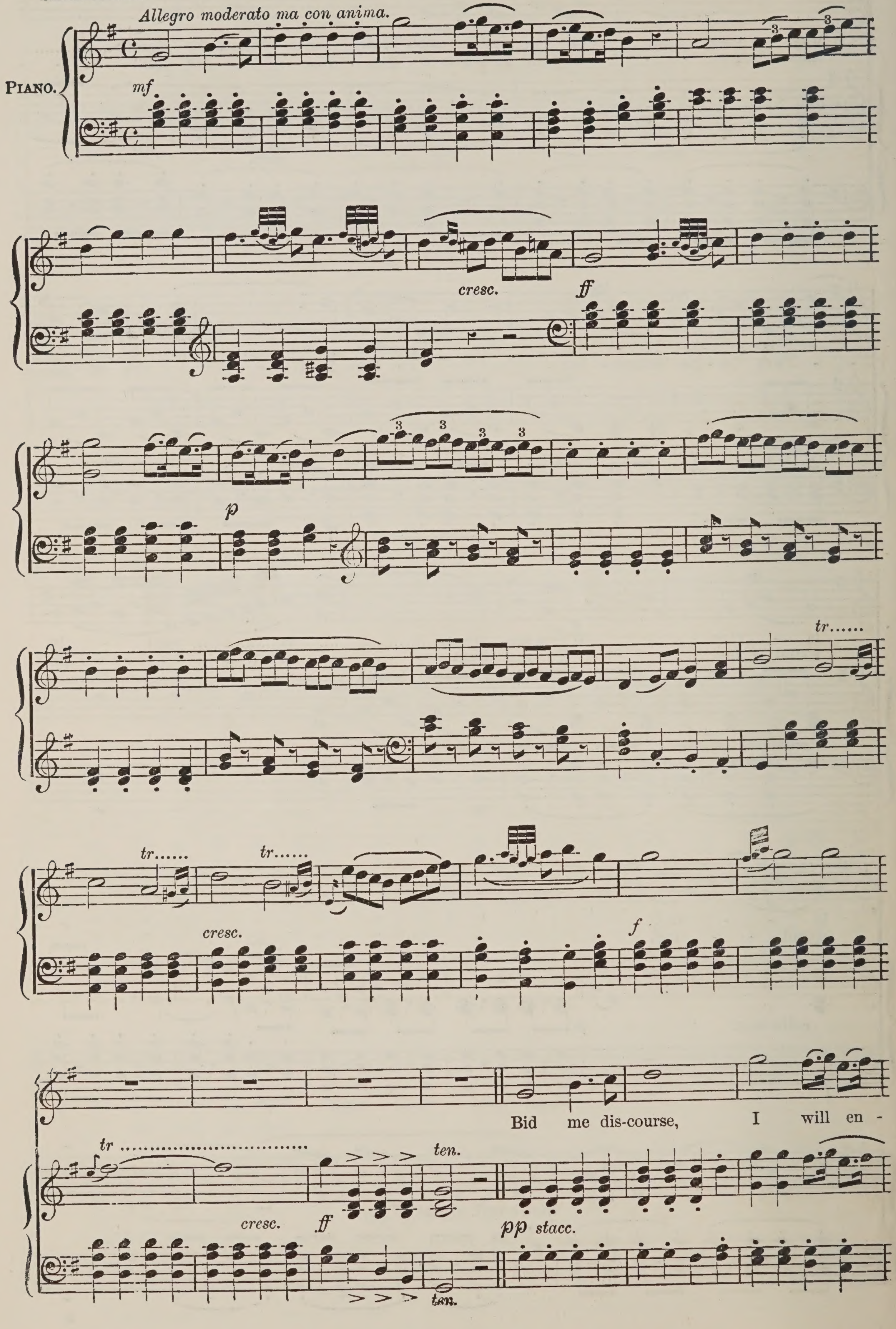

.... While the ze - - - phyr that breathes thro' the flow - 'ry dell..........
.... While the ze - - - phyr that breathes thro' the flow - 'ry dell..........
pp
.... Shakes the spark - ling dew - drops a - way, a - way...................... A -
.... Shakes the spark - ling dew - drops a - way, a - way...................... A -
colla voce.
- way, a - way.......... to the moun-tain's brow,......... Where the trees.....................
- way, a - way.......... to the rock - y glen,.......... Where the deer.....................
.... are gent - ly wav - ing; A - way,...................................... a -
.... are wild - ly bound - ing; A - way,........................ .... and the

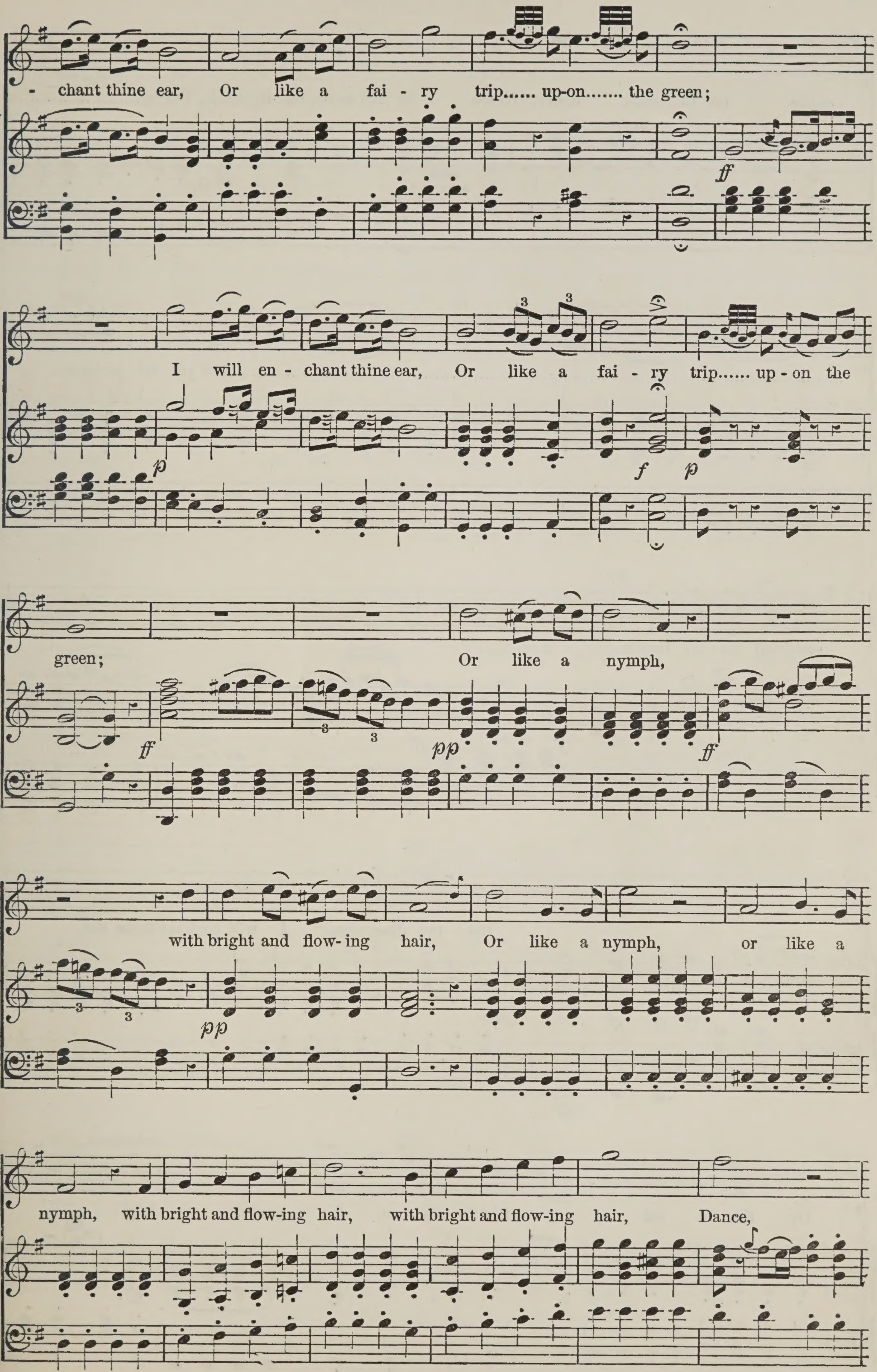

- way, a - way.......... to the moun - tain's brow,......... Where the stream..................
hills shall e - - cho in glad-ness a - gain........... To the hunt - - -
cresc.
f
dim.
pp
.... is gent - ly la - ving, Where the stream...................... is gent - ly
- - er's bu - gle sound - ing, To the hunt - - er's bu - gle
la - ving, Where the stream...................... is................. gent - ly
sound - ing, To the hunt - - - er's............. bu - - gle
3
la - - ving.
sound - - ing.
colla voce.
p
dim. e rall. al fine.
pp

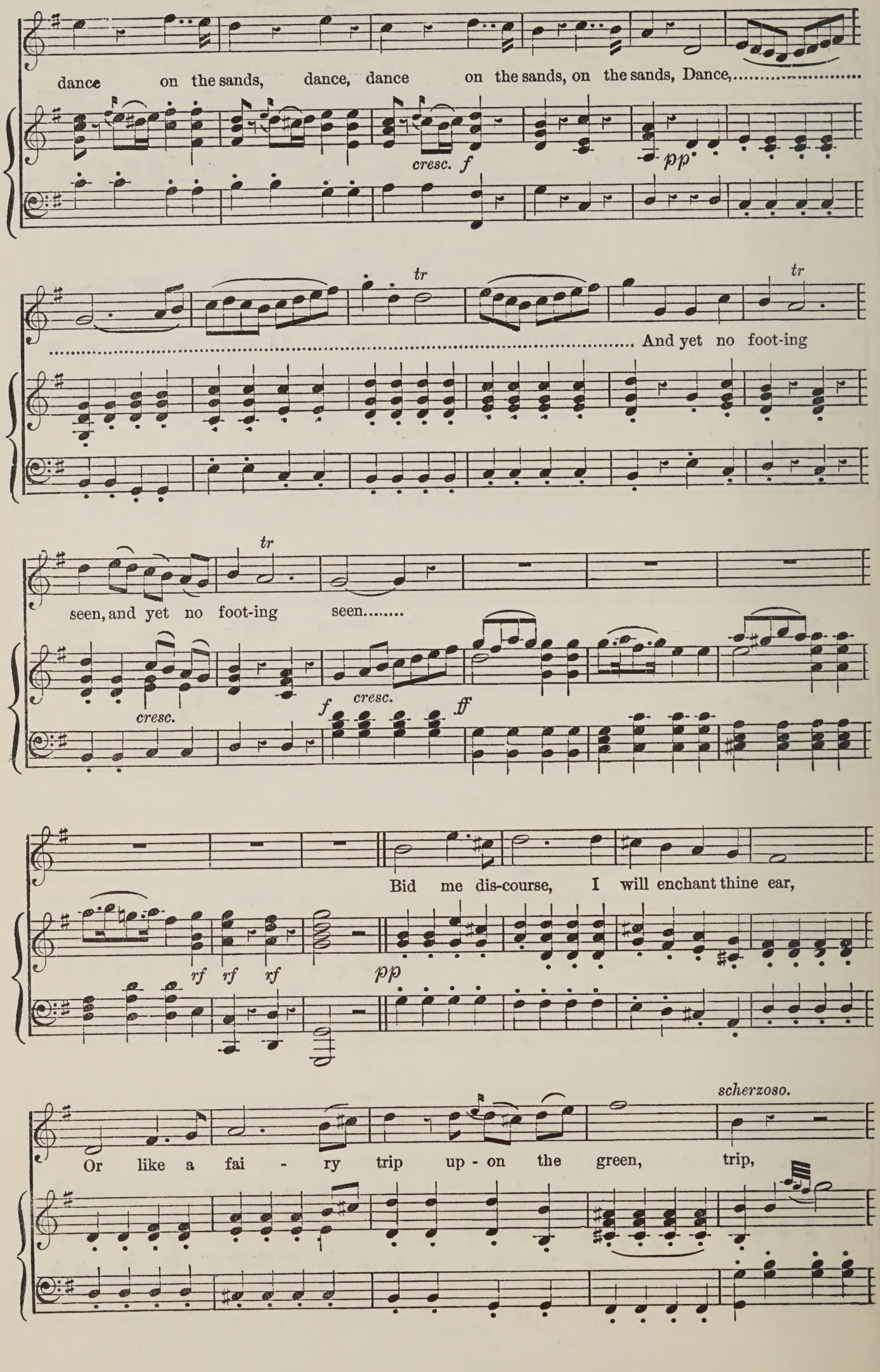
Bid me discourse.

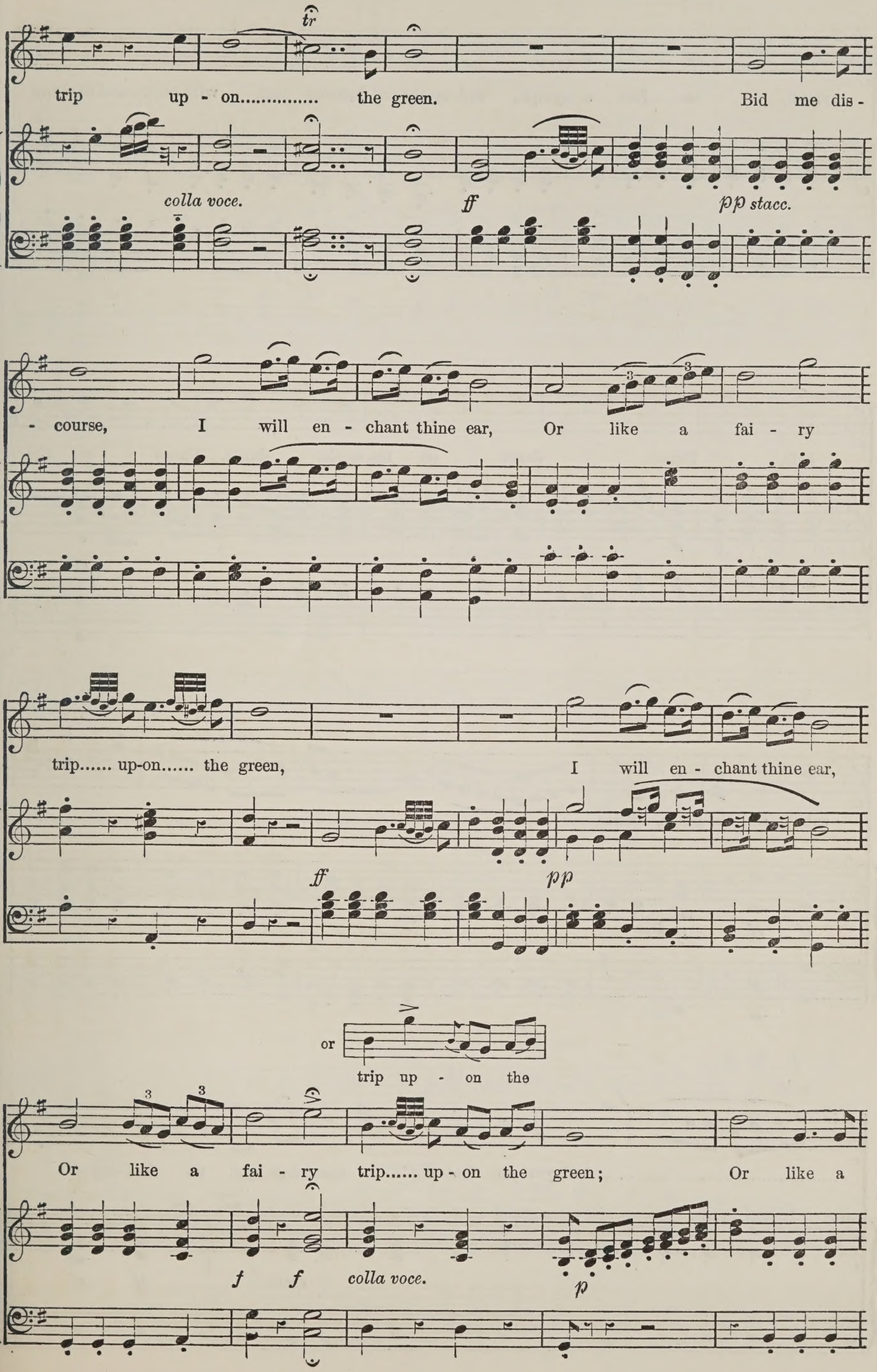
SHAKSPEARE.

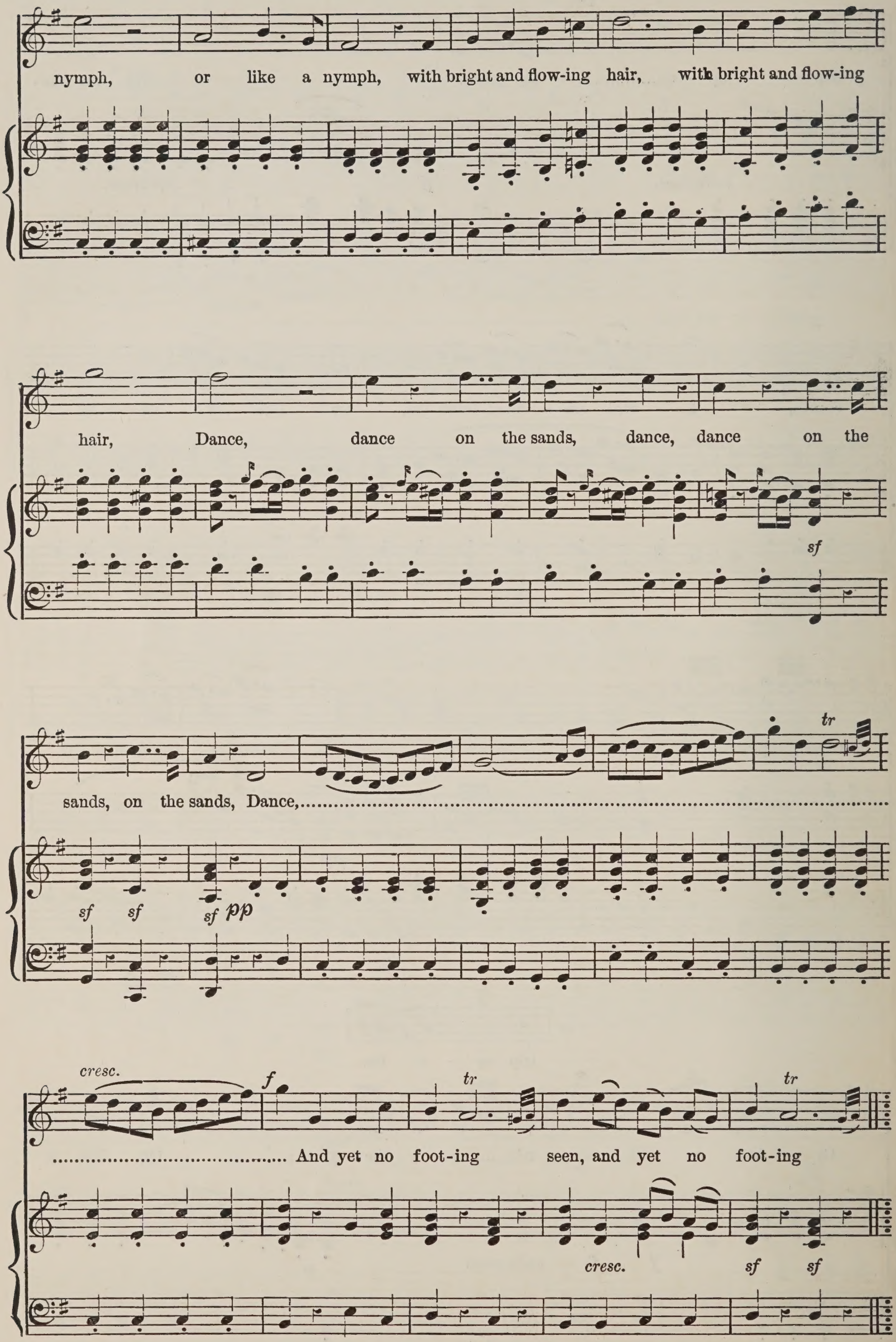
SIR H. R. BISHOP.

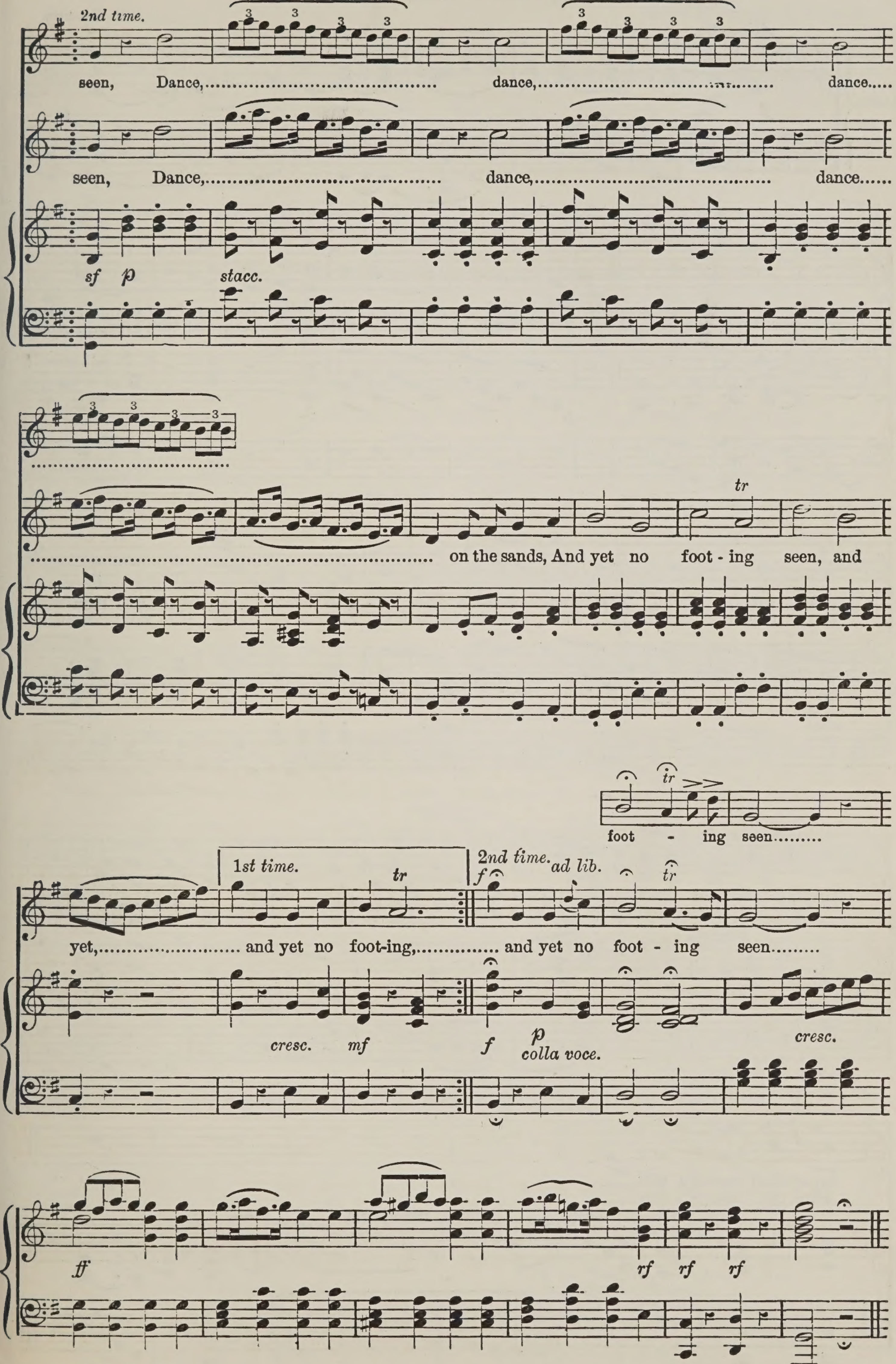

Allegro moderato ma con anima.
PIANO.
mf
cresc.
ff
p
tr......
cresc.
f
tr
cresc.
ff
ten.
pp stacc.
Bid me dis-course, I will en -


- chant thine ear, Or like a fai - ry trip...... up-on....... the green;
I will en - chant thine ear, Or like a fai - ry trip...... up - on the
green; Or like a nymph,
with bright and flow- ing hair, Or like a nymph, or like a
nymph, with bright and flow-ing hair, with bright and flow-ing hair, Dance,
ff
p
f
pp


dance on the sands, dance, dance on the sands, on the sands, Dance,......................
cresc. f
pp
tr
tr
.... And yet no foot-ing
tr
seen, and yet no foot-ing seen........
cresc.
f cresc.
ff
Bid me dis-course, I will enchant thine ear,
rf rf rf
pp
scherzoso.
Or like a fai - ry trip up - on the green, trip,

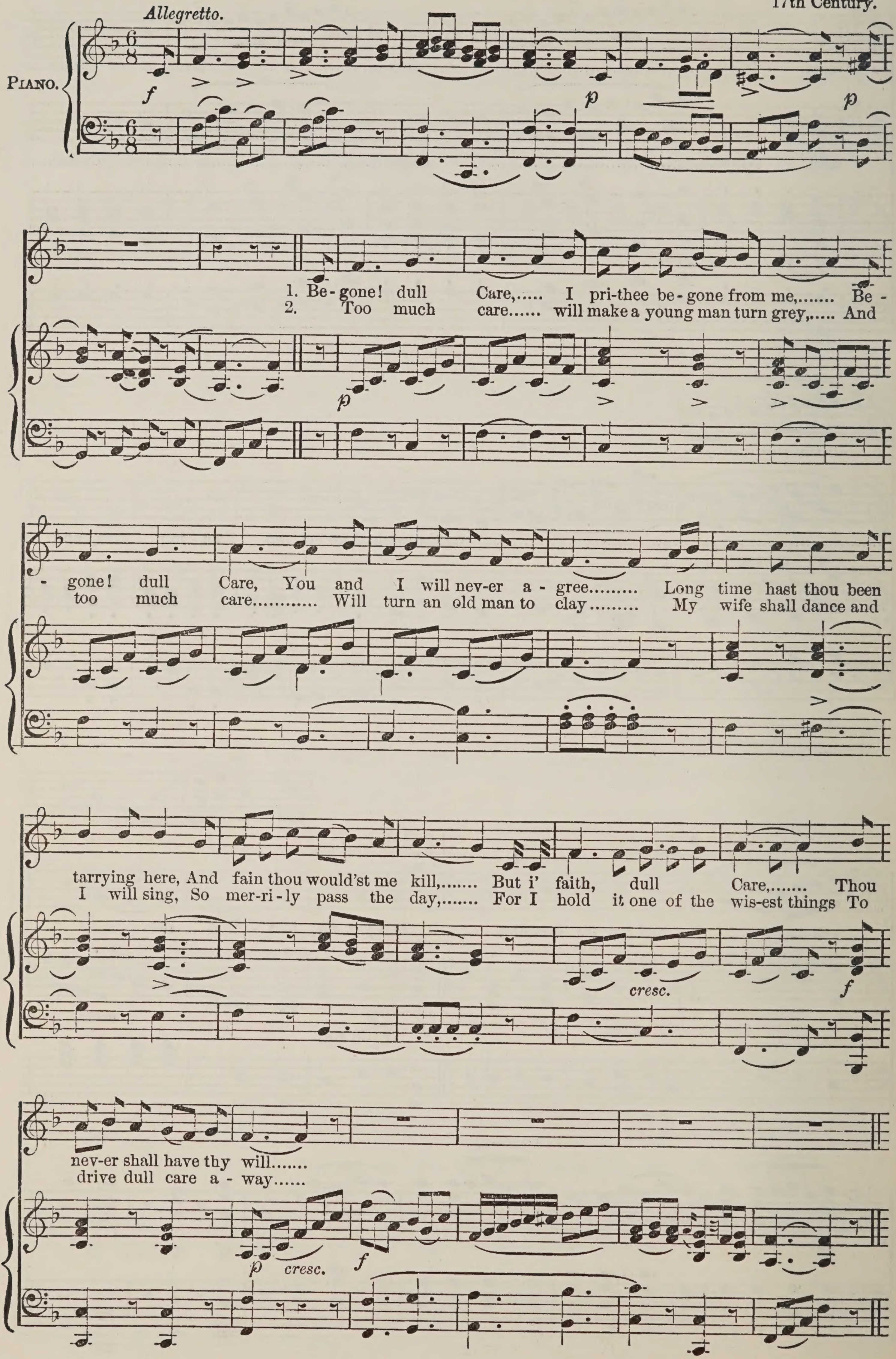

tr
trip up - on............... the green. Bid me dis-
colla voce.
ff
pp stacc.
- course, I will en - chant thine ear, Or like a fai - ry
trip...... up-on...... the green, I will en - chant thine ear,
ff
pp
or
trip up - on the
Or like a fai - ry trip...... up - on the green; Or like a
f
f
colla voce.
p


nymph, or like a nymph, with bright and flow-ing hair, with bright and flow-ing
hair, Dance, dance on the sands, dance, dance on the
sf
tr
sands, on the sands, Dance,
sf sf sf pp
cresc.
f
tr
tr
And yet no foot-ing seen, and yet no foot-ing
cresc.
sf sf


2nd time.
seen, Dance,.. dance,.. dance.....
seen, Dance,.. dance,.. dance......
sf p stacc.
.... on the sands, And yet no foot - ing seen, and
tr
foot - ing seen.........
tr
yet,......................... and yet no foot-ing,............... and yet no foot - ing seen.........
1st time.
tr
2nd time.
f
ad lib.
tr
cresc. mf f p colla voce. cresc.
ff
rf rf rf

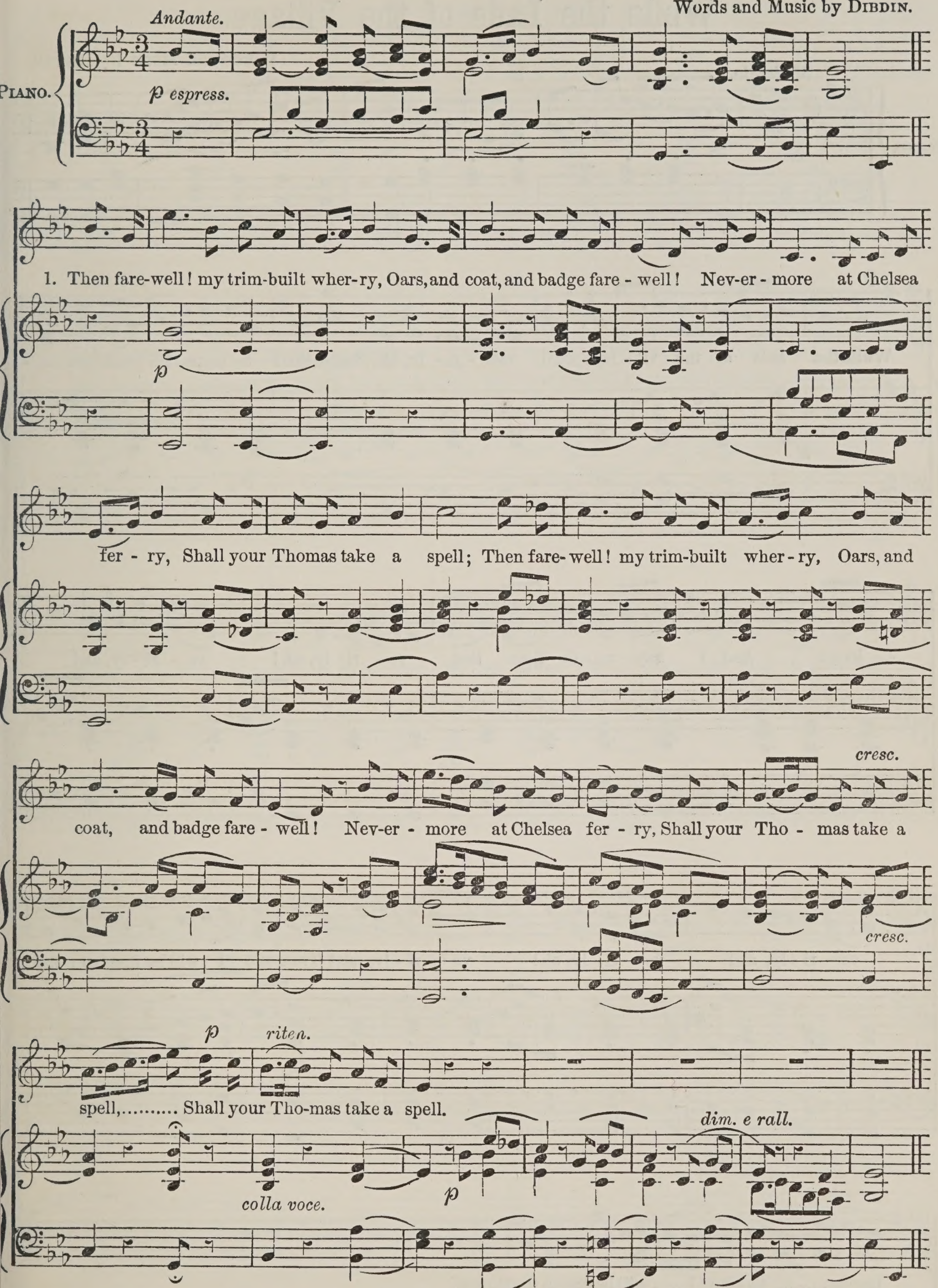
Begone! dull Care.

17th Century.


Allegretto.
Piano.
f
p
p
p
1. Be-gone! dull Care,..... I pri-thee be-gone from me,....... Be-gone! dull Care, You and I will nev-er a-gree......... Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And fain thou would'st me kill,....... But i' faith, dull Care,....... Thou nev-er shall have thy will.......
2. Too much care...... will make a young man turn grey,..... And too much care............ Will turn an old man to clay......... My wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer-ri-ly pass the day,....... For I hold it one of the wis-est things To drive dull care a-way......
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f

Then farewell! my trim-built wherry.

Words and Music by Dibdin.


Andante.
Piano.
p espress.
1. Then fare-well! my trim-built wher-ry, Oars, and coat, and badge fare - well! Nev-er - more at Chelsea fer - ry, Shall your Thomas take a spell; Then fare-well! my trim-built wher-ry, Oars, and coat, and badge fare - well! Nev-er - more at Chelsea fer - ry, Shall your Tho - mas take a spell,.......... Shall your Tho-mas take a spell.
p
cresc.
cresc.
p
riten.
colla voce.
p
dim. e rall.

2.

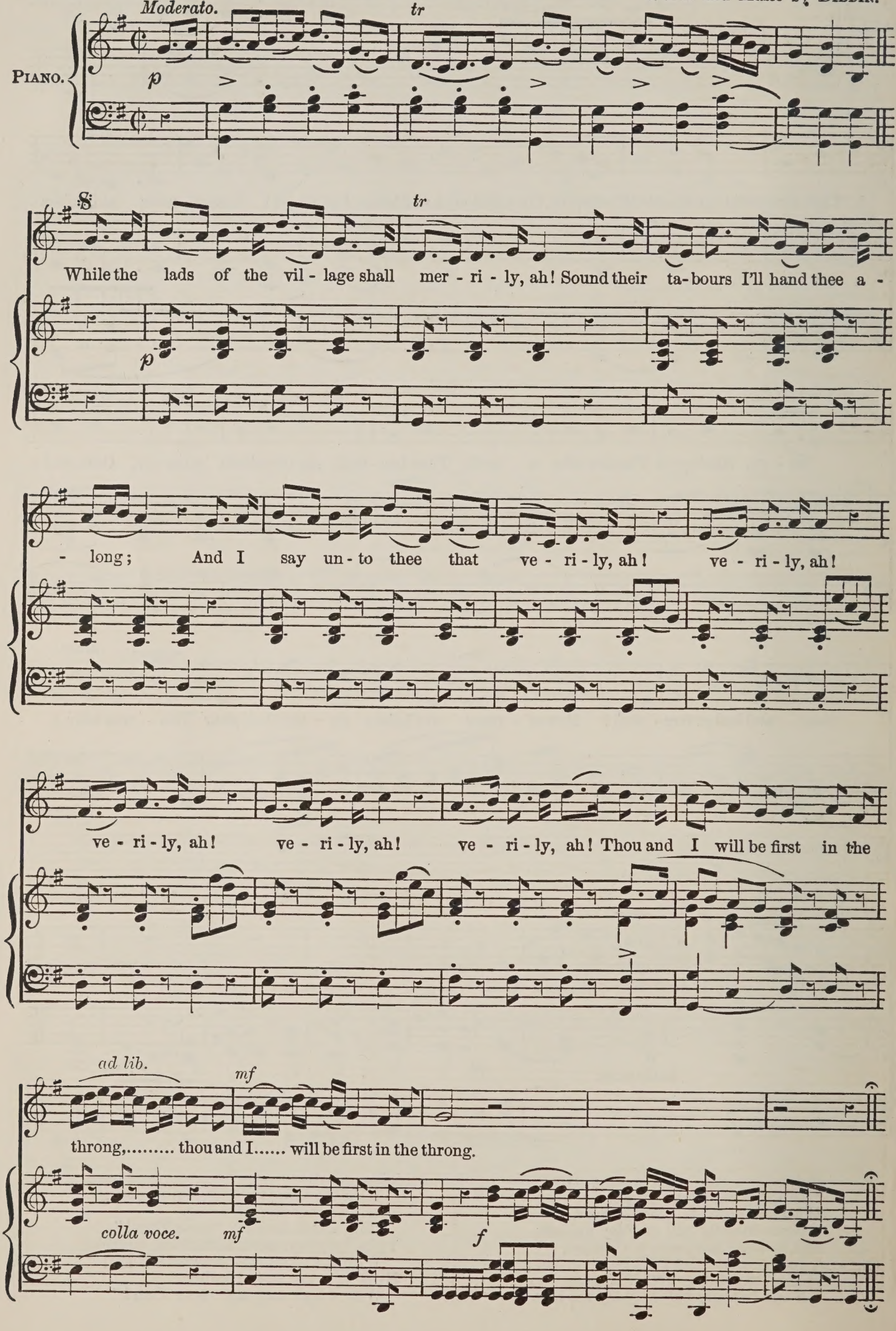
But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go,
Where, exposed to every danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low.
But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go,
Where, exposed to every danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low.

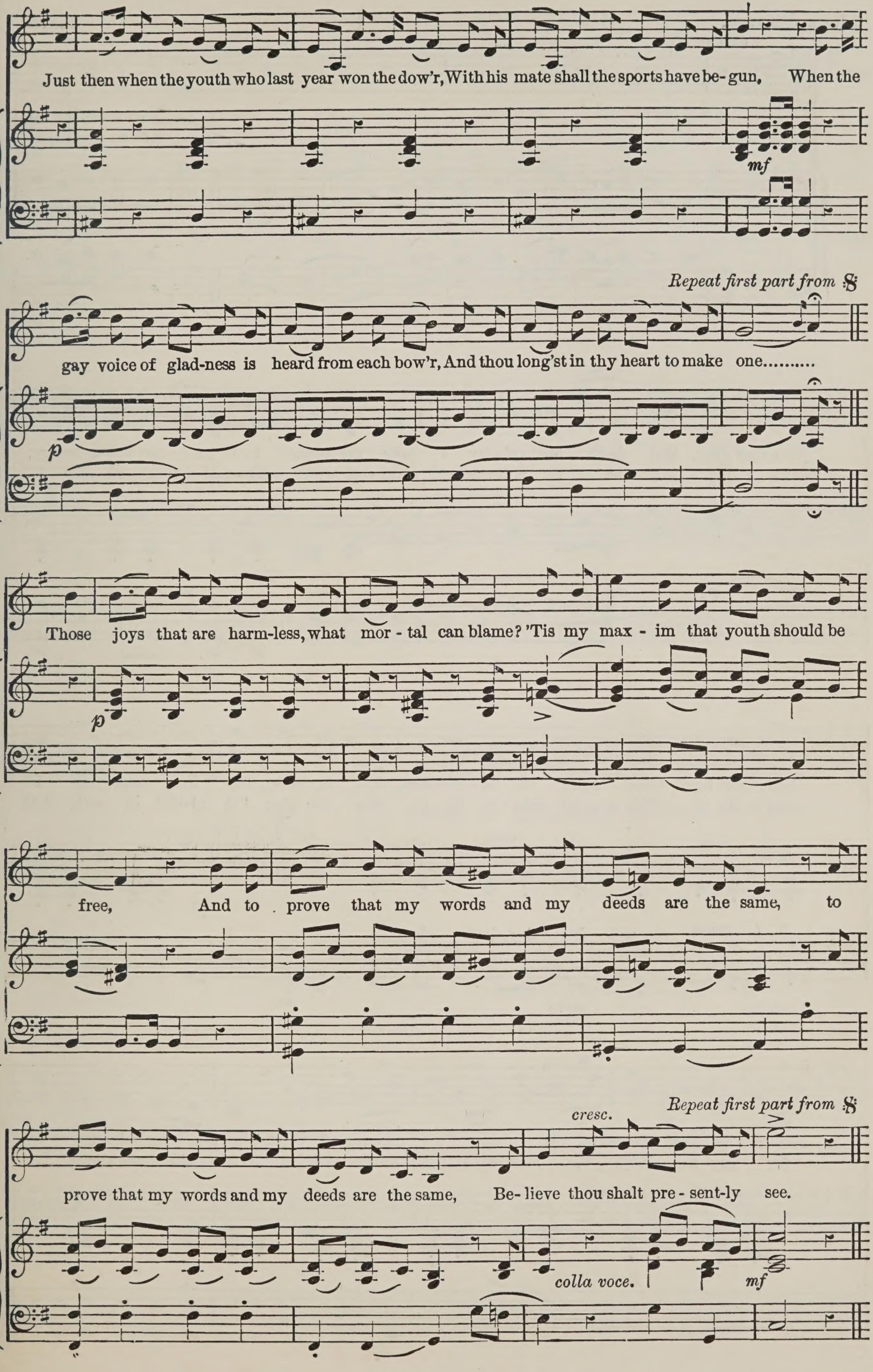
3.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come;
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry "poor Tom!"
Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come;
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry "poor Tom!"

While the Lads of the Village.

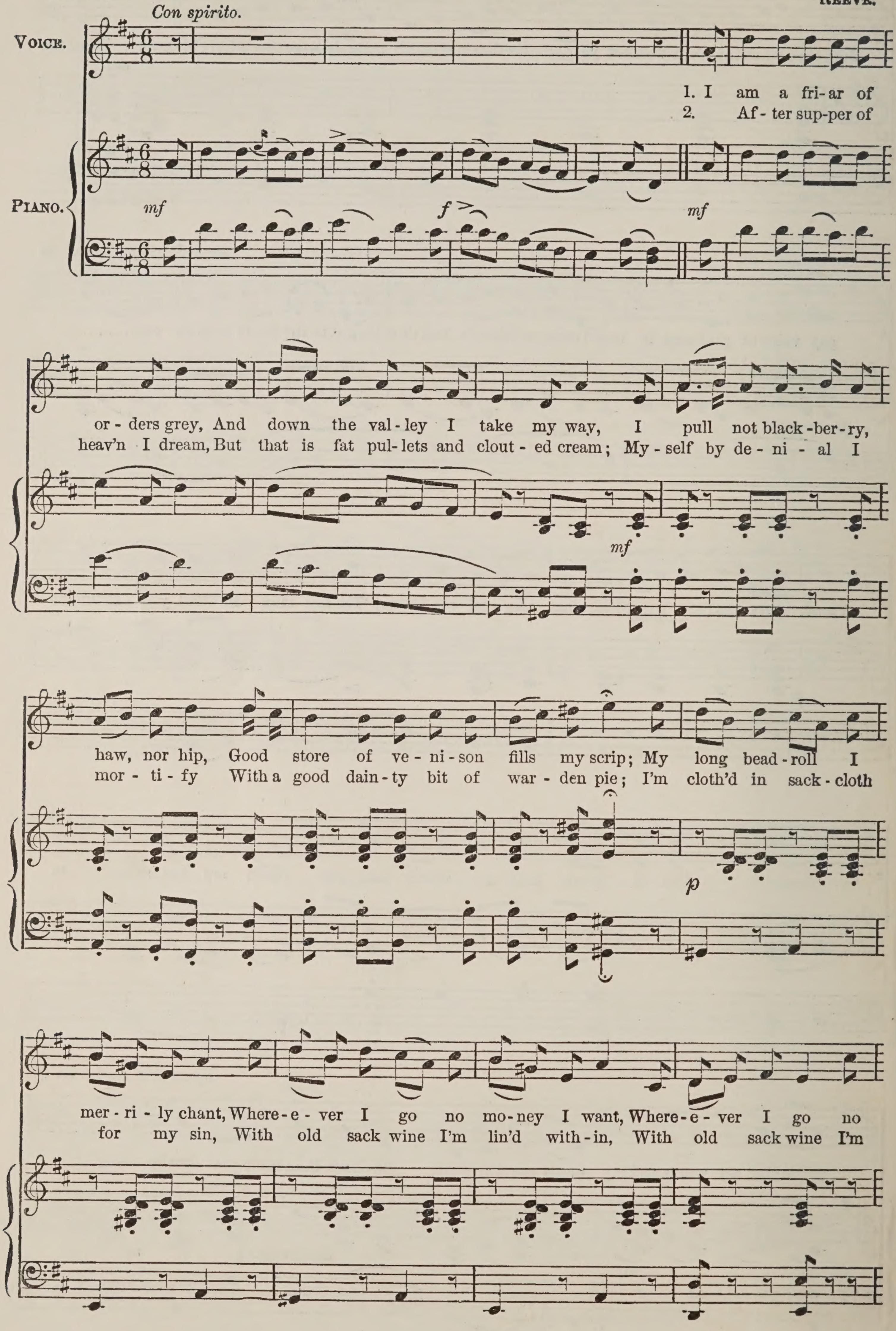
Words and Music by DIBDIN.

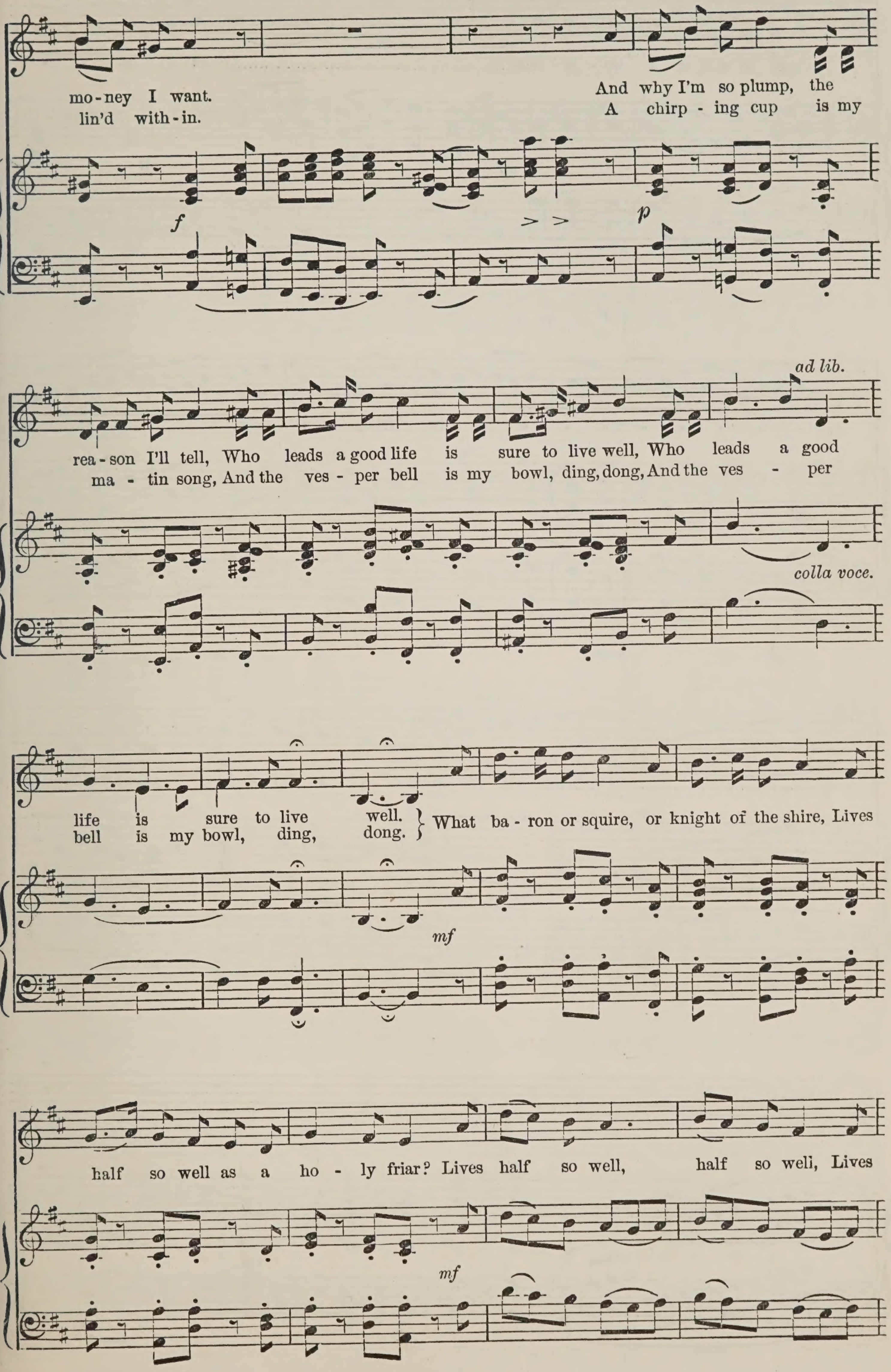

Moderato.
PIANO.
p
tr
While the lads of the vil - lage shall mer - ri - ly, ah! Sound their ta- bours I'll hand thee a - long;
And I say un - to thee that ve - ri - ly, ah! ve - ri - ly, ah! ve - ri - ly, ah! ve - ri - ly, ah! ve - ri - ly, ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng,......... thou and I...... will be first in the throng.
ad lib.
mf
colla voce.
f

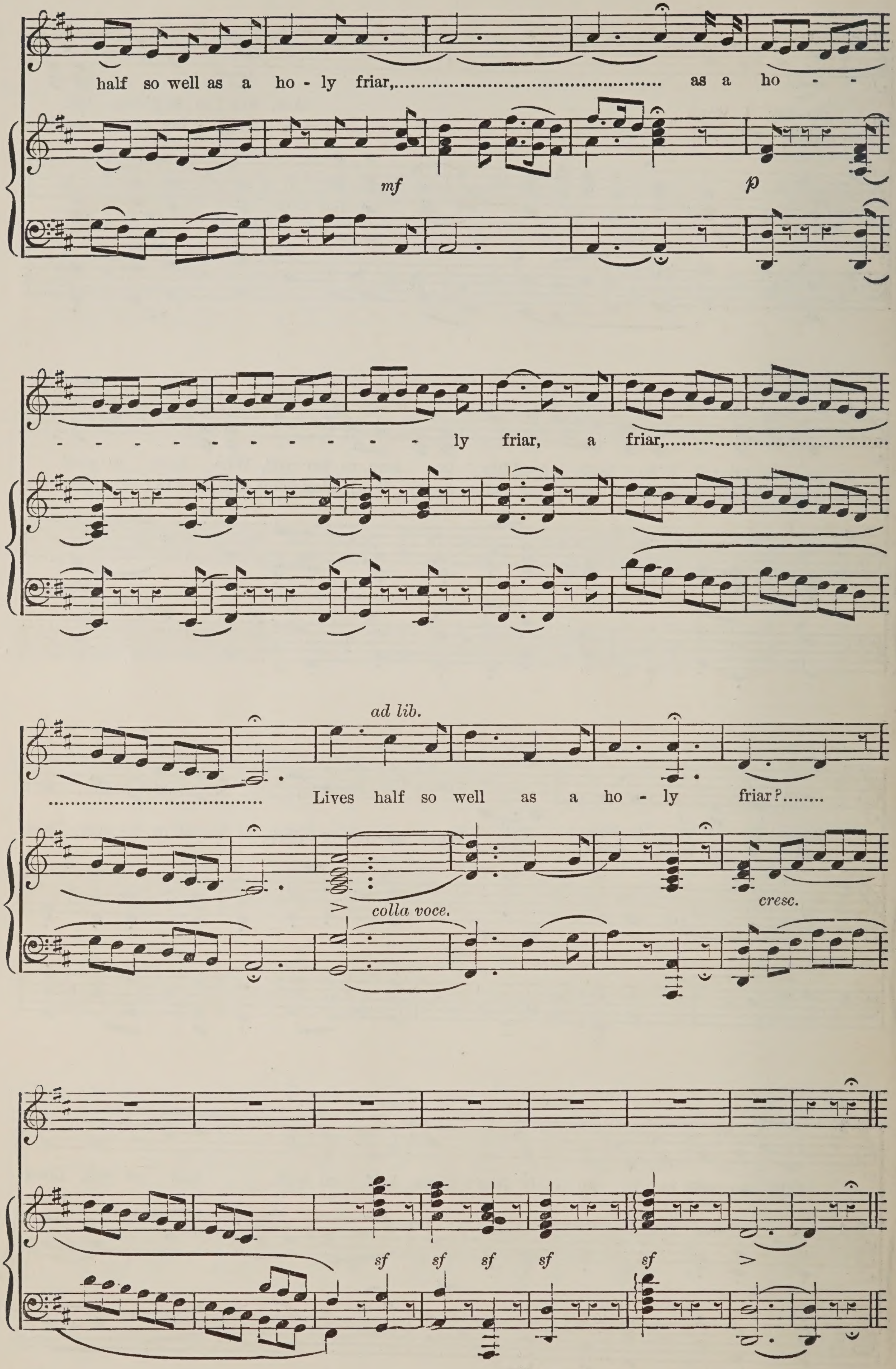

Just then when the youth who last year won the dow'r, With his mate shall the sports have be- gun, When the
mf
Repeat first part from 𝄋
gay voice of glad-ness is heard from each bow'r, And thou long'st in thy heart to make one..........
p
Those joys that are harm-less, what mor - tal can blame? 'Tis my max - im that youth should be
p
free, And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same, to
Repeat first part from 𝄋
cresc.
prove that my words and my deeds are the same, Be- lieve thou shalt pre - sent-ly see.
colla voce.
mf

I am a Friar of Orders Grey.

JOHN O'KEEFE. REEVE.


Con spirito.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
f
mf
1. I am a fri-ar of
2. Af - ter sup-per of
or - ders grey, And down the val - ley I take my way, I pull not black - ber - ry,
heav'n I dream, But that is fat pul - lets and clout - ed cream; My - self by de - ni - al I
mf
haw, nor hip, Good store of ve - ni - son fills my scrip; My long bead - roll I
mor - ti - fy With a good dain - ty bit of war - den pie; I'm cloth'd in sack - cloth
p
mer - ri - ly chant, Where - e - ver I go no mo - ney I want, Where - e - ver I go no
for my sin, With old sack wine I'm lin'd with - in, With old sack wine I'm

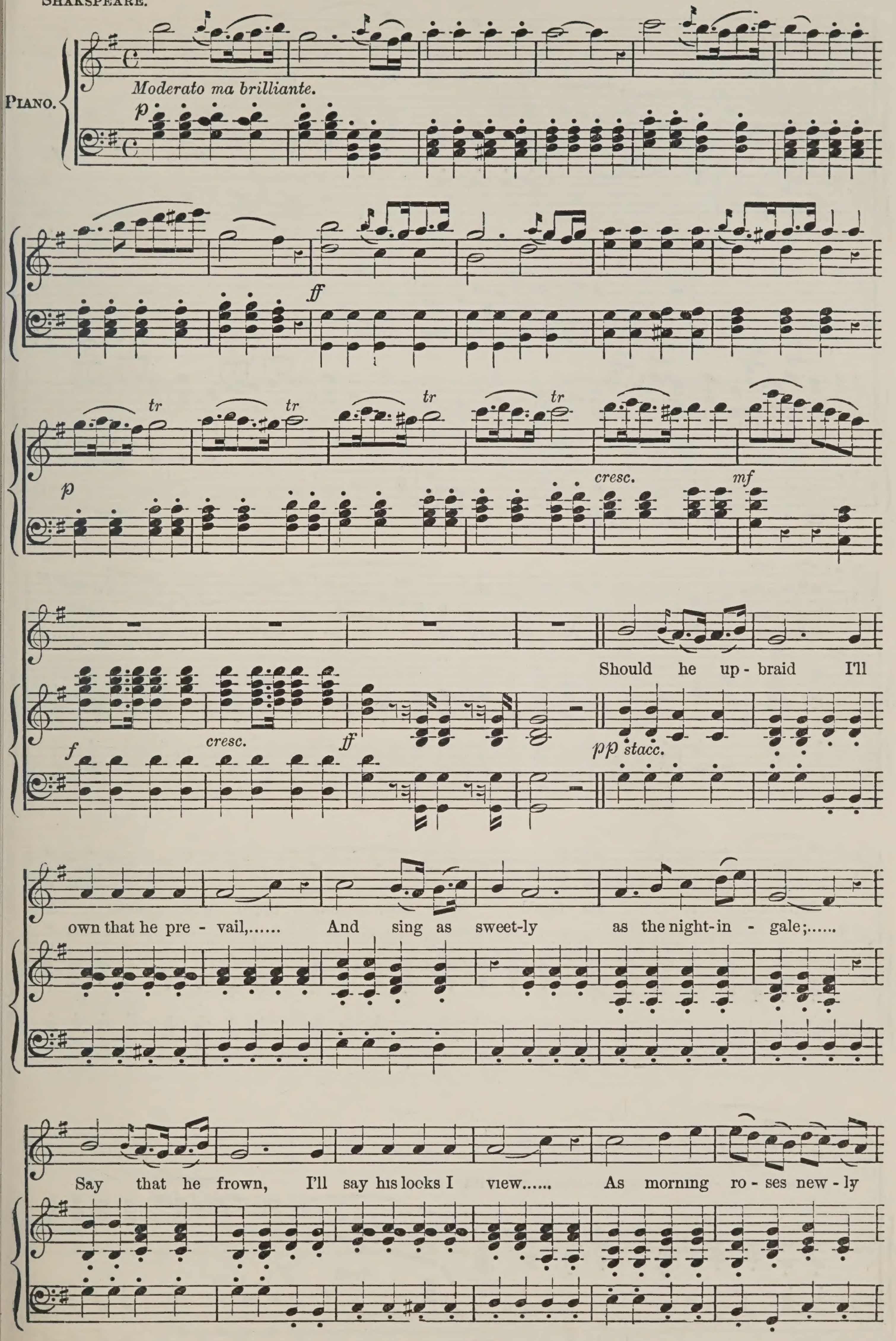

mo-ney I want.
lin'd with-in.
And why I'm so plump, the
A chirp - ing cup is my
f
> >
p
ad lib.
rea-son I'll tell, Who leads a good life is sure to live well, Who leads a good
ma - tin song, And the ves - per bell is my bowl, ding, dong, And the ves - per
colla voce.
life is sure to live well.
bell is my bowl, ding, dong.
What ba - ron or squire, or knight of the shire, Lives
mf
half so well as a ho - ly friar? Lives half so well, half so well, Lives
mf

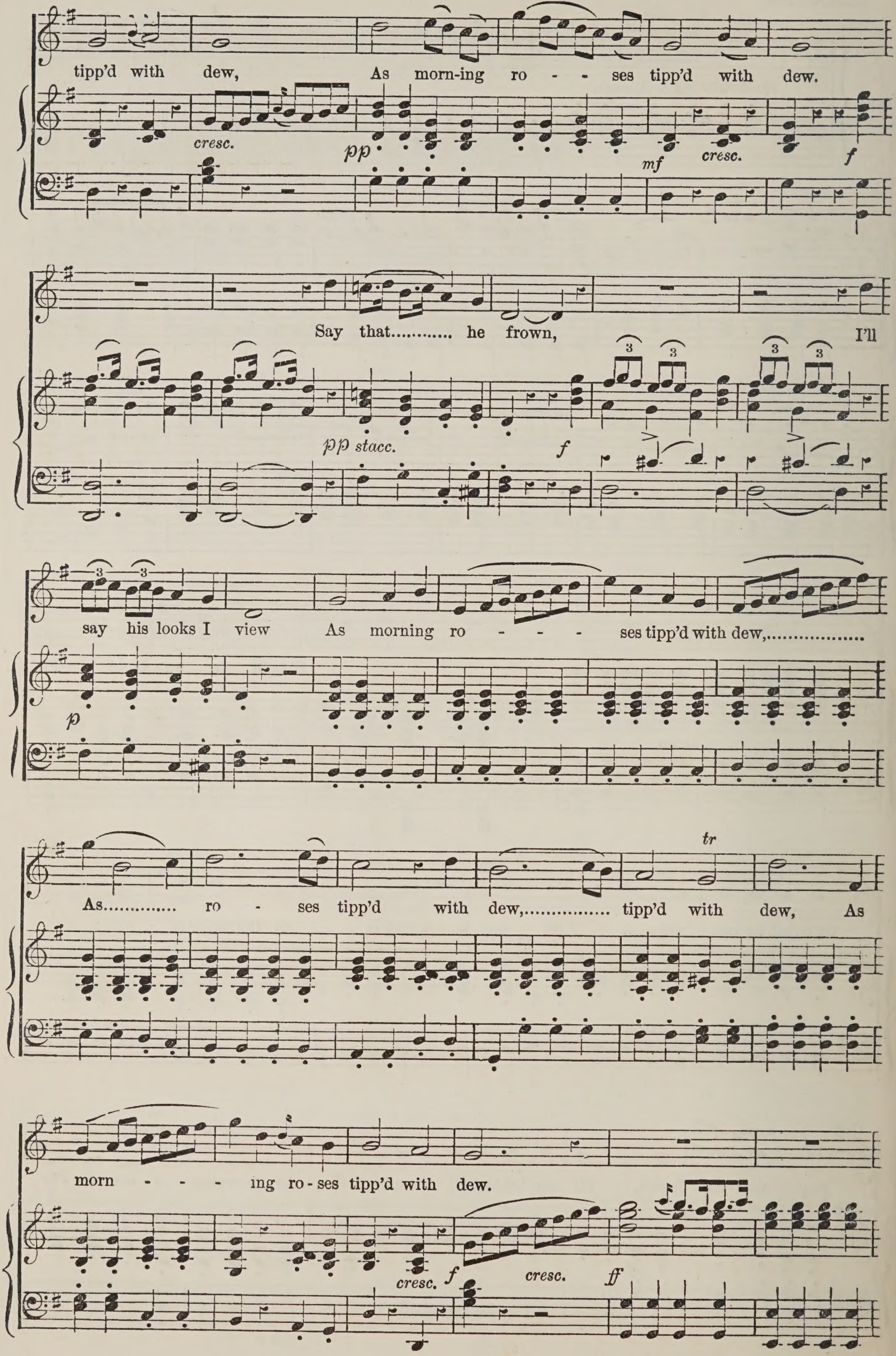

half so well as a ho - ly friar,... as a ho - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - ly friar, a friar,...
.... Lives half so well as a ho - ly friar?........
mf
p
ad lib.
colla voce.
cresc.
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf

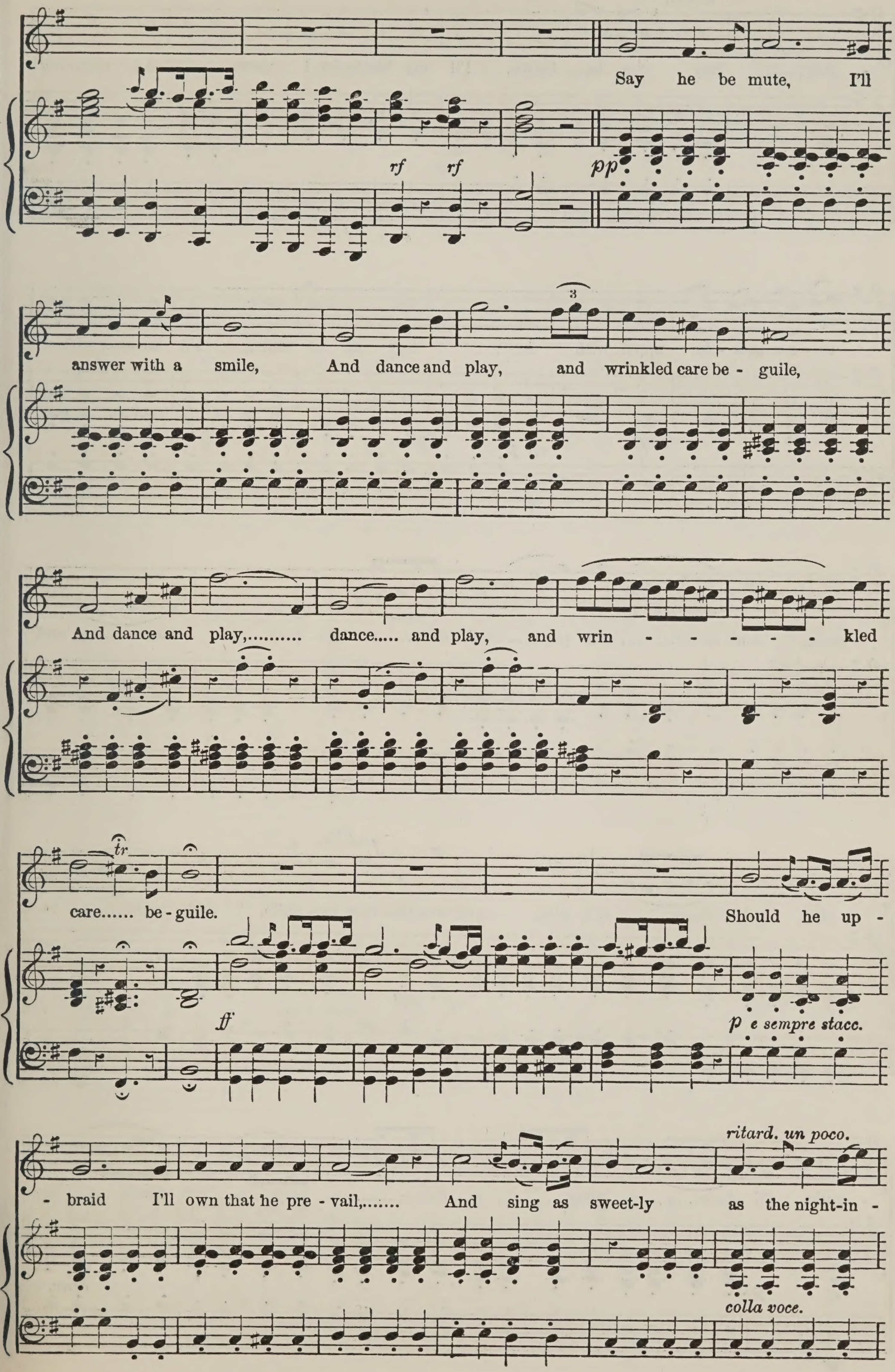
Should he upbraid.

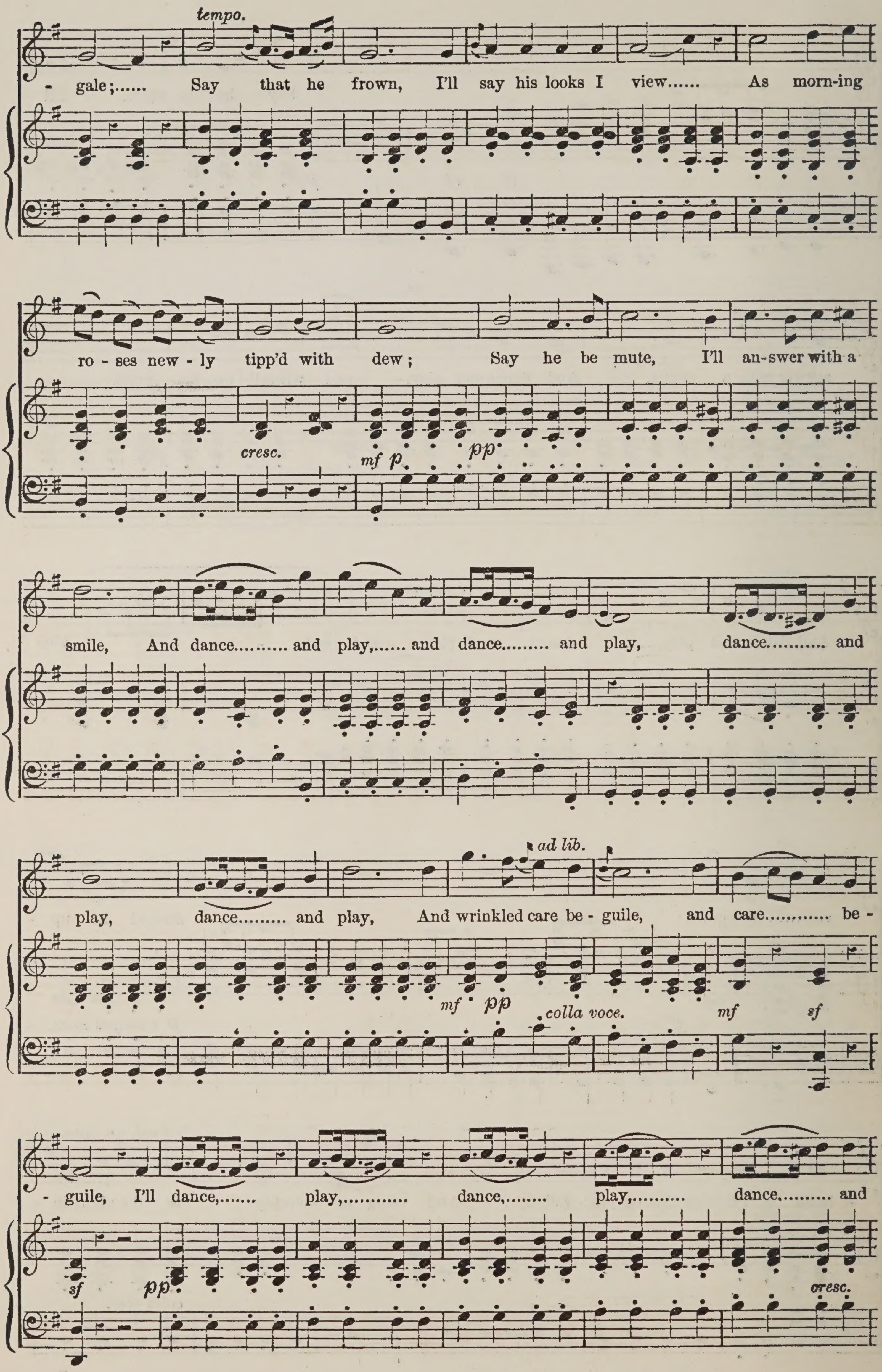
SHAKSPEARE.

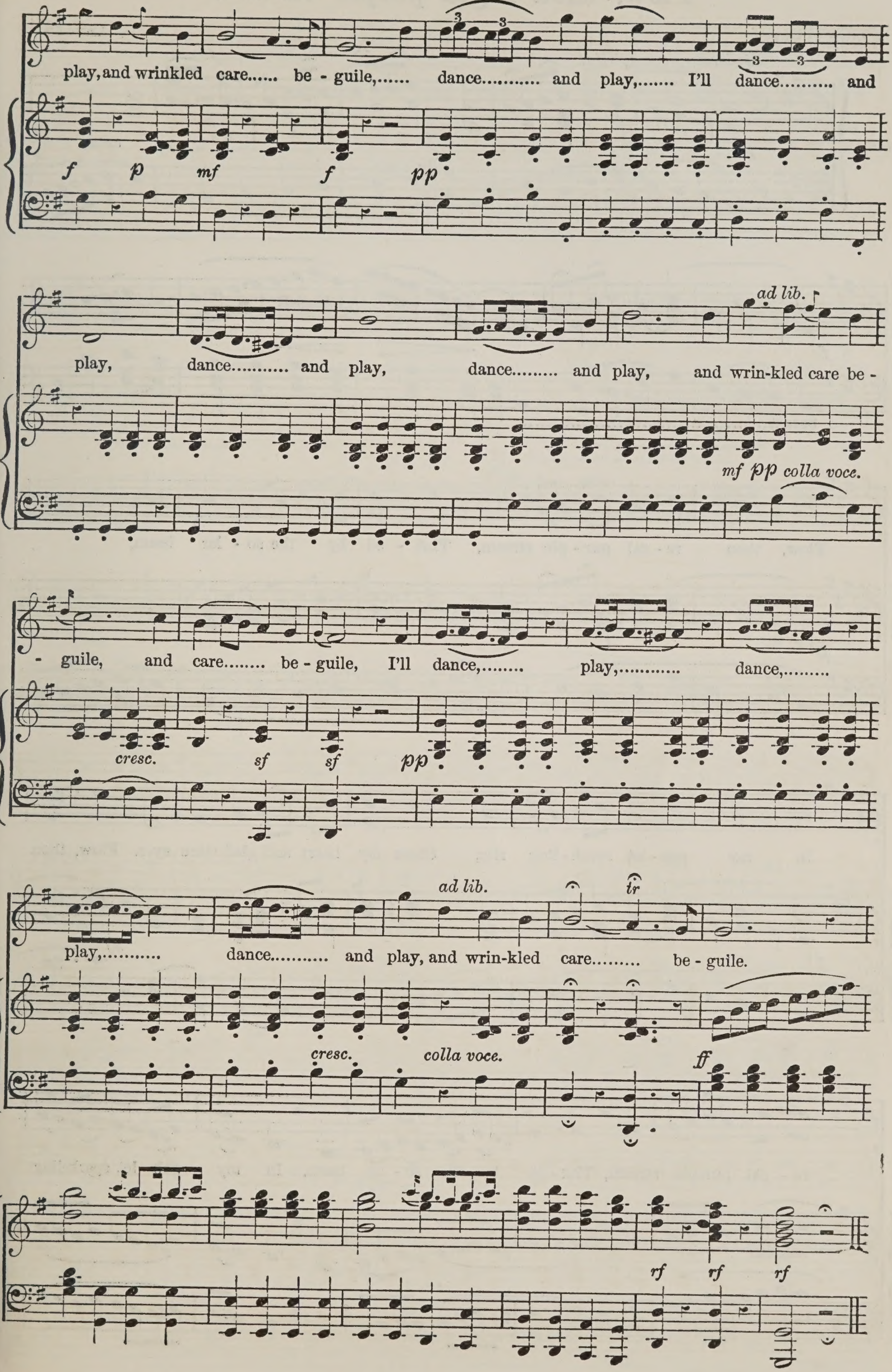
SIR H. R. BISHOP.


PIANO.
Moderato ma brilliante.
p
ff
p
tr
tr
tr
tr
cresc.
mf
f
cresc.
ff
pp stacc.
Should he up - braid I'll
own that he pre - vail,......
And sing as sweet-ly as the night-in - gale;......
Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view......
As morning ro - ses new - ly


tipp'd with dew, As morn-ing ro - - ses tipp'd with dew.
cresc.
pp
mf
cresc.
f
Say that........... he frown, I'll
pp stacc.
f
3
say his looks I view As morning ro - - - ses tipp'd with dew,..................
p
tr
As............. ro - ses tipp'd with dew,................ tipp'd with dew, As
morn - - - ing ro-ses tipp'd with dew.
cresc.
f
cresc.
ff

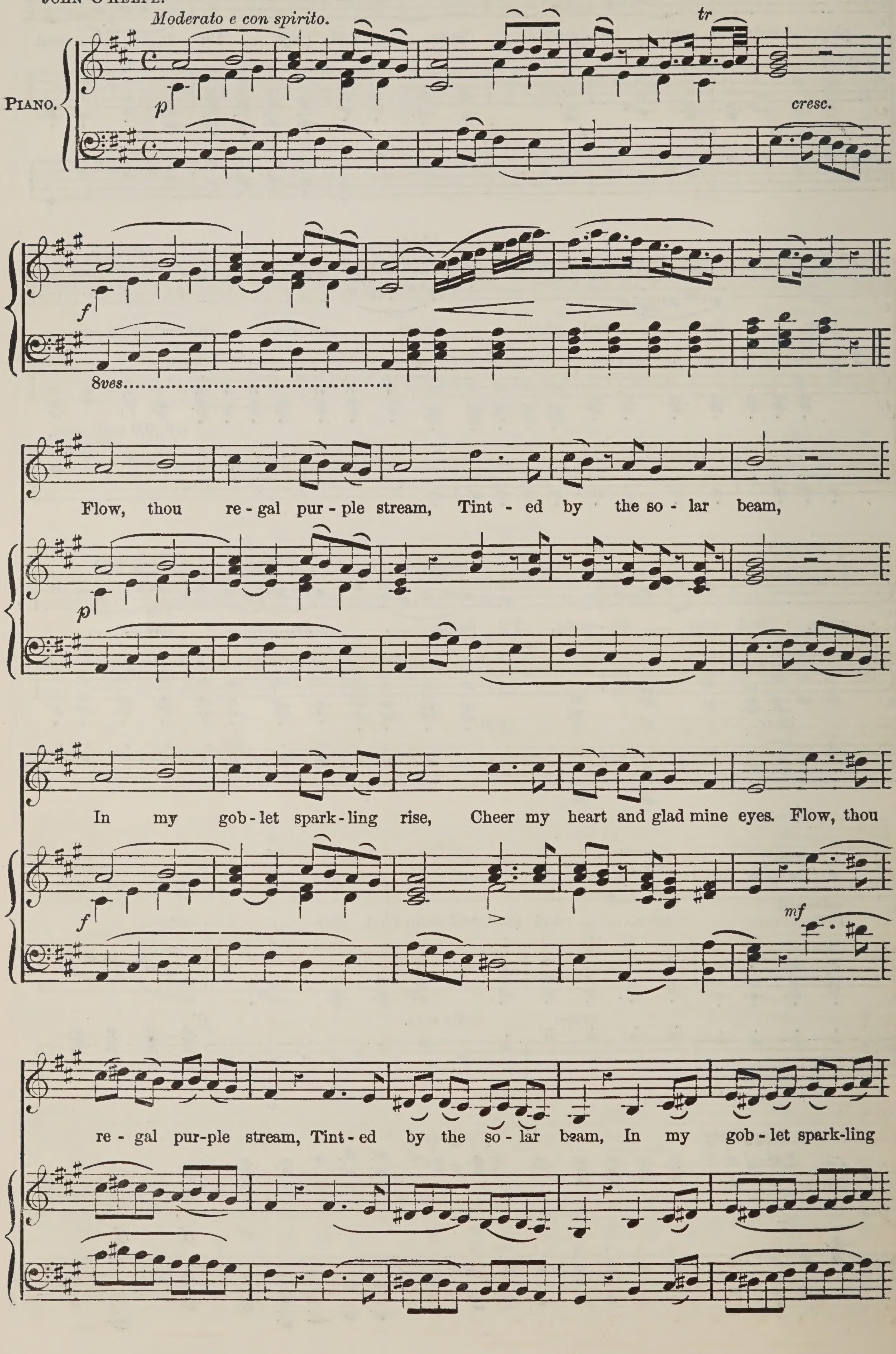

rf
rf
pp
Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile, And dance and play, and wrinkled care be - guile,
And dance and play,.......... dance..... and play, and wrin - - - - - - kled care...... be - guile.
3
tr
ff
p e sempre stacc.
Should he up - braid I'll own that he pre - vail,........ And sing as sweet-ly as the night-in -
ritard. un poco.
colla voce.

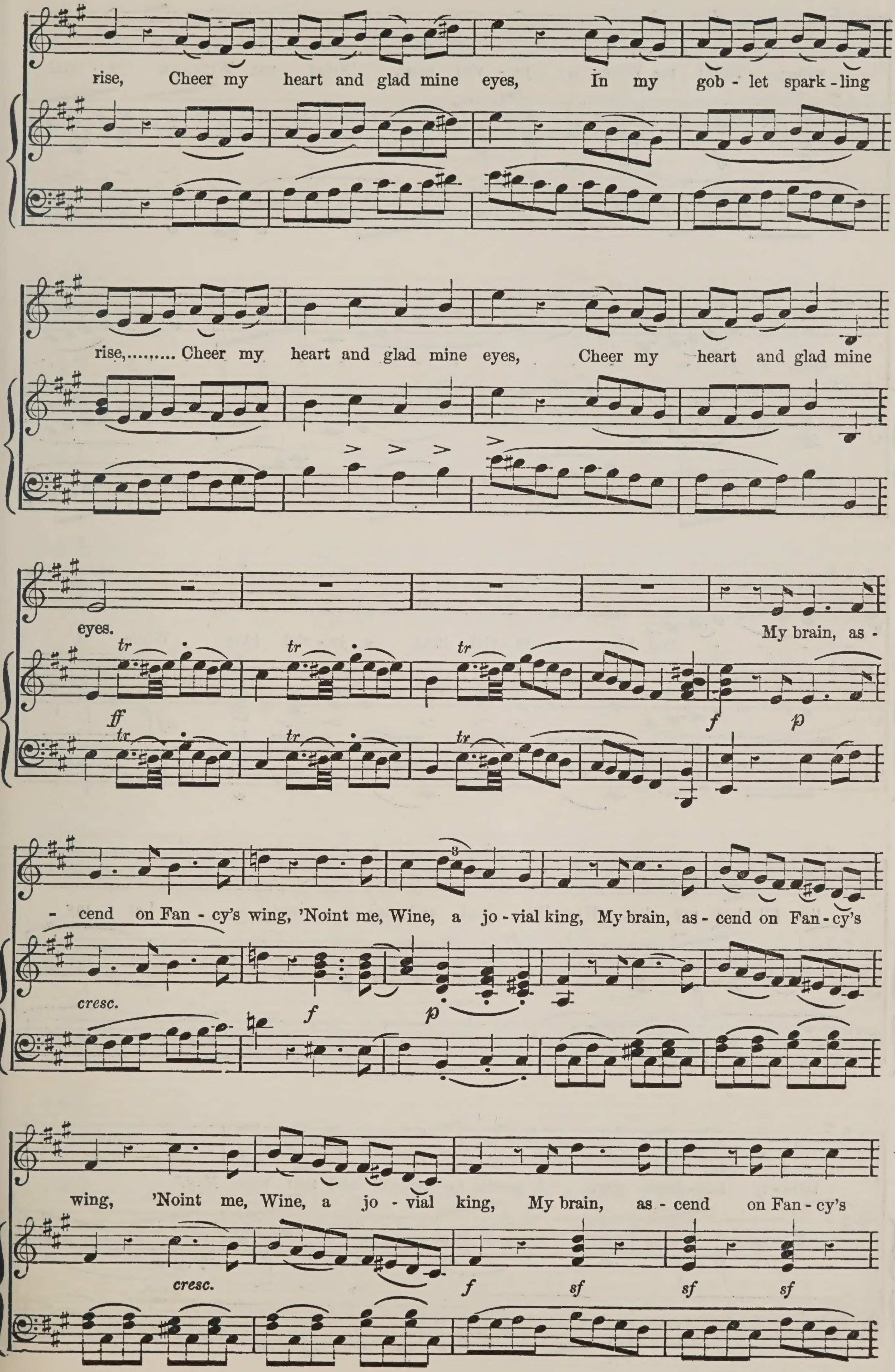

tempo.
- gale;...... Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view...... As morning
ro - ses new - ly tipp'd with dew; Say he be mute, I'll an-swer with a
cresc.
mf p
pp
smile, And dance.......... and play,...... and dance......... and play, dance........... and
play, dance......... and play, And wrinkled care be - guile, and care............ be -
ad lib.
mf
pp
colla voce.
mf
sf
- guile, I'll dance,....... play,............ dance,........ play,.......... dance.......... and
sf
pp
cresc.

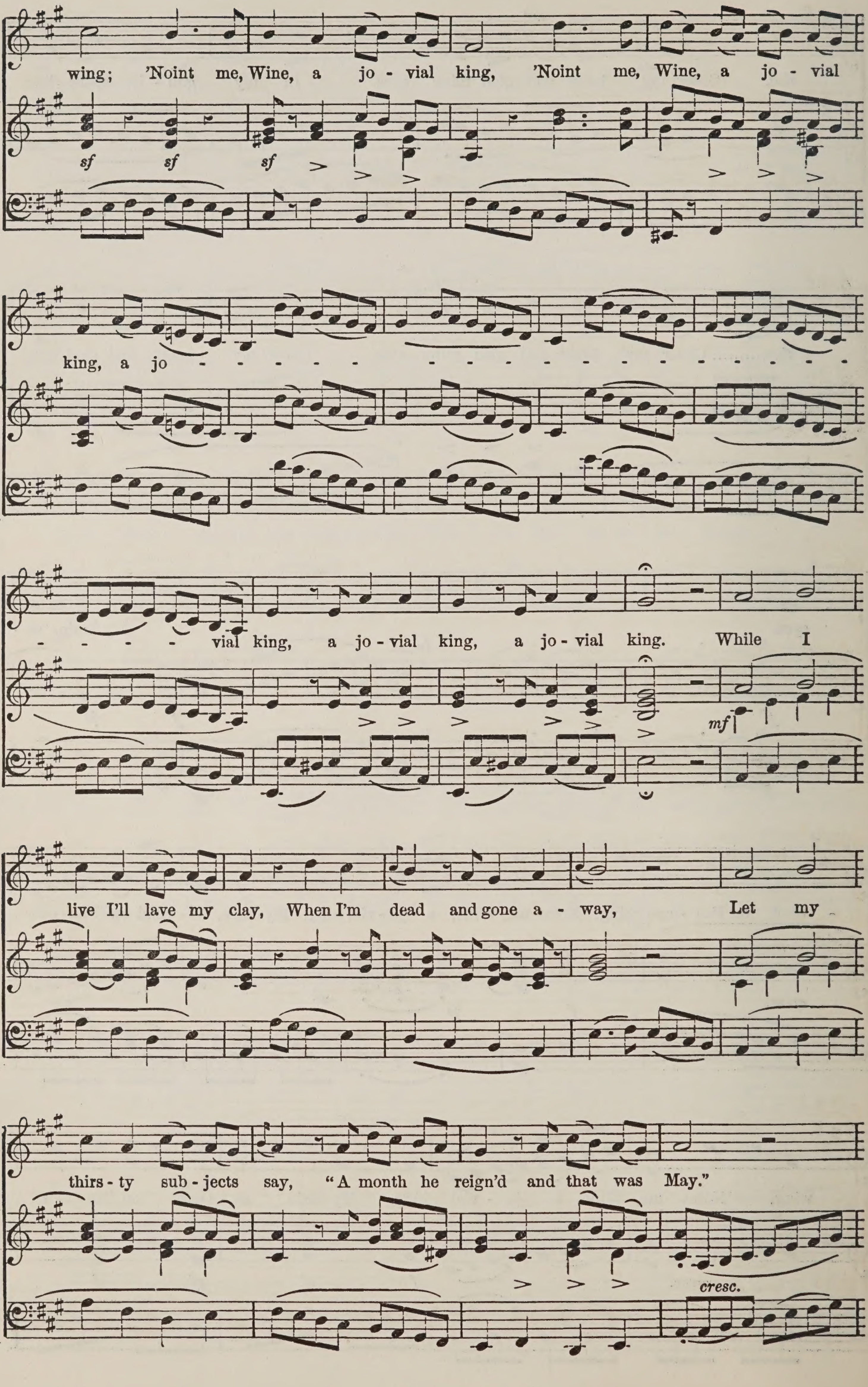

play, and wrinkled care...... be - guile,...... dance........... and play,....... I'll dance.......... and
f p mf f pp
play, dance.......... and play, dance......... and play, and wrin-kled care be -
ad lib.
mf pp colla voce.
- guile, and care........ be - guile, I'll dance,........ play,............ dance,.........
cresc. sf sf pp
play,........... dance........... and play, and wrin-kled care......... be - guile.
ad lib.
tr
cresc. colla voce.
ff
rf rf rf

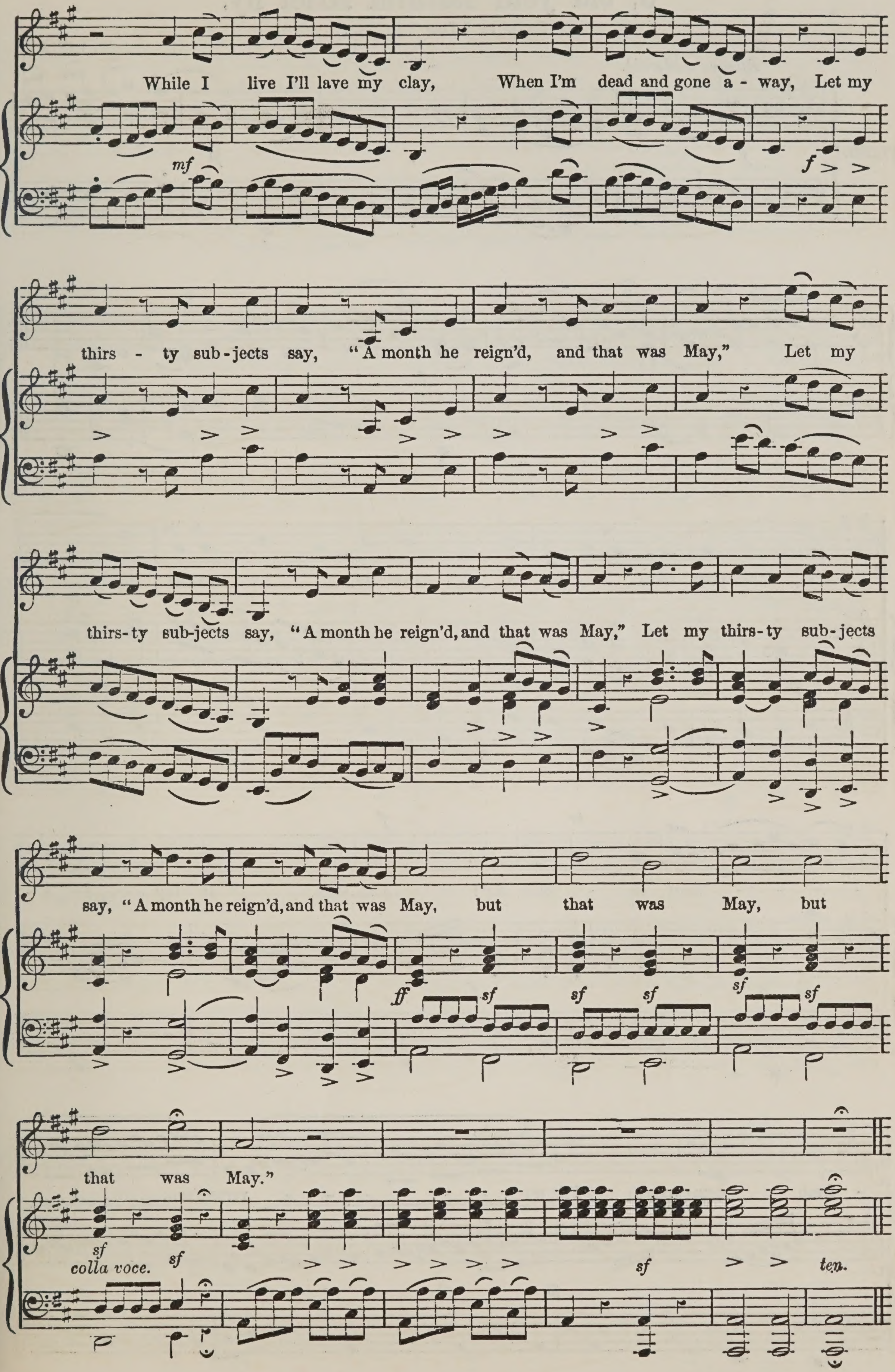
Flow, thou regal purple stream.

JOHN O'KEEFE. ARNOLD.


Moderato e con spirito.
tr
PIANO.
p
cresc.
f
8ves
Flow, thou re - gal pur - ple stream, Tint - ed by the so - lar beam,
p
In my gob - let spark - ling rise, Cheer my heart and glad mine eyes. Flow, thou
f
mf
re - gal pur - ple stream, Tint - ed by the so - lar beam, In my gob - let spark - ling


rise, Cheer my heart and glad mine eyes, In my gob - let spark - ling
rise,……… Cheer my heart and glad mine eyes, Cheer my heart and glad mine
eyes.
tr
ff
My brain, as -
f
p
- cend on Fan - cy's wing, 'Noint me, Wine, a jo - vial king, My brain, as - cend on Fan - cy's
cresc.
f
p
3
wing, 'Noint me, Wine, a jo - vial king, My brain, as - cend on Fan - cy's
cresc.
f
sf
sf
sf

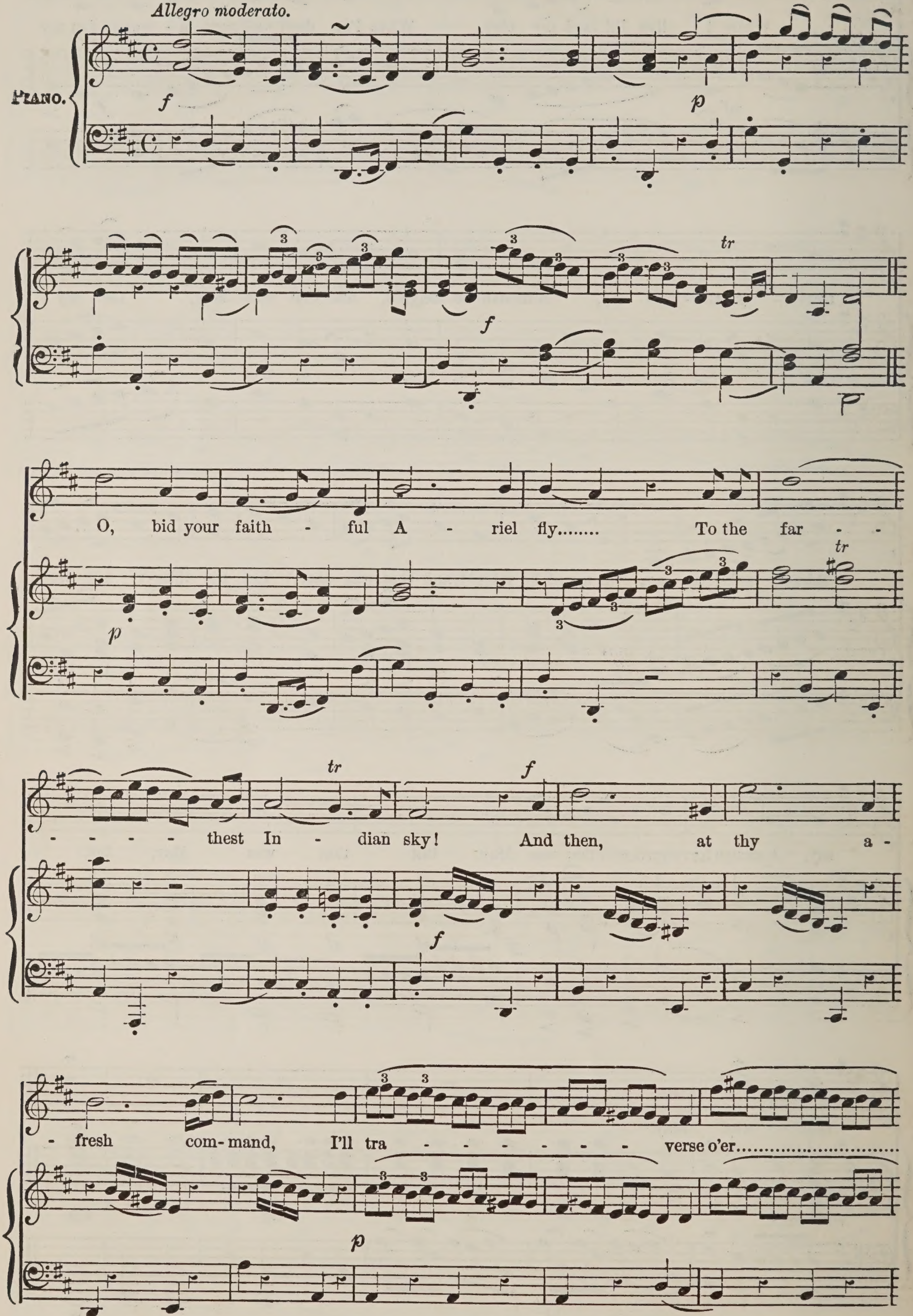

wing; 'Noint me, Wine, a jo - vial king, 'Noint me, Wine, a jo - vial
sf sf sf
king, a jo -
- - - - vial king, a jo - vial king, a jo - vial king. While I
mf
live I'll lave my clay, When I'm dead and gone a - way, Let my
thirs - ty sub - jects say, "A month he reign'd and that was May."
cresc.

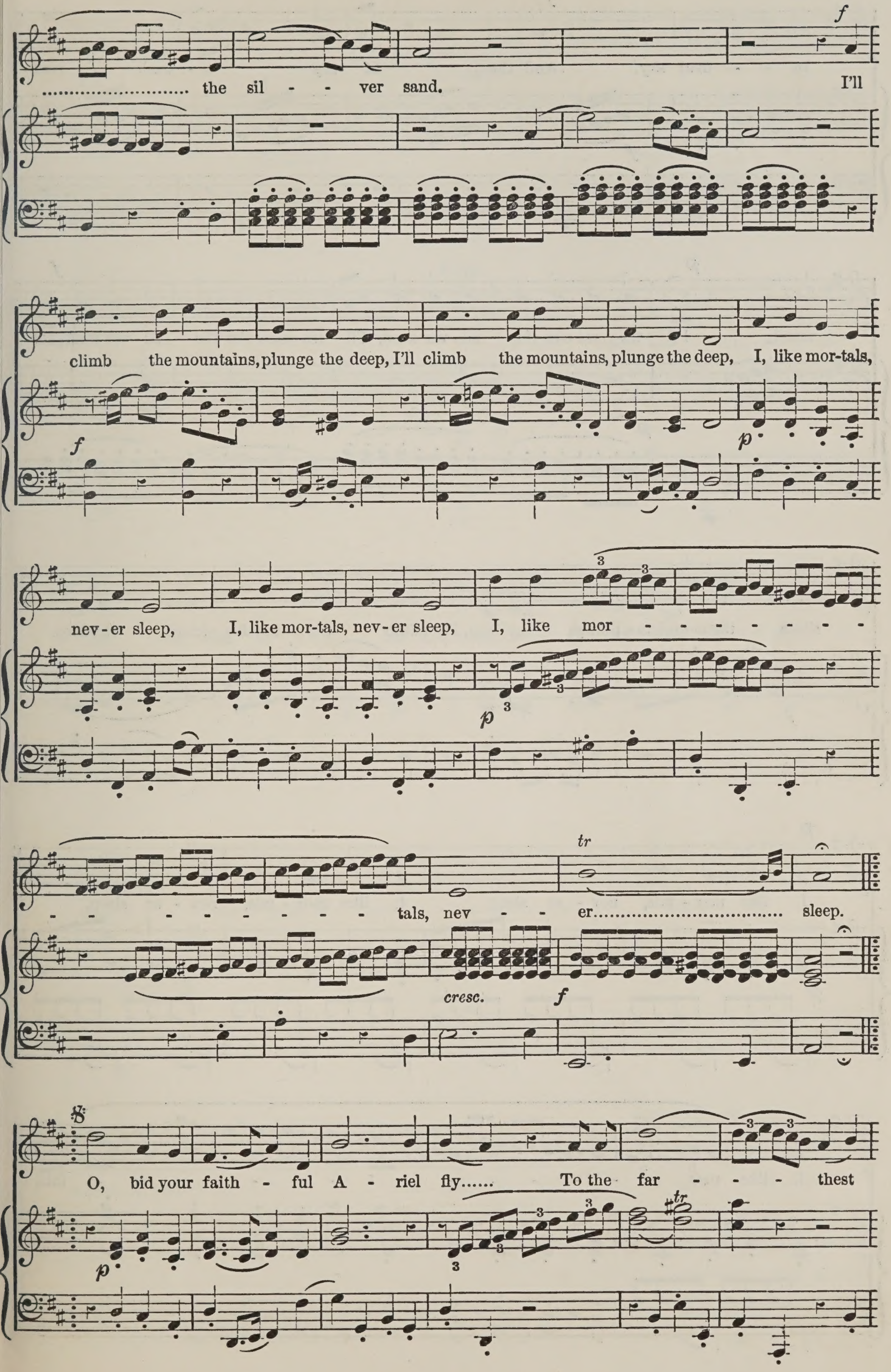

While I live I'll lave my clay, When I'm dead and gone a - way, Let my
mf
f > >
thirs - ty sub - jects say, "A month he reign'd, and that was May," Let my
thirs - ty sub - jects say, "A month he reign'd, and that was May," Let my thirs - ty sub - jects
say, "A month he reign'd, and that was May, but that was May, but
ff
sf
that was May."
sf
colla voce.
ten.

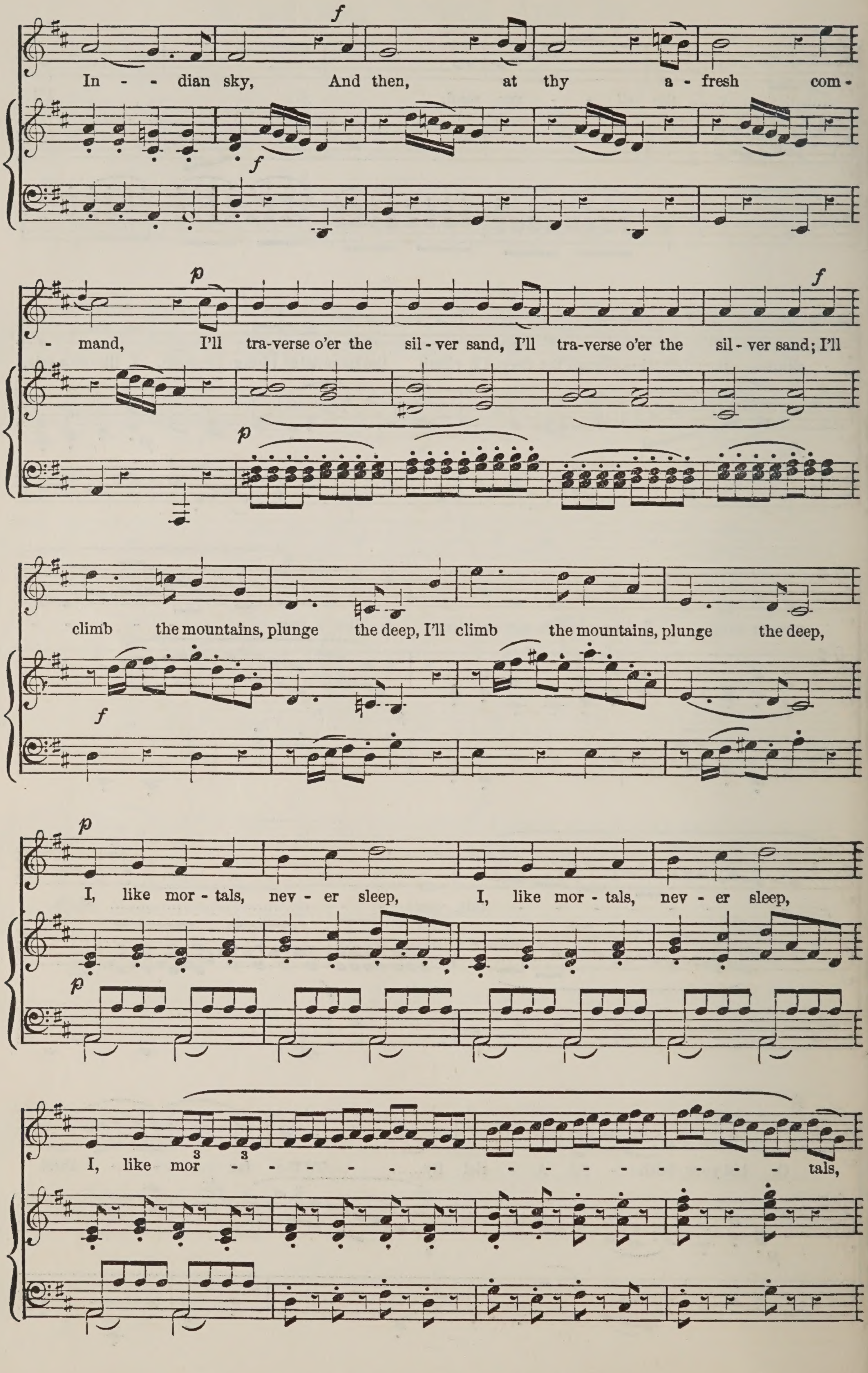
O, bid your faithful Ariel fly.

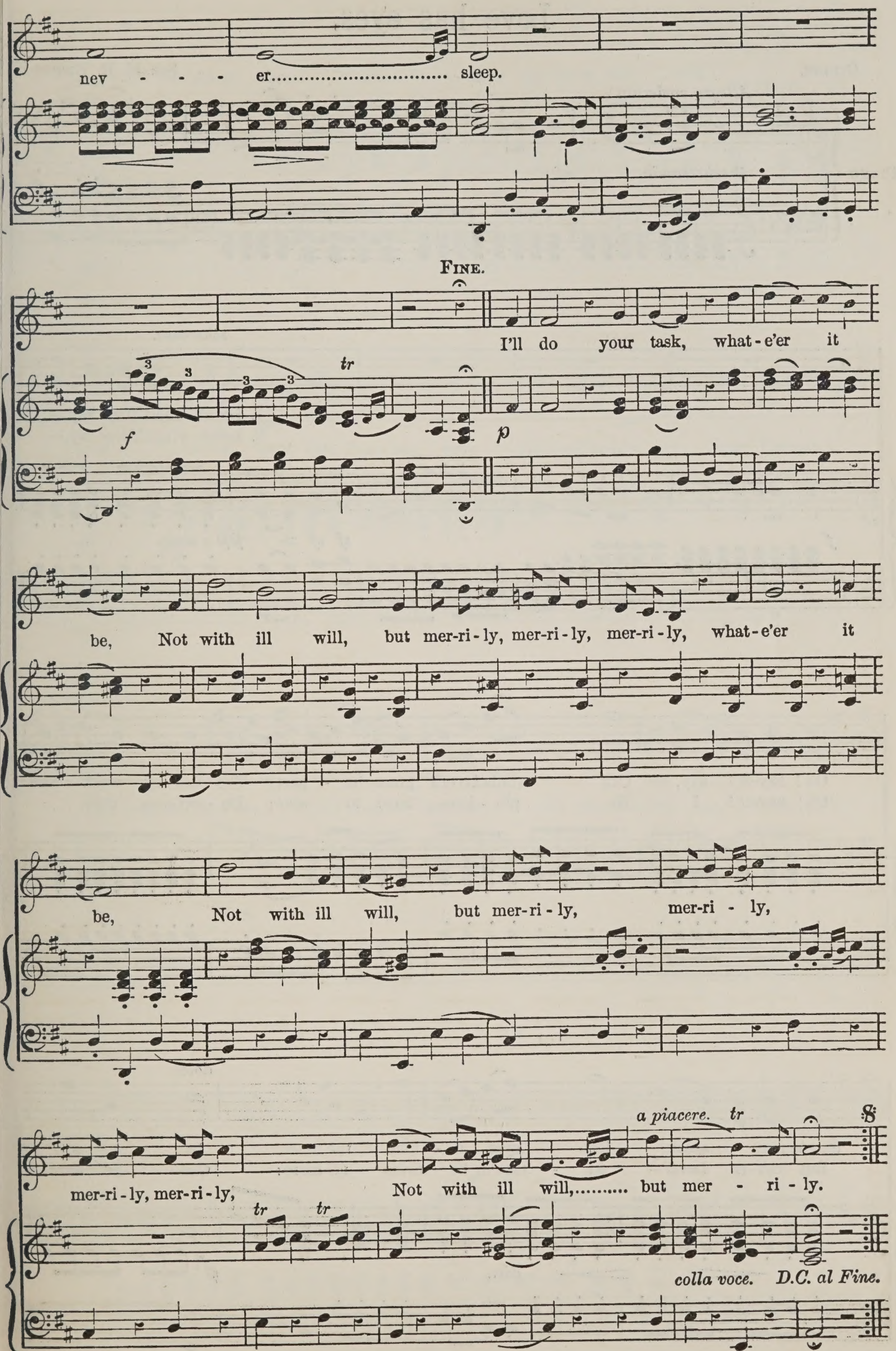
SUNG IN "THE TEMPEST."

T. LINLEY.


Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
f
p
f
tr
O, bid your faith - ful A - riel fly........ To the far - - - - - - thest In - dian sky! And then, at thy a - fresh com- mand, I'll tra - - - - - - - - verse o'er..............................
p
tr
tr
f
f
p
3

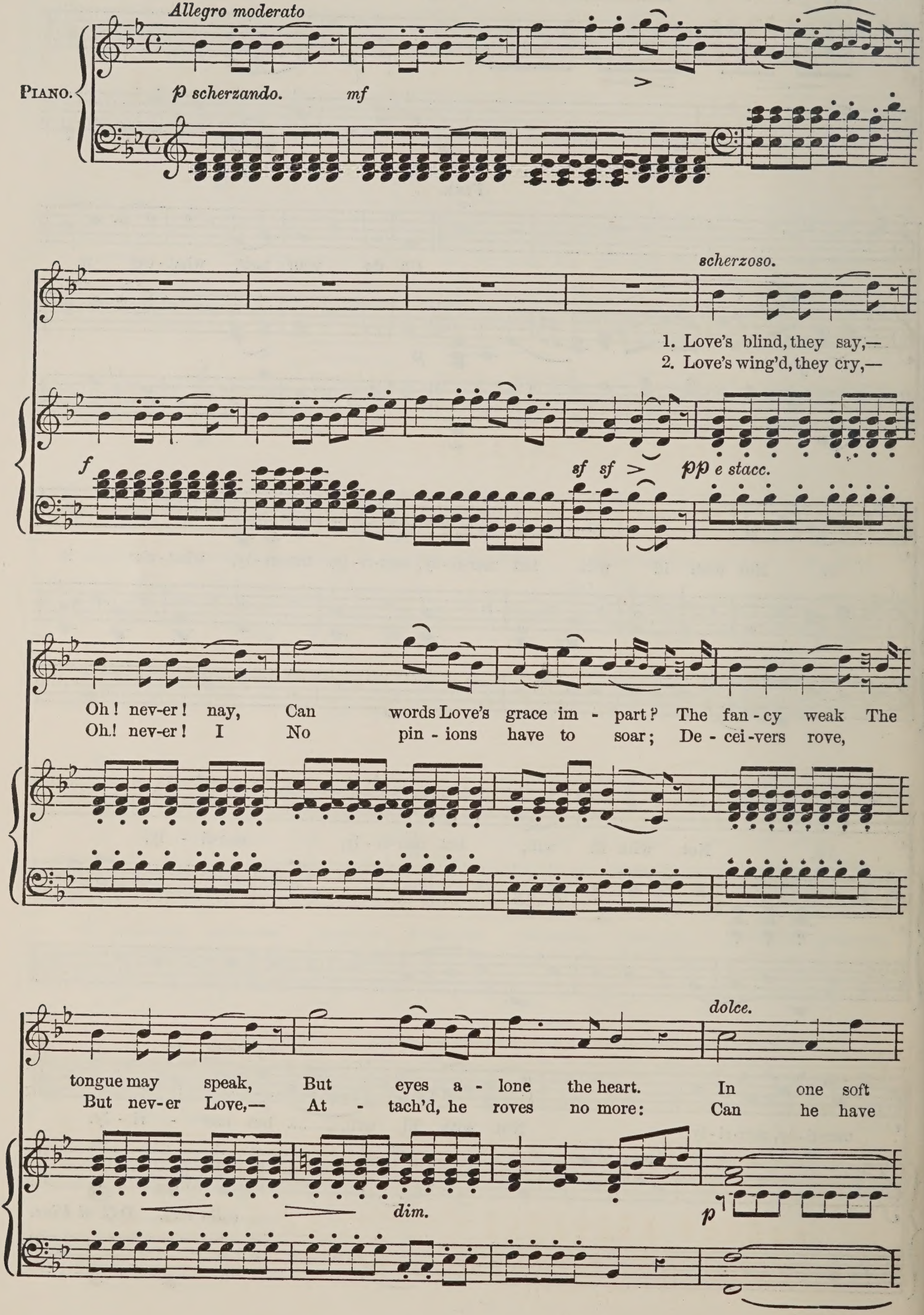

f
.... the sil - - ver sand. I'll
climb the mountains, plunge the deep, I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep, I, like mor-tals,
f
p
nev - er sleep, I, like mor-tals, nev - er sleep, I, like mor - - - - - - - -
p
3
- - - - - - - - - - tals, nev - - er.............................. sleep.
tr
cresc.
f
𝄋
O, bid your faith - ful A - riel fly...... To the far - - - - thest
p
3
tr

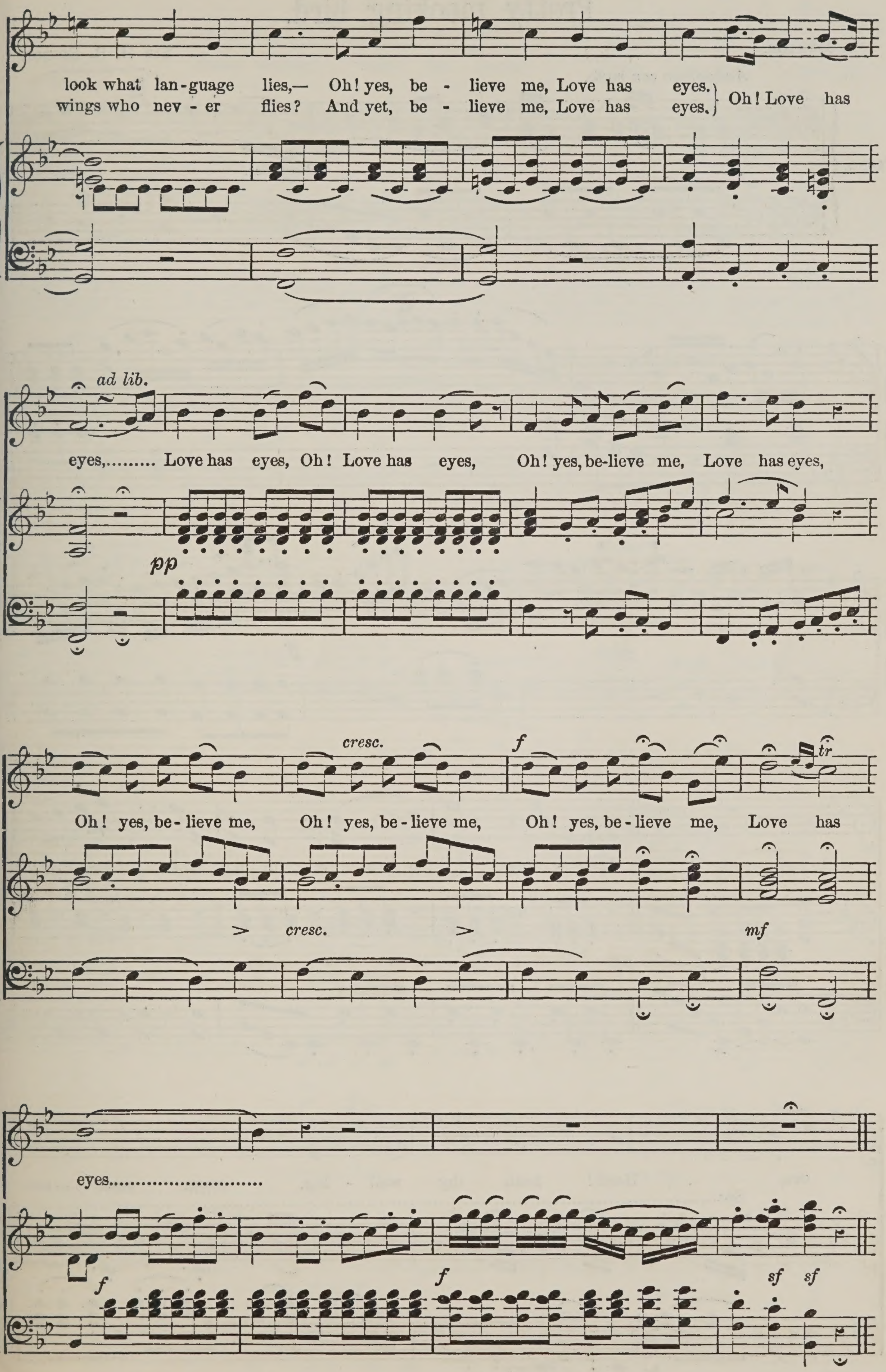

f
In - - dian sky, And then, at thy a - fresh com -
p
f
- mand, I'll tra-verse o'er the sil - ver sand, I'll tra-verse o'er the sil - ver sand; I'll
climb the mountains, plunge the deep, I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep,
p
I, like mor - tals, nev - er sleep, I, like mor - tals, nev - er sleep,
I, like mor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - tals,
3
3


nev - - - er.................................. sleep.
Fine.
f
tr
p
I'll do your task, what-e'er it
be, Not with ill will, but mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, what-e'er it
be, Not with ill will, but mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Not with ill will,.......... but mer - ri - ly.
a piacere.
tr
colla voce.
D.C. al Fine.

Love has eyes.

DIBDIN. SIR H. R. BISHOP.

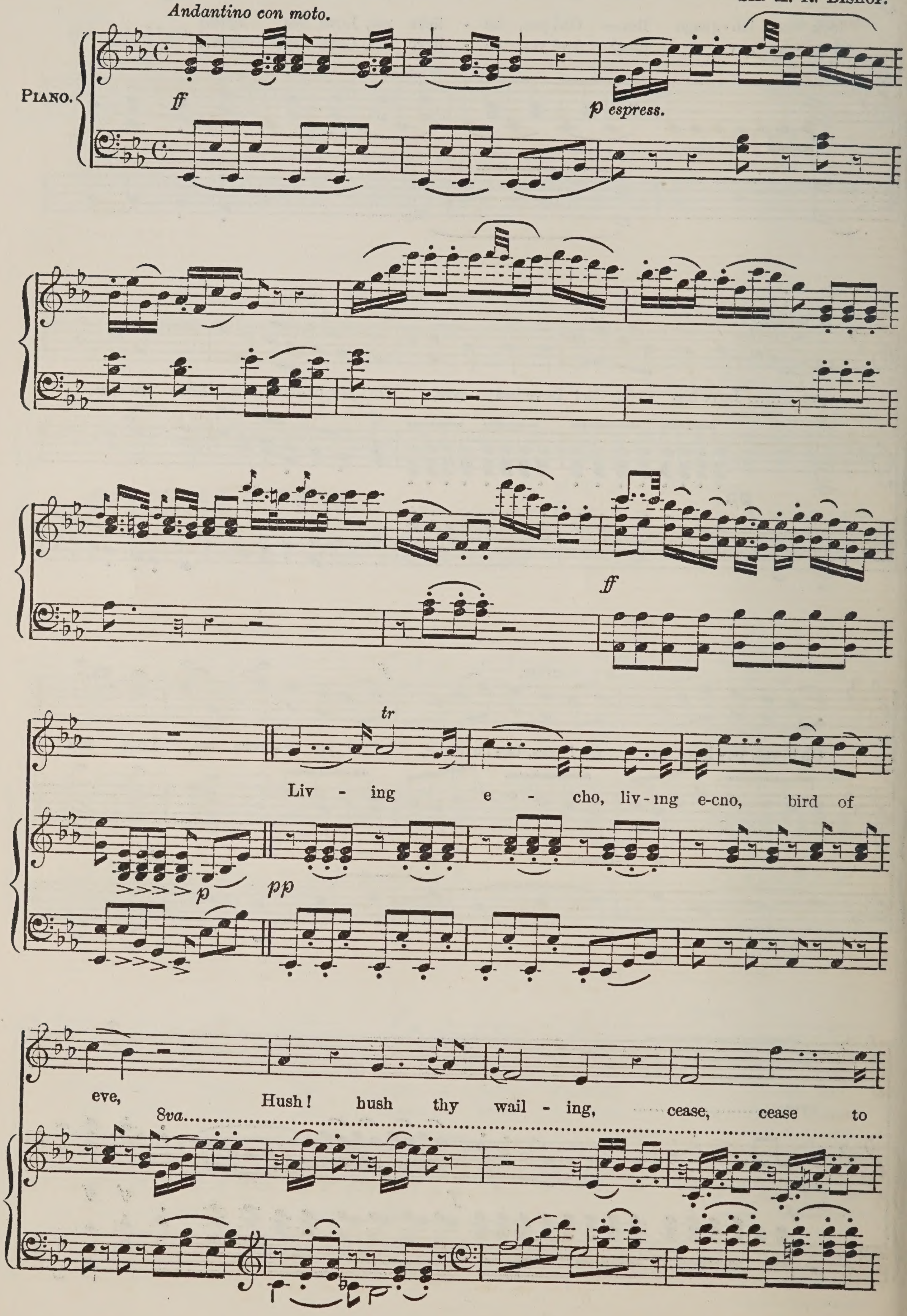

Allegro moderato
PIANO.
p scherzando.
mf
f
sf sf
pp e stacc.
scherzoso.
1. Love's blind, they say,—
2. Love's wing'd, they cry,—
Oh! nev-er! nay, Can words Love's grace im - part? The fan-cy weak The
Oh! nev-er! I No pin - ions have to soar; De - cei-vers rove,
tongue may speak, But eyes a - lone the heart.
But nev-er Love,— At - tach'd, he roves no more:
dolce.
In one soft
Can he have
dim.
p

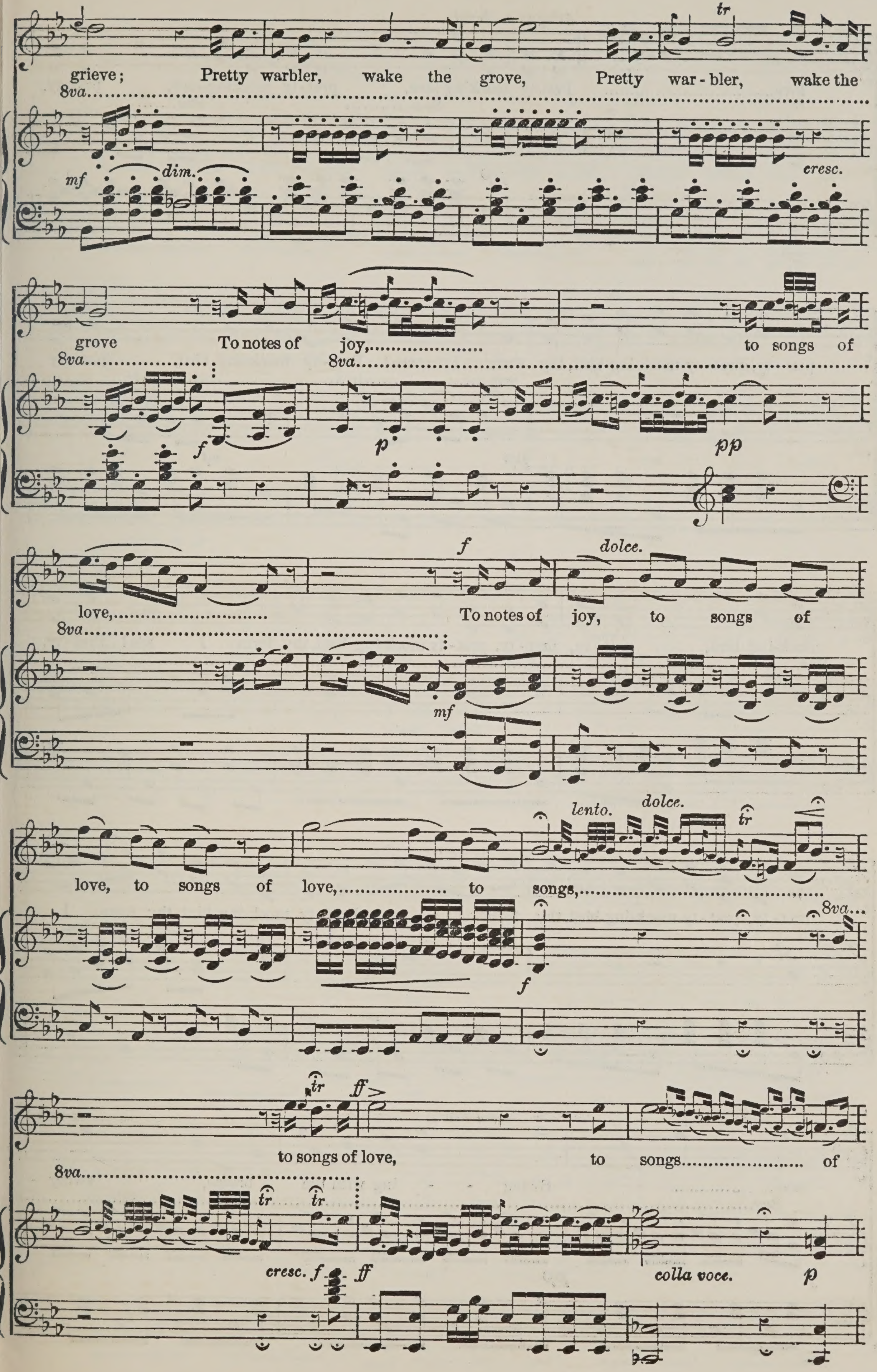

look what lan-guage lies,— Oh! yes, be - lieve me, Love has eyes.
wings who nev - er flies? And yet, be - lieve me, Love has eyes.
Oh! Love has
ad lib.
eyes,......... Love has eyes, Oh! Love has eyes, Oh! yes, be-lieve me, Love has eyes,
pp
cresc.
f
tr
Oh! yes, be - lieve me, Oh! yes, be - lieve me, Oh! yes, be - lieve me, Love has
cresc.
mf
eyes............................
f
f
sf
sf

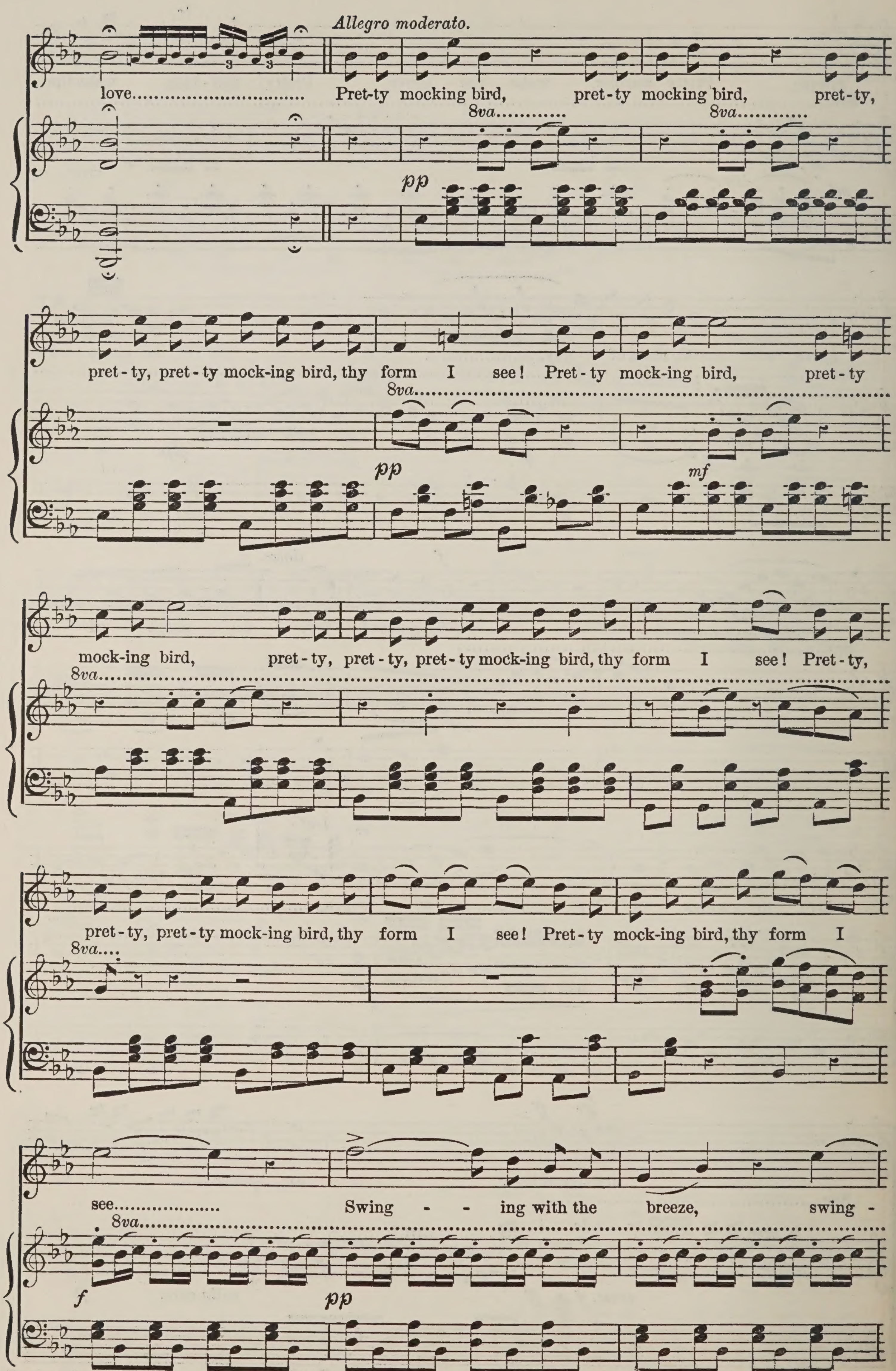
Pretty mocking bird.

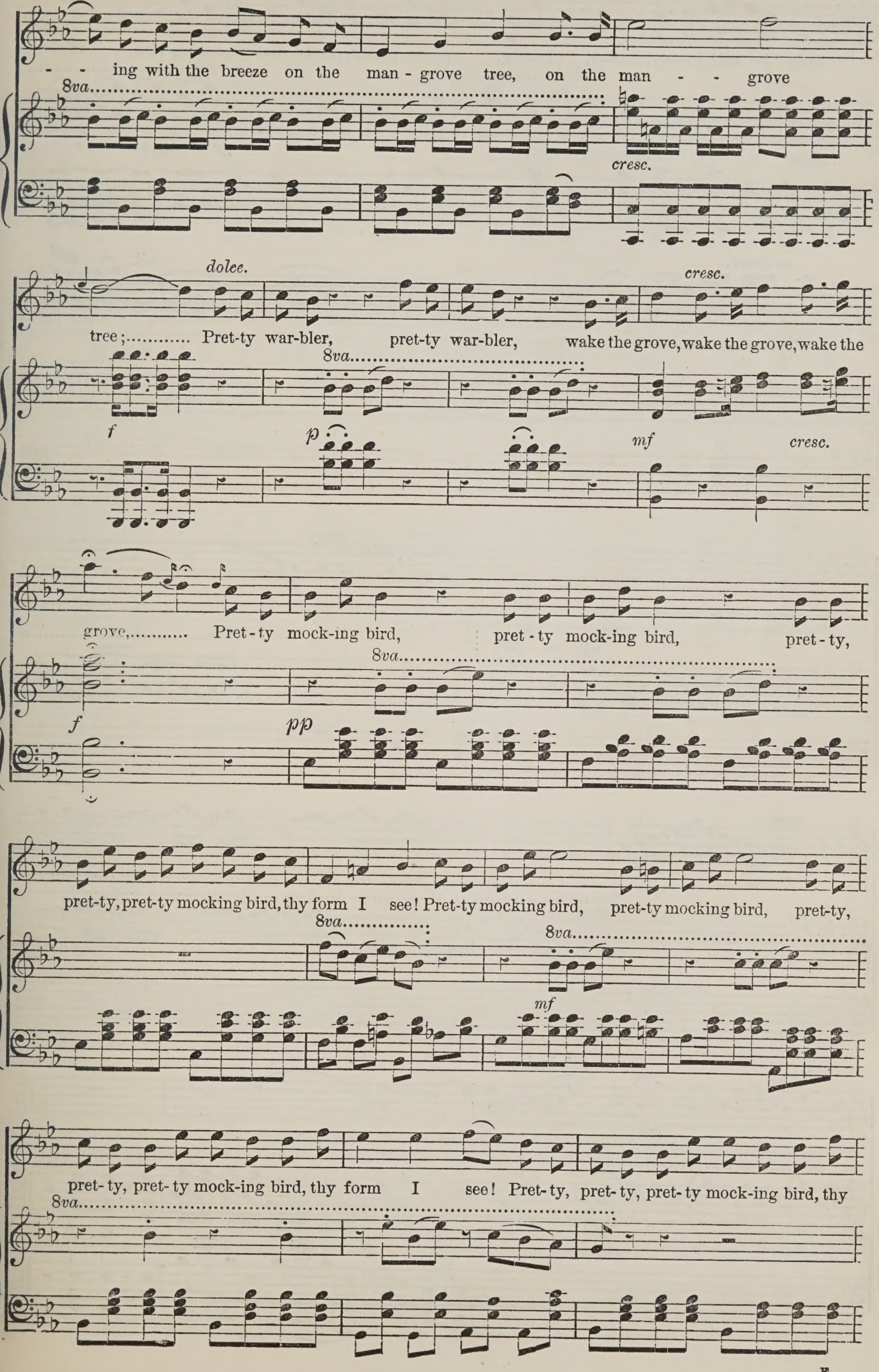
T. Morton.

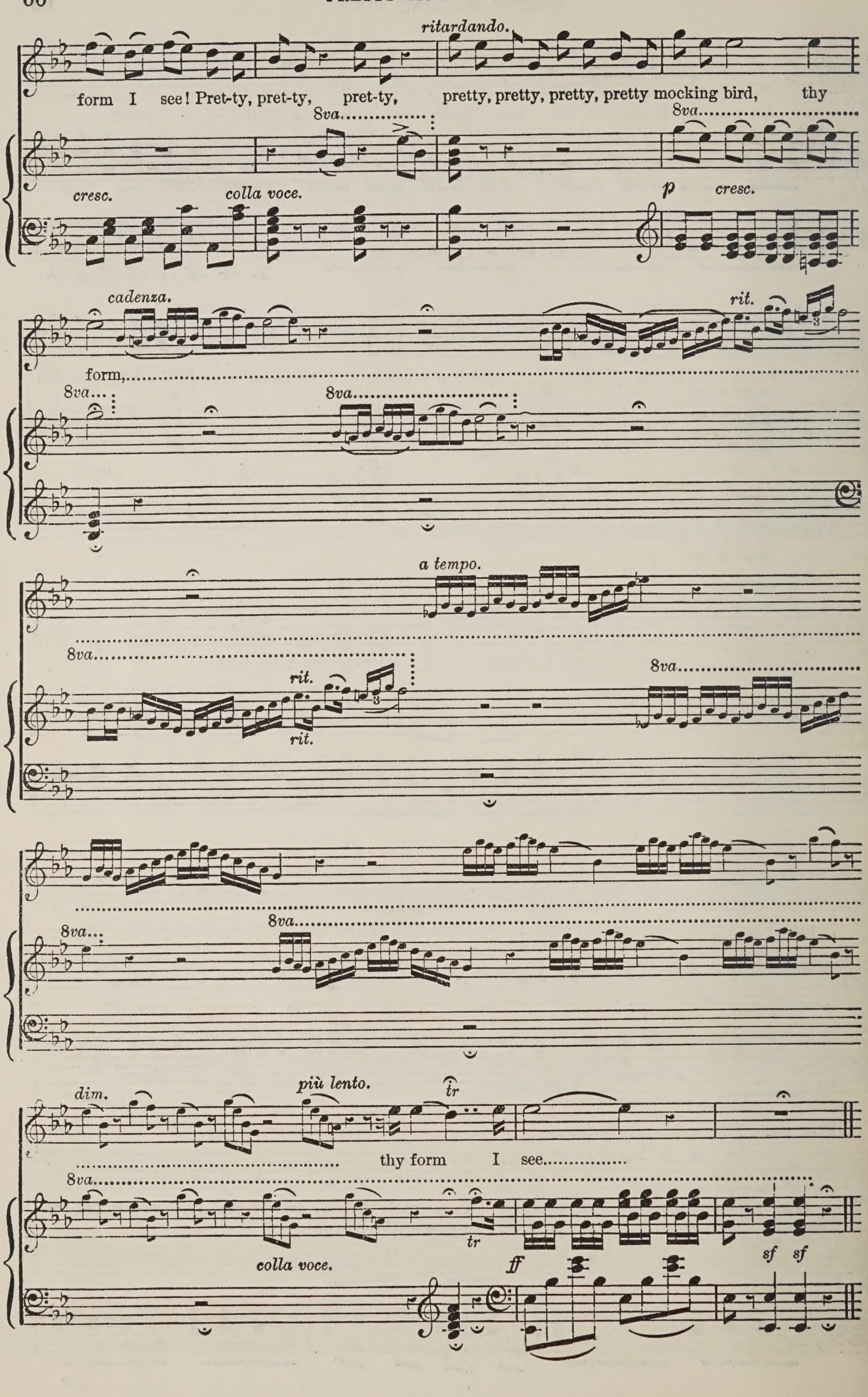
Sir H. R. Bishop.


Andantino con moto.
Piano.
ff
p espress.
ff
p
pp
tr
Liv - ing e - cho, liv - ing e - cho, bird of
eve, Hush! hush thy wail - ing, cease, cease to
8va


grieve; Pretty warbler, wake the grove, Pretty war-bler, wake the
8va
mf
dim.
cresc.
tr
grove To notes of joy, to songs of
8va
f
p
pp
love, To notes of joy, to songs of
8va
f
dolce.
mf
love, to songs of love, to songs,
lento.
dolce.
tr
8va
f
to songs of love, to songs of
tr
ff
8va
tr
cresc.
f
ff
colla voce.
p


Allegro moderato.
love.............................. Pret-ty mocking bird, pret-ty mocking bird, pret-ty,
8va............ 8va............
pp
pret-ty, pret-ty mock-ing bird, thy form I see! Pret-ty mock-ing bird, pret-ty
8va.......
pp
mf
mock-ing bird, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty mock-ing bird, thy form I see! Pret-ty,
8va.......
pret-ty, pret-ty mock-ing bird, thy form I see! Pret-ty mock-ing bird, thy form I
8va....
see.................. Swing - - ing with the breeze, swing -
8va.......
f
pp

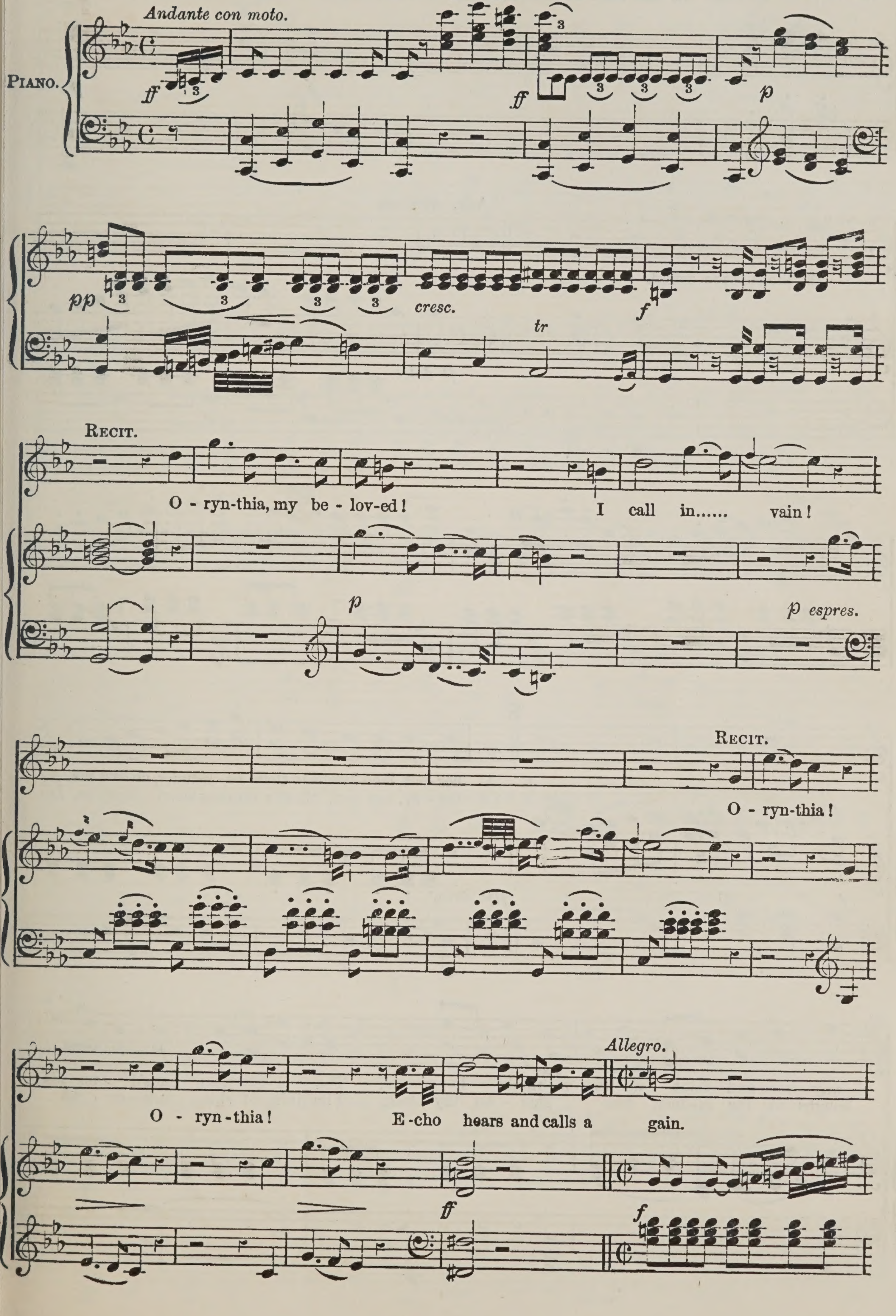

- - ing with the breeze on the man - grove tree, on the man - - grove
8va
cresc.
tree;........... Pret-ty war-bler, pret-ty war-bler, wake the grove, wake the grove, wake the
dolce.
cresc.
8va
f
p
mf
cresc.
grove,........... Pret-ty mock-ing bird, pret-ty mock-ing bird, pret-ty,
8va
f
pp
pret-ty, pret-ty mocking bird, thy form I see! Pret-ty mocking bird, pret-ty mocking bird, pret-ty,
8va
8va
mf
pret-ty, pret-ty mock-ing bird, thy form I see! Pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty mock-ing bird, thy
8va

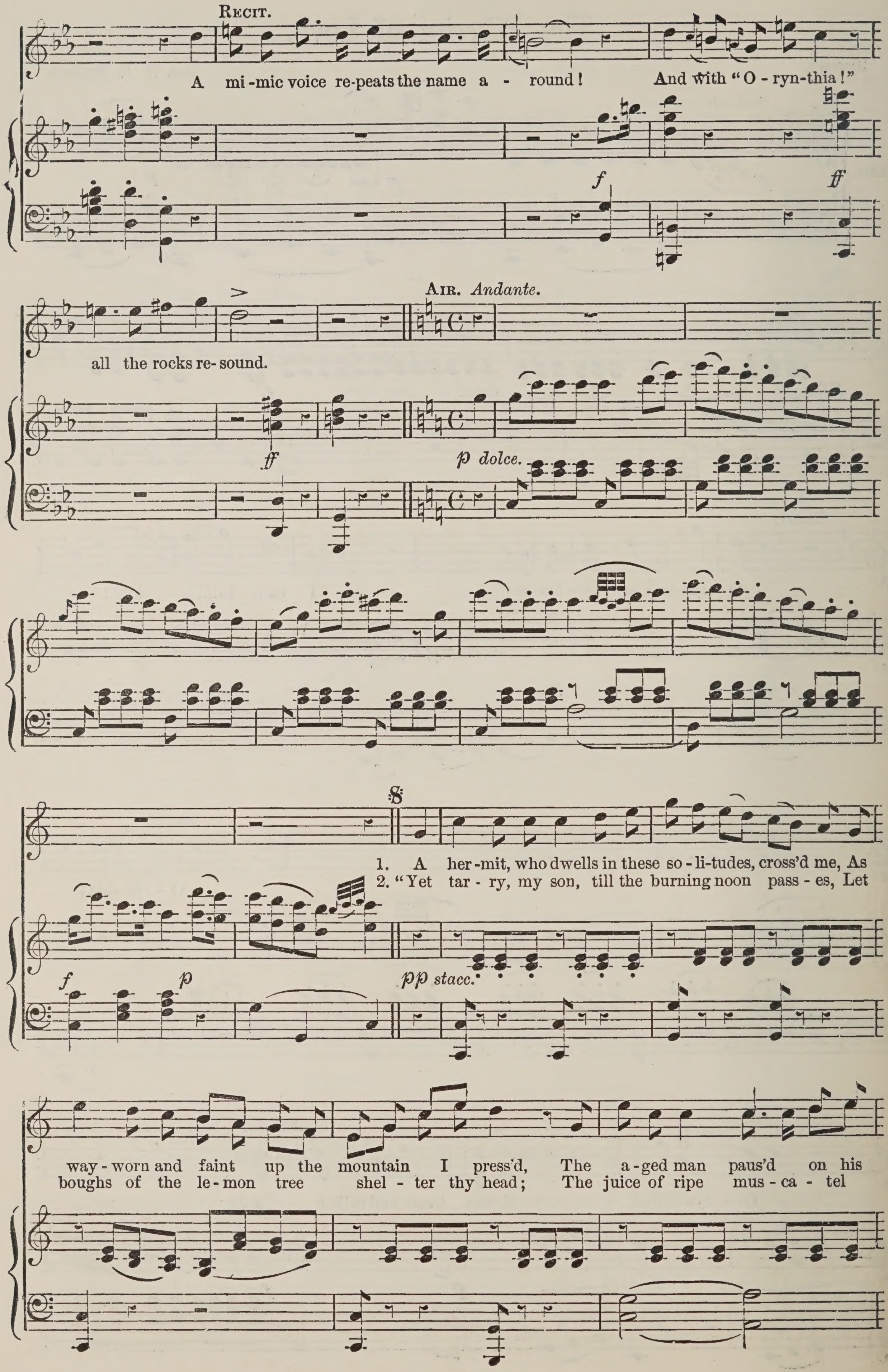

ritardando.
form I see! Pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty mocking bird, thy
8va
cresc.
colla voce.
p
cresc.
cadenza.
rit.
form,
8va
3
a tempo.
8va
rit.
rit.
3
8va
8va
8va
dim.
più lento.
tr
thy form I see
8va
colla voce.
tr
ff
sf
sf

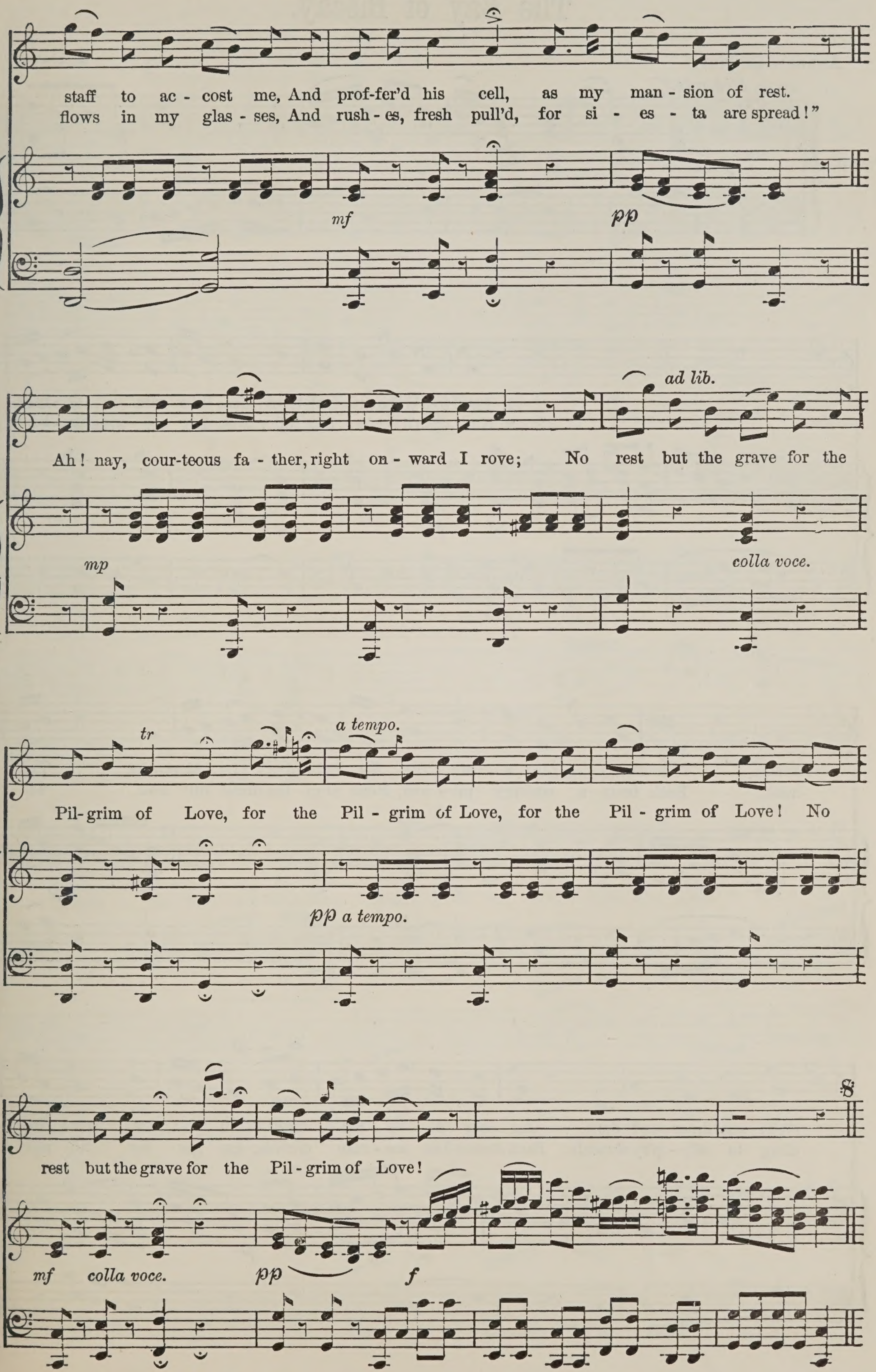
The Pilgrim of Love.

Dimond.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

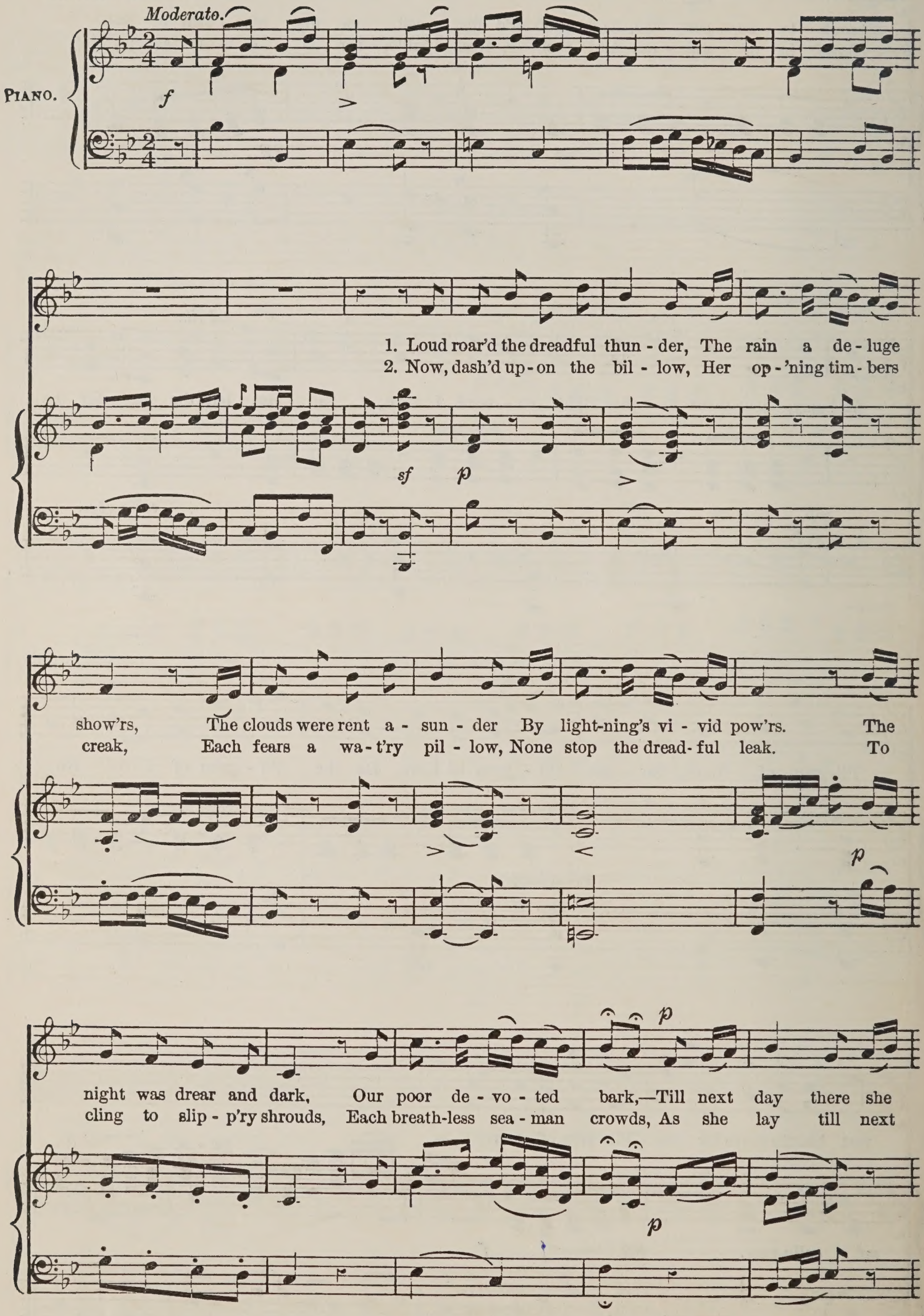

Andante con moto.
Piano.
ff
3
ff
p
pp
cresc.
tr
f
Recit.
O - ryn-thia, my be - lov-ed!
I call in...... vain!
p
p espres.
Recit.
O - ryn-thia!
O - ryn-thia!
E-cho hears and calls a gain.
Allegro.
ff
f

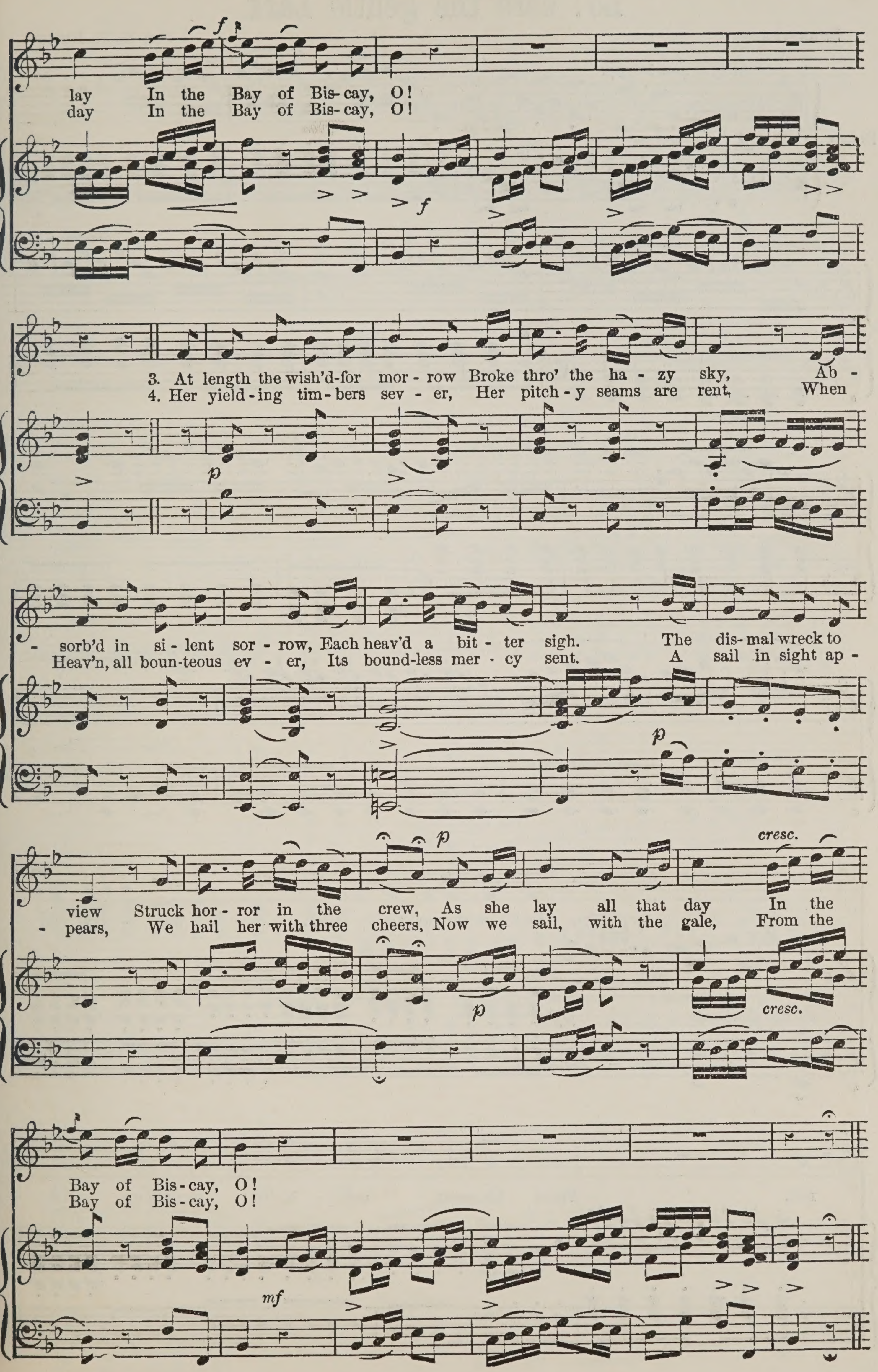

Recit.
A mi-mic voice re-peats the name a - round! And with "O - ryn-thia!" all the rocks re-sound.
f
ff
ff
Air. Andante.
p dolce.
f
p
pp stacc.
1. A her-mit, who dwells in these so-li-tudes, cross'd me, As way-worn and faint up the mountain I press'd, The a-ged man paus'd on his
2. "Yet tar - ry, my son, till the burning noon pass-es, Let boughs of the le-mon tree shel - ter thy head; The juice of ripe mus - ca - tel


staff to ac - cost me, And prof-fer'd his cell, as my man - sion of rest.
flows in my glas - ses, And rush - es, fresh pull'd, for si - es - ta are spread!"
mf
pp
ad lib.
Ah! nay, cour-teous fa - ther, right on - ward I rove; No rest but the grave for the
mp
colla voce.
tr
a tempo.
Pil-grim of Love, for the Pil - grim of Love, for the Pil - grim of Love! No
pp a tempo.
rest but the grave for the Pil-grim of Love!
mf
colla voce.
pp
f

The Bay of Biscay.

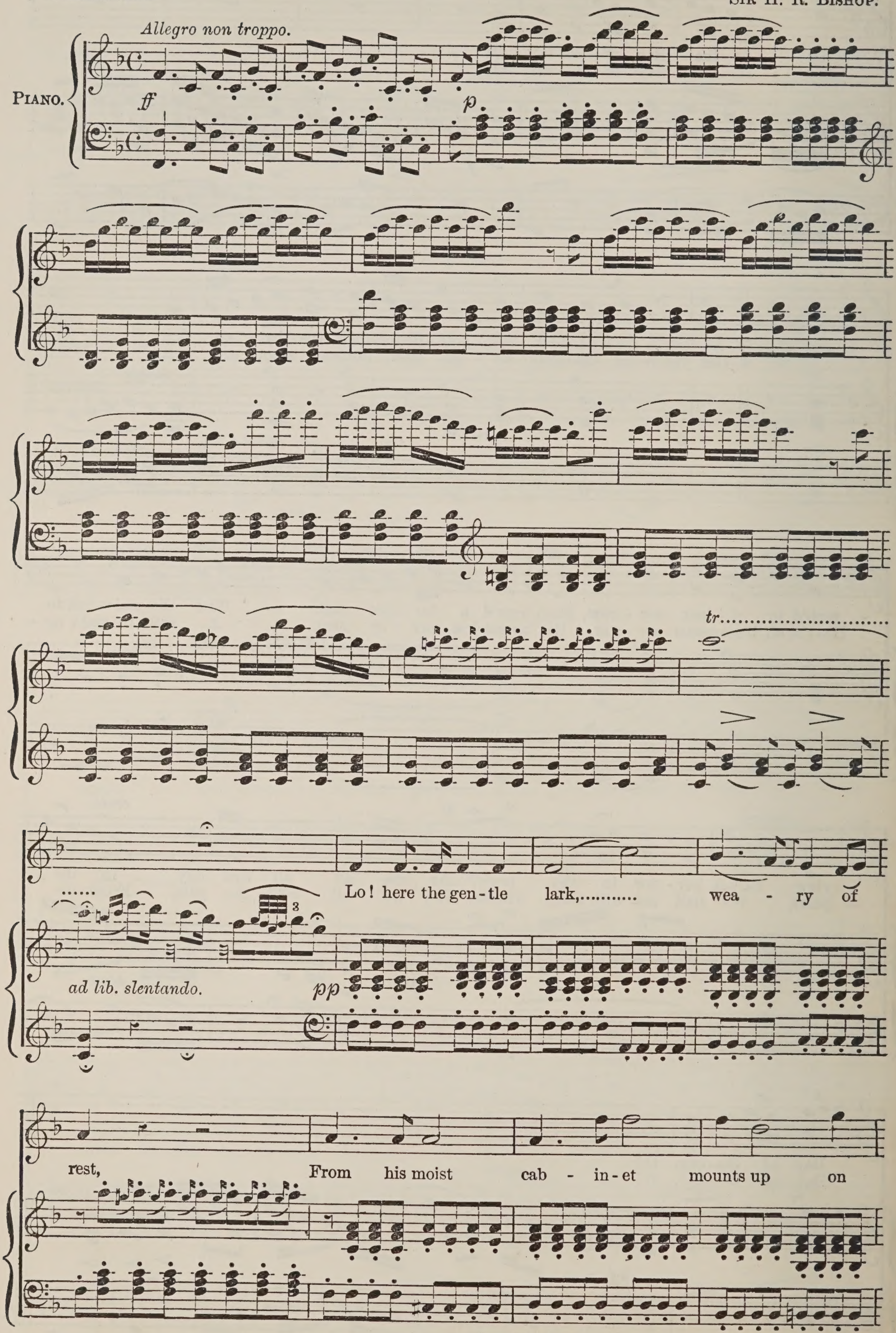
ANDREW CHERRY. J. DAVY.

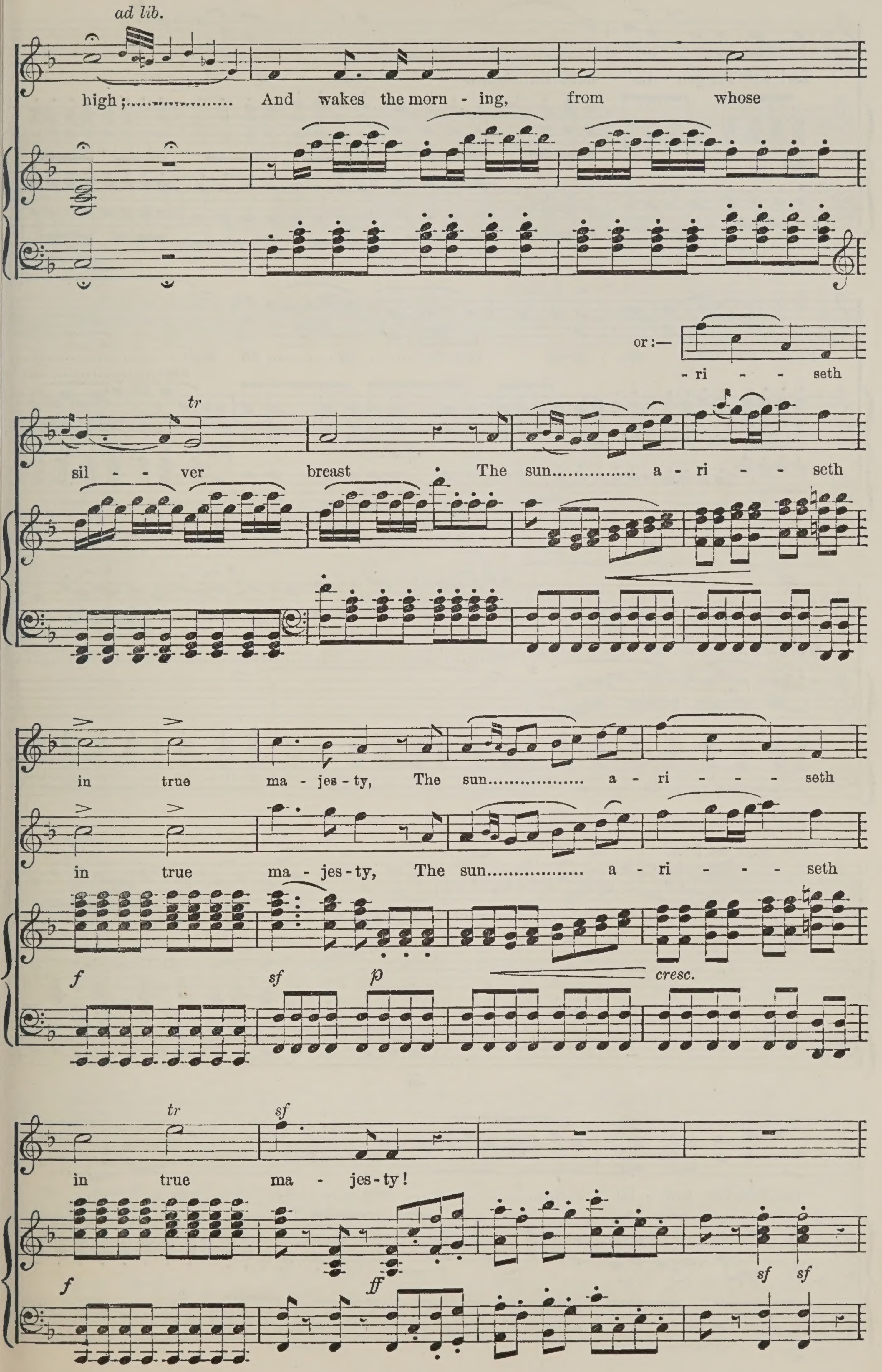

Moderato.
PIANO.
f
sf
p
1. Loud roar'd the dreadful thun - der, The rain a de - luge
2. Now, dash'd up - on the bil - low, Her op - 'ning tim - bers
show'rs, The clouds were rent a - sun - der By light-ning's vi - vid pow'rs. The
creak, Each fears a wa - t'ry pil - low, None stop the dread - ful leak. To
p
night was drear and dark, Our poor de - vo - ted bark,—Till next day there she
cling to slip - p'ry shrouds, Each breath-less sea - man crowds, As she lay till next
p
p

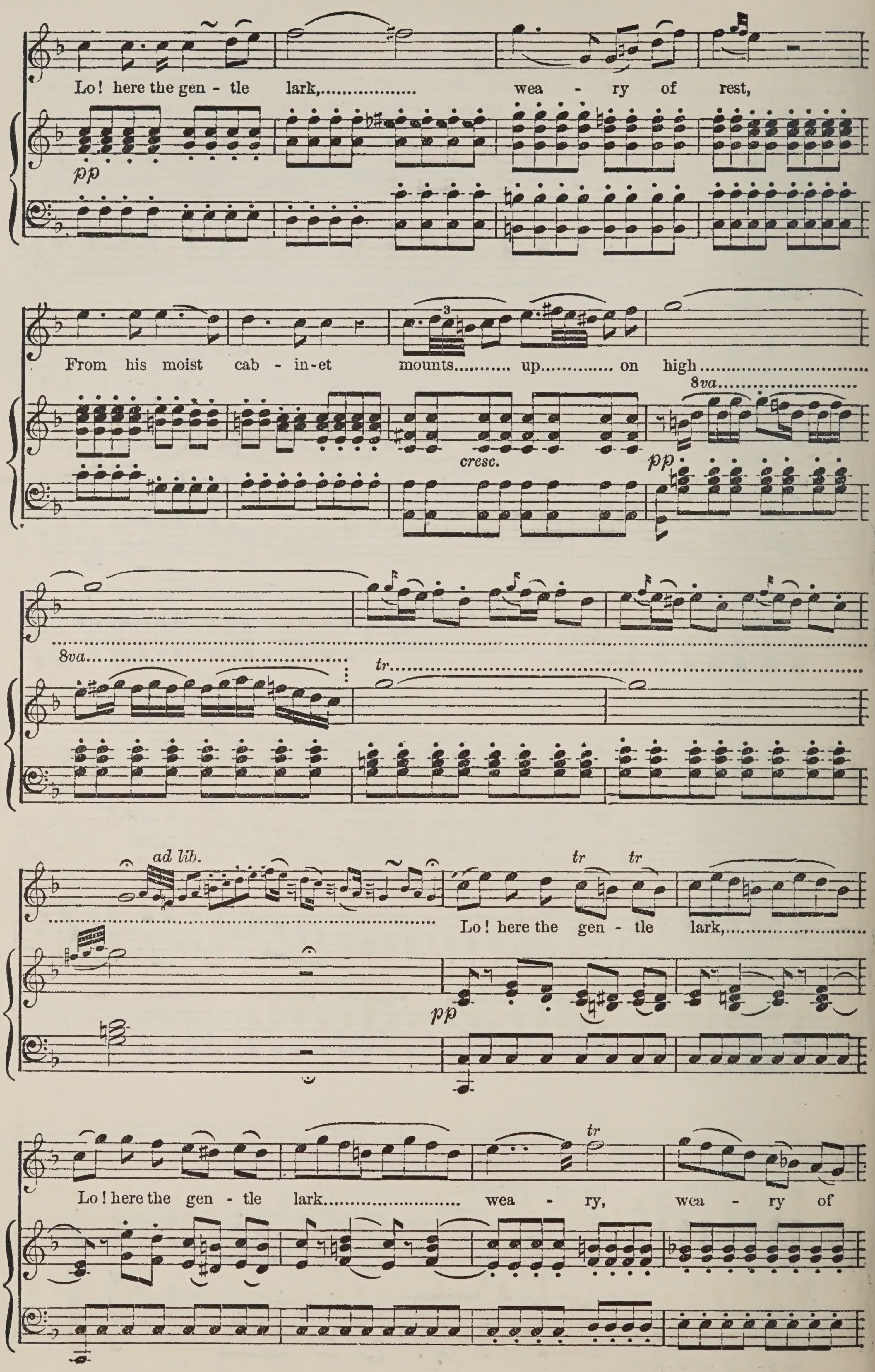

f
lay In the Bay of Bis-cay, O!
day In the Bay of Bis-cay, O!
f
3. At length the wish'd-for mor-row Broke thro' the ha-zy sky, Ab-
4. Her yield-ing tim-bers sev-er, Her pitch-y seams are rent, When
p
-sorb'd in si-lent sor-row, Each heav'd a bit-ter sigh. The dis-mal wreck to
Heav'n, all boun-teous ev-er, Its bound-less mer-cy sent. A sail in sight ap-
p
p
cresc.
view Struck hor-ror in the crew, As she lay all that day In the
-pears, We hail her with three cheers, Now we sail, with the gale, From the
p
cresc.
Bay of Bis-cay, O!
Bay of Bis-cay, O!
mf

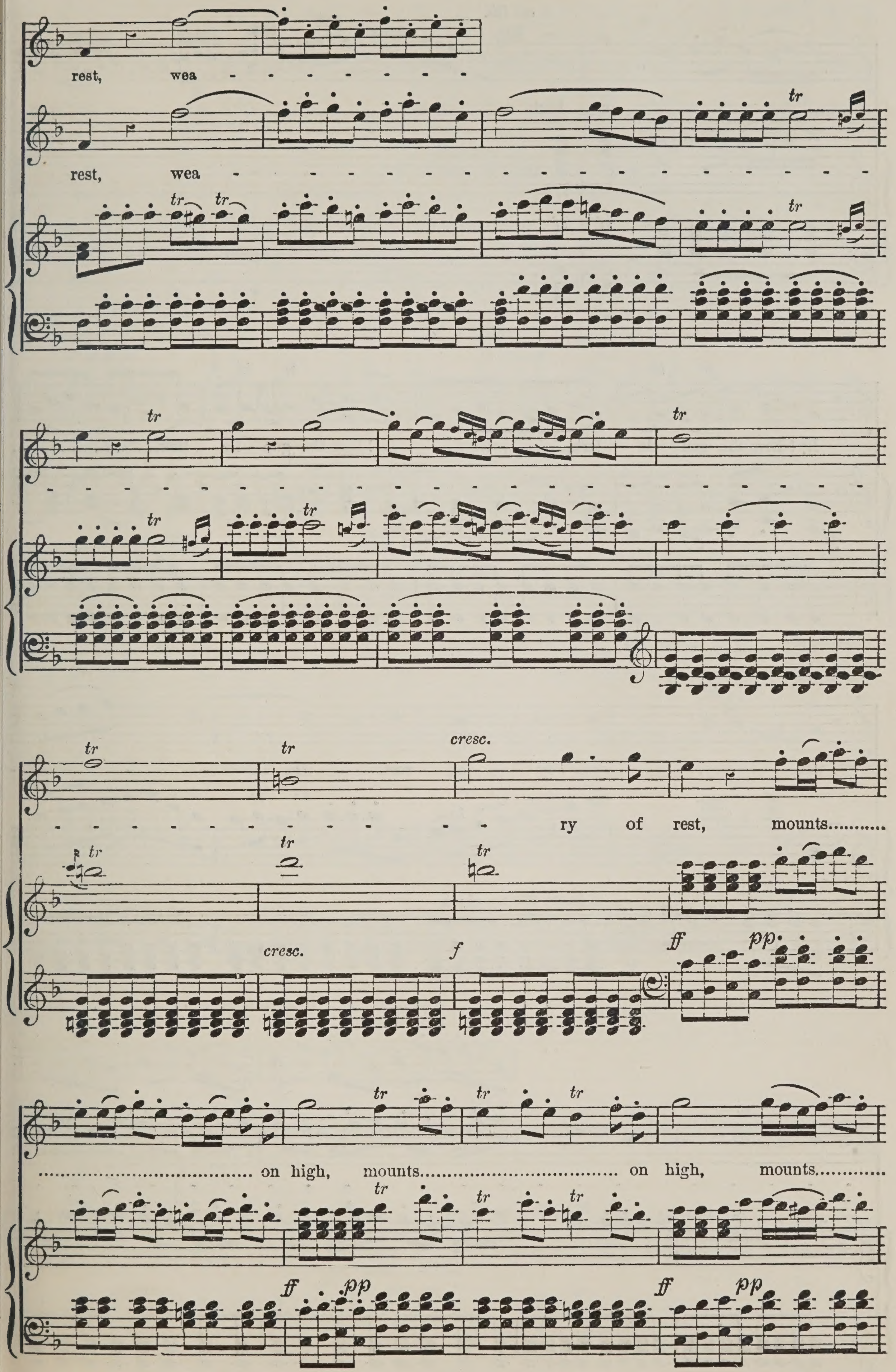
Lo! here the gentle Lark.

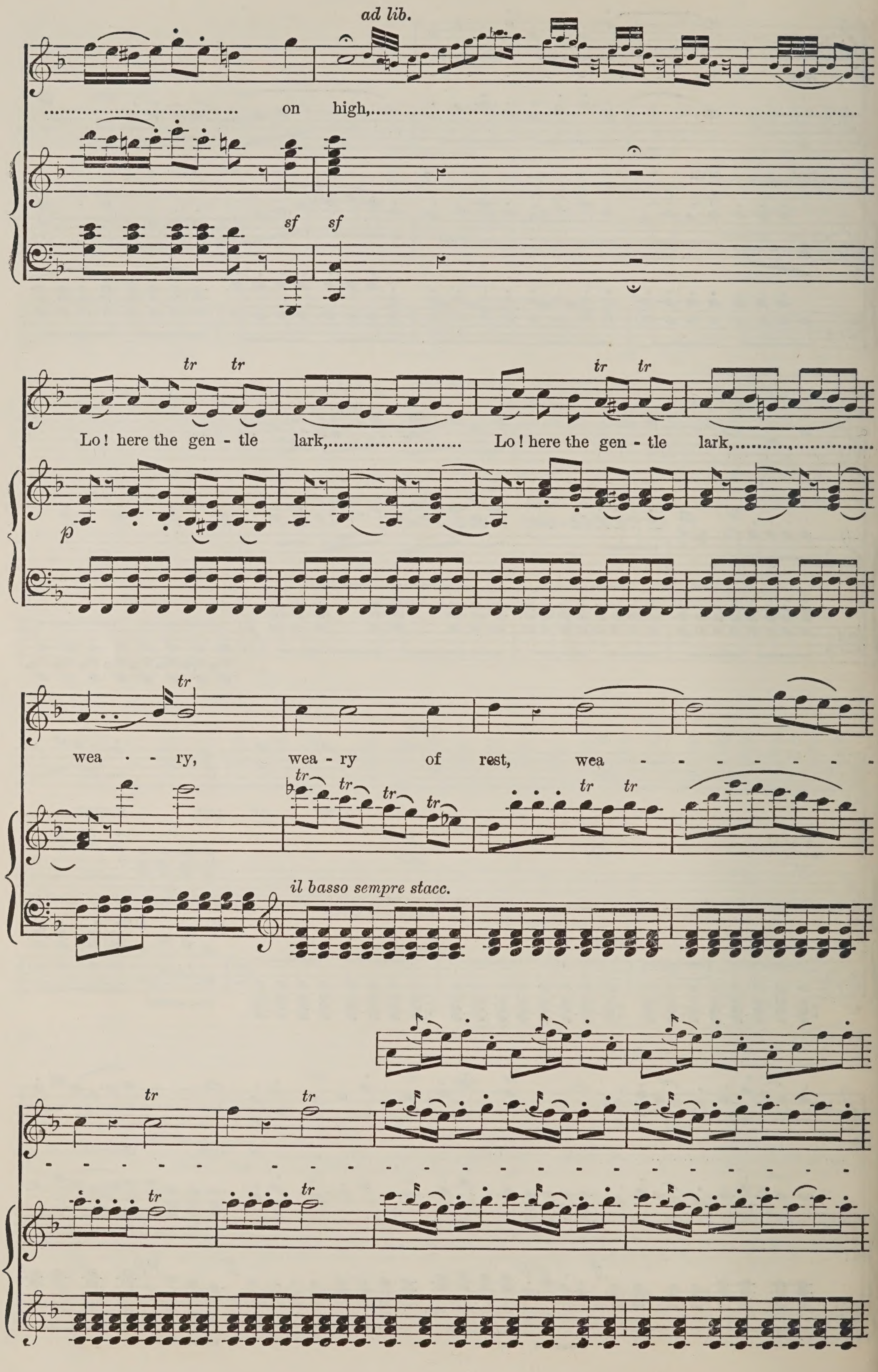
SHAKSPEARE. SIR H. R. BISHOP.

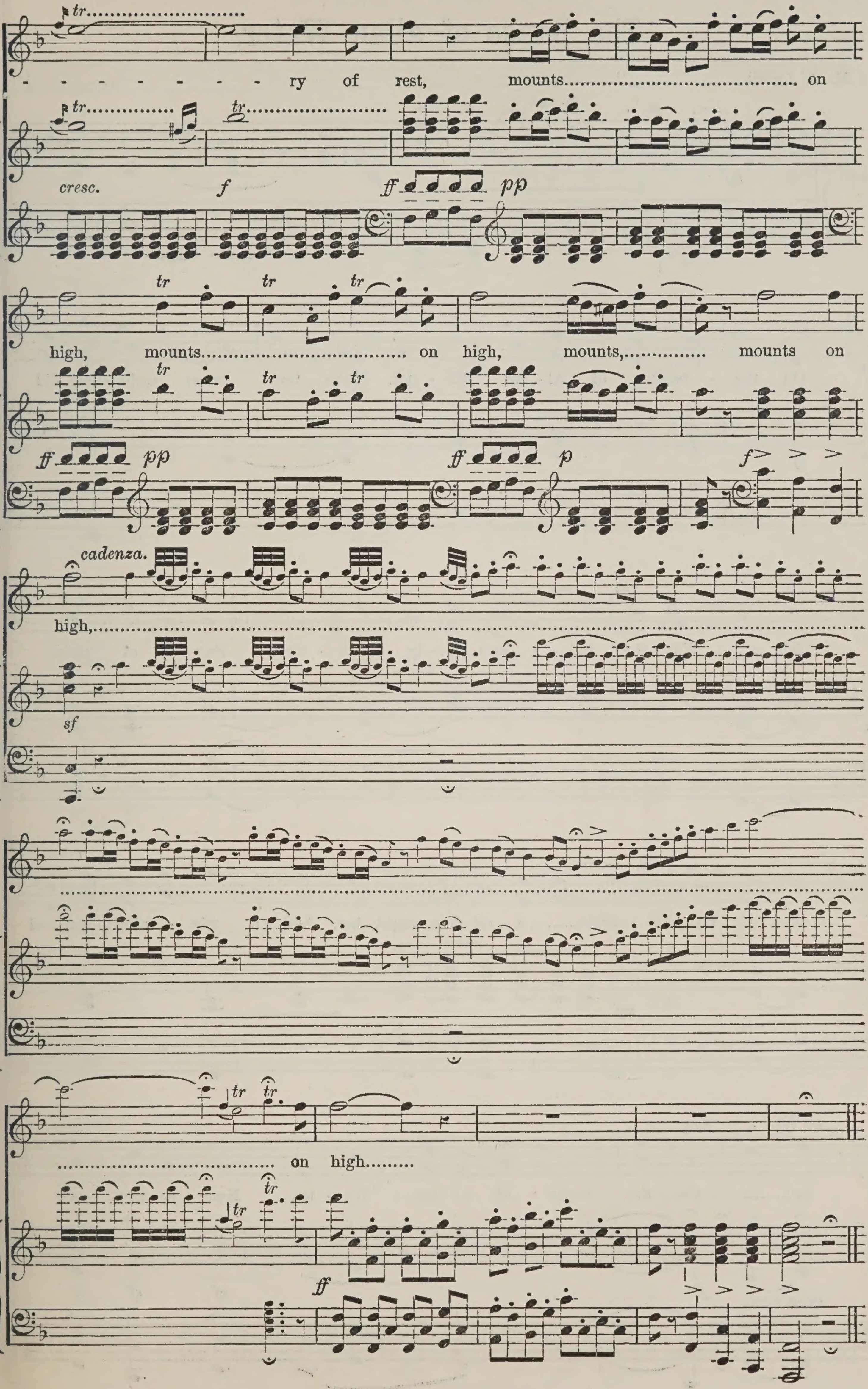

Allegro non troppo.
PIANO.
ff
p
tr
ad lib. slentando.
pp
Lo! here the gen-tle lark,.......... wea - ry of
rest,
From his moist cab - in-et mounts up on


ad lib.
high ;.................. And wakes the morn - ing, from whose
or :—
- ri - - seth
tr
sil - - ver breast The sun............... a - ri - - seth
in true ma - jes - ty, The sun.................. a - ri - - - seth
in true ma - jes - ty, The sun.................. a - ri - - - seth
f
sf
p
cresc.
tr
sf
in true ma - jes - ty!
f
ff
sf
sf


Lo! here the gen - tle lark, ... wea - ry of rest,
pp
From his moist cab - in-et mounts.......... up.............. on high ....
cresc.
pp
8va..........................
8va..
tr..
ad lib.
tr
tr
Lo! here the gen - tle lark, ...
pp
Lo! here the gen - tle lark.......................... wea - ry, wea - ry of
tr

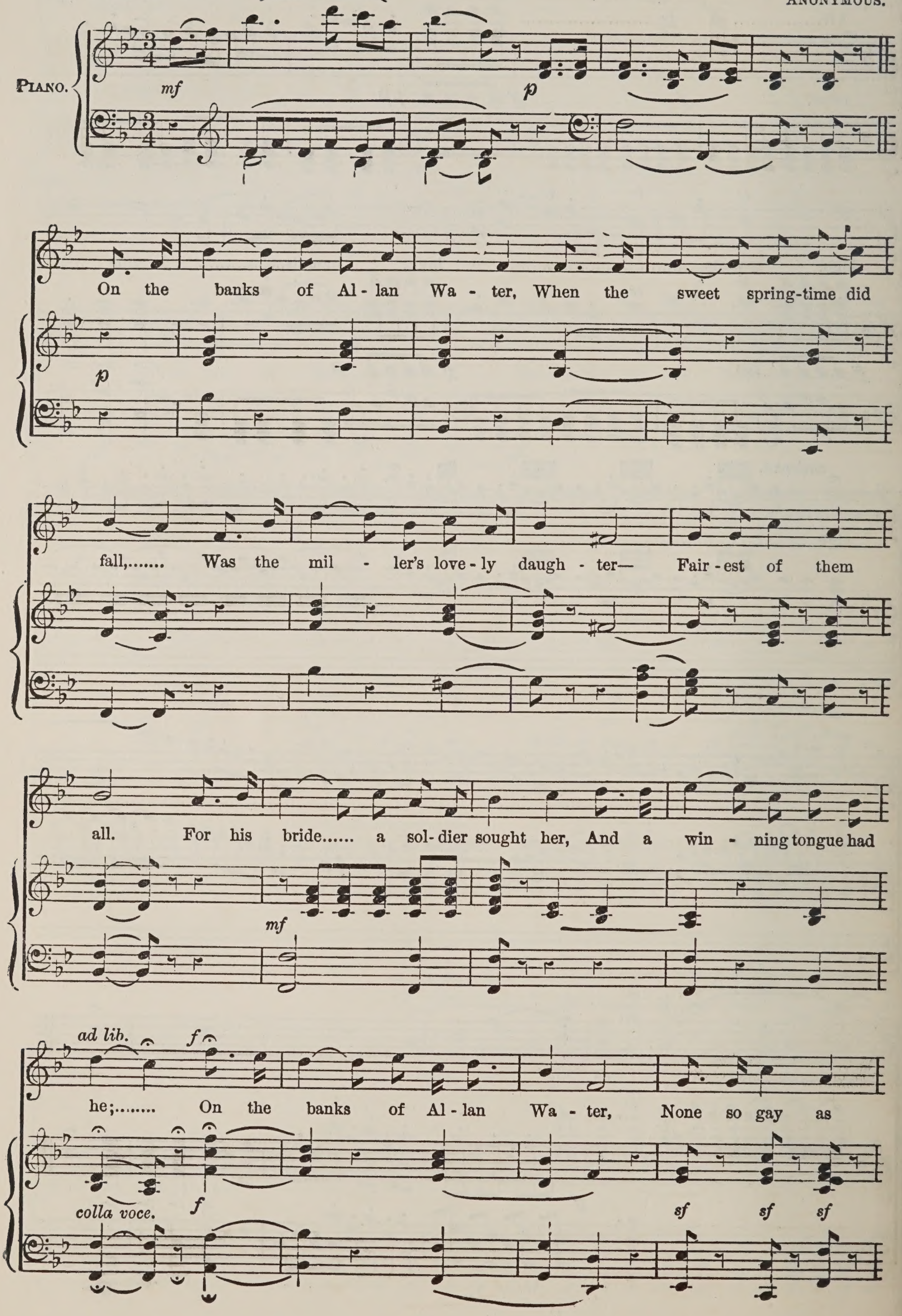

rest,
wea
rest,
wea
tr
tr
cresc.
ry
of
rest,
mounts
cresc.
f
ff
pp
on
high,
mounts
on
high,
mounts

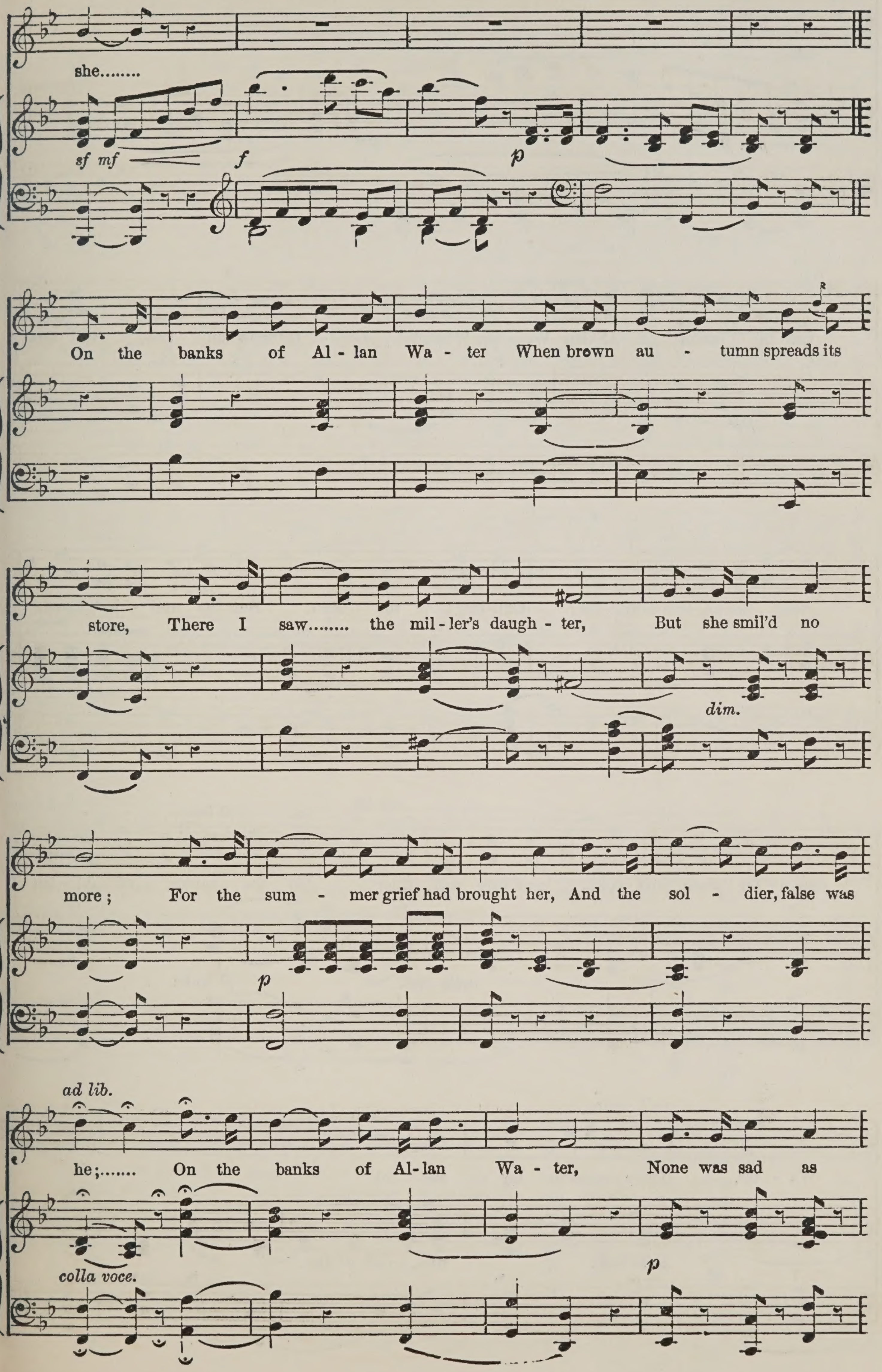

ad lib.
on high,
sf
sf
tr
Lo! here the gen - tle lark,
Lo! here the gen - tle lark,
p
wea - - ry,
wea - ry of rest,
wea
il basso sempre stacc.

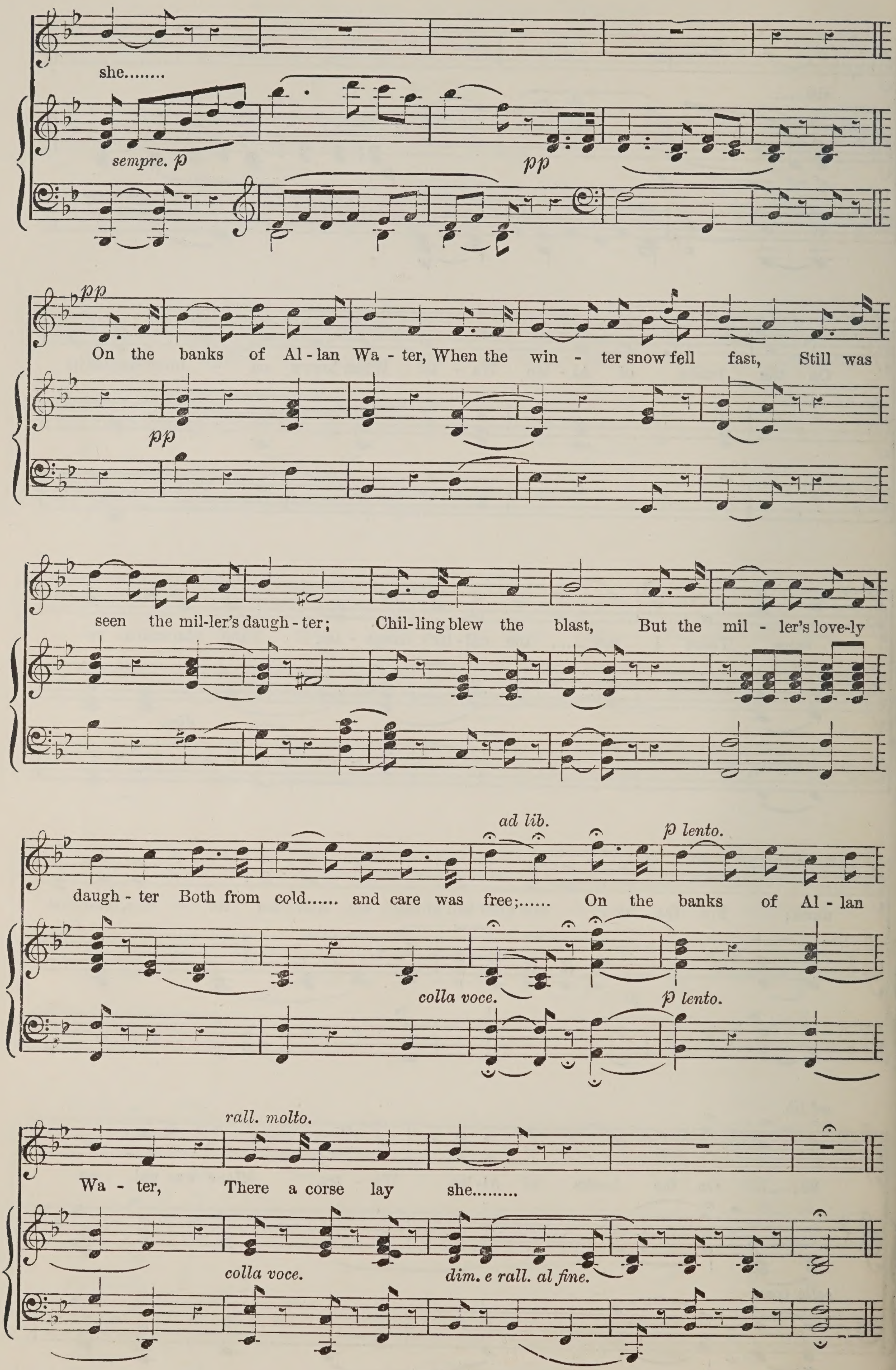

tr
- - - - - - - - - ry of rest, mounts.. on
cresc.
f
ff
pp
high, mounts.................................... on high, mounts,............... mounts on
p
f
cadenza.
high,...
sf
.... on high.........

The Banks of Allan Water.

M. G. Lewis. — Anonymous.

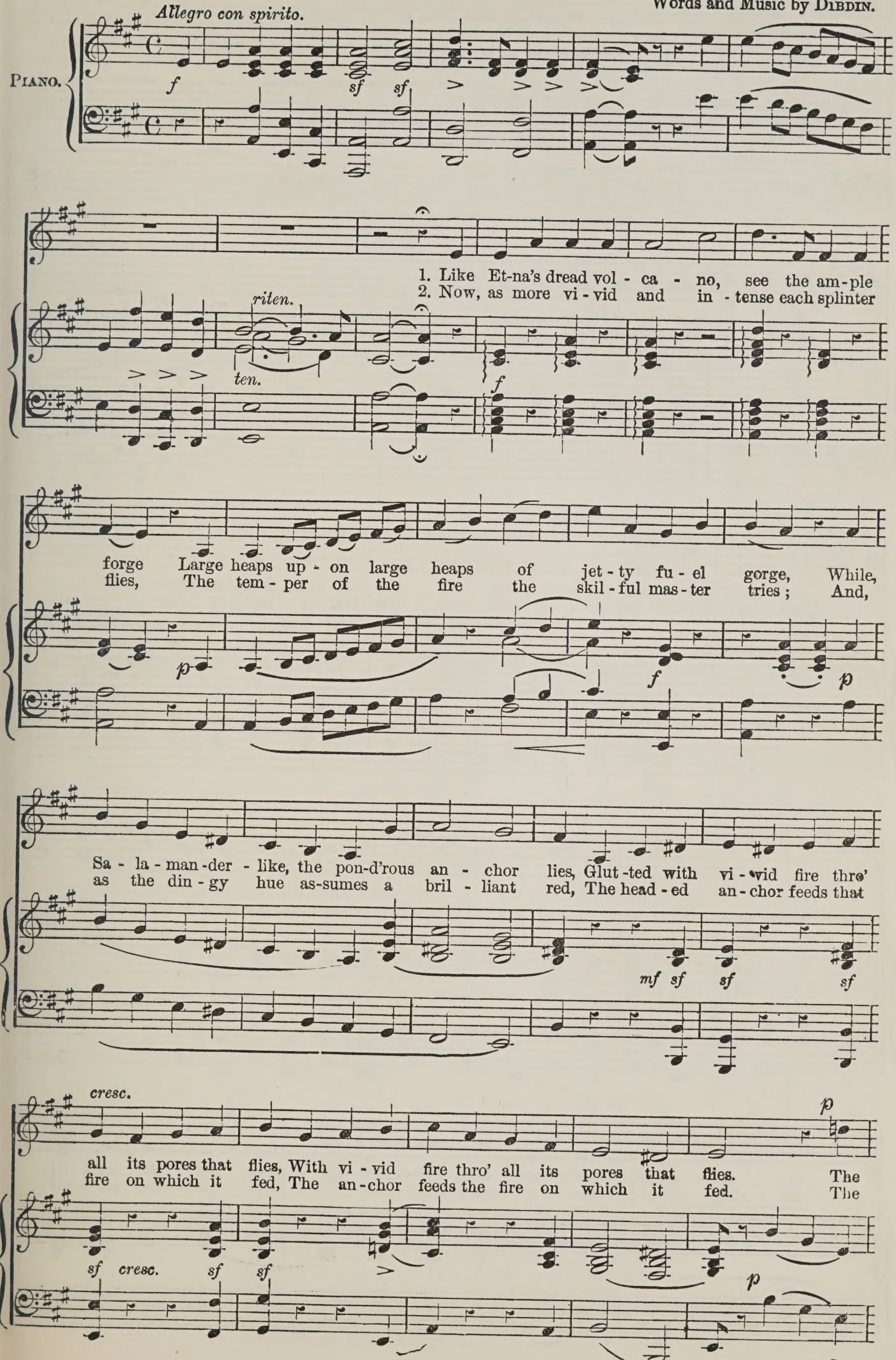

Piano.
mf
p
On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When the sweet spring-time did fall,....... Was the mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter— Fair-est of them all.
For his bride...... a sol-dier sought her, And a win-ning tongue had he;........ On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, None so gay as
ad lib.
f
colla voce.
sf

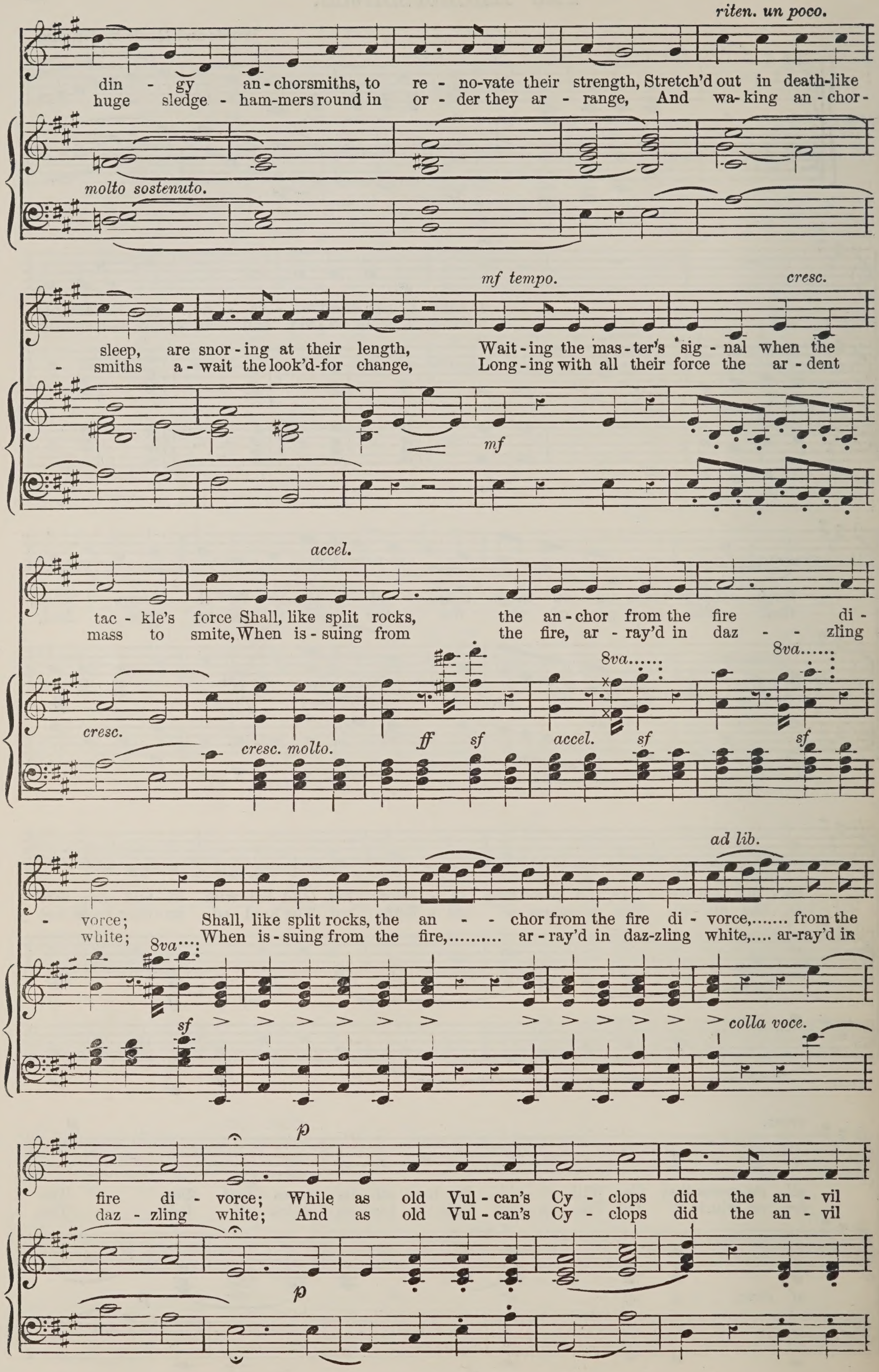

she........
sf mf
f
p
On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter When brown au - tumn spreads its
store, There I saw........ the mil - ler's daugh - ter, But she smil'd no
dim.
more; For the sum - mer grief had brought her, And the sol - dier, false was
p
ad lib.
he;....... On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, None was sad as
colla voce.
p

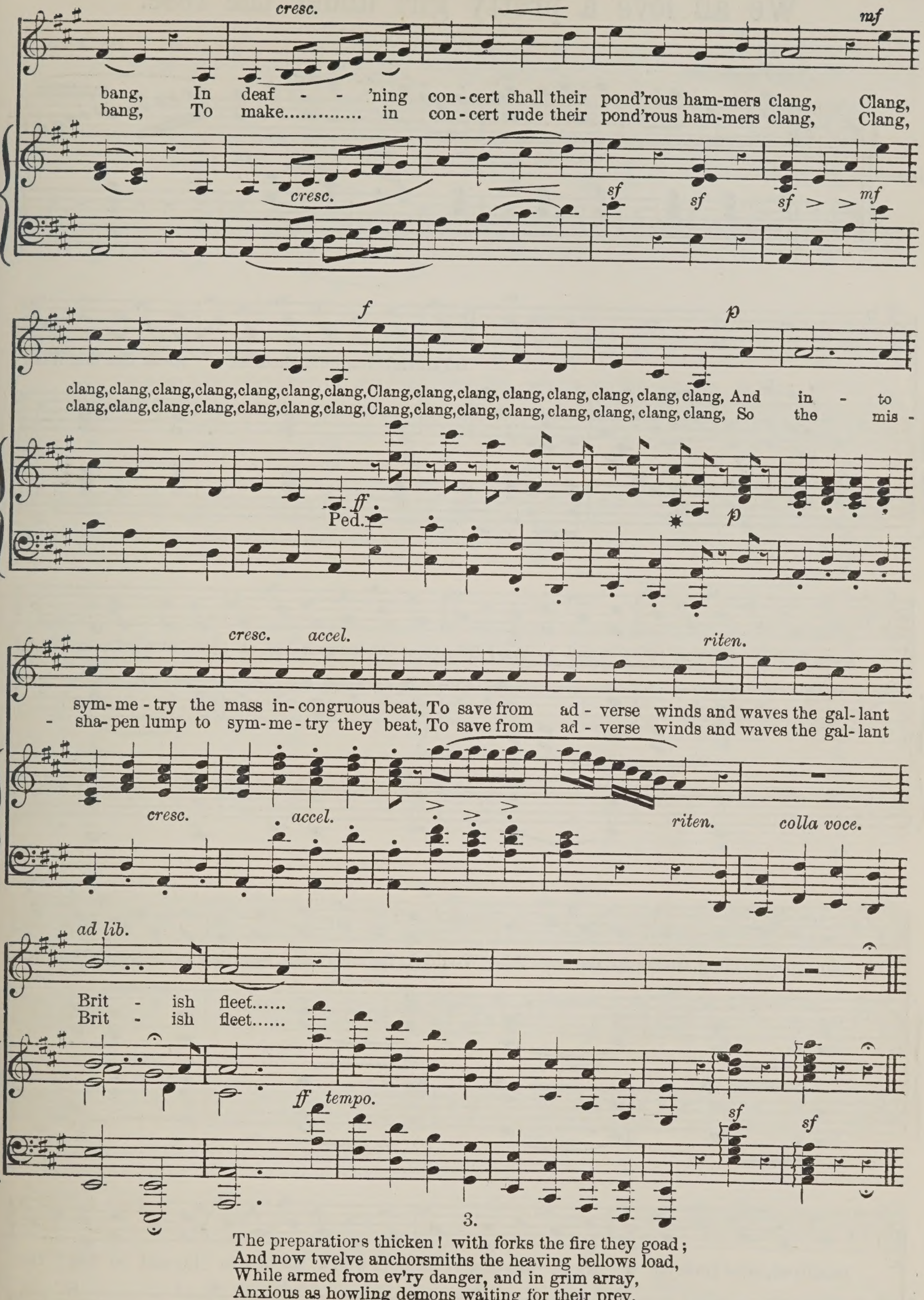

she........
sempre. p
pp
pp
On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When the win-ter snow fell fast, Still was
pp
seen the mil-ler's daugh-ter; Chil-ling blew the blast, But the mil-ler's love-ly
ad lib.
p lento.
daugh-ter Both from cold...... and care was free;...... On the banks of Al-lan
colla voce.
p lento.
rall. molto.
Wa-ter, There a corse lay she.........
colla voce.
dim. e rall. al fine.

The Anchorsmiths.

Words and Music by **Dibdin.**


Allegro con spirito.
Piano.
f
sf
sf
riten.
ten.
1. Like Et-na's dread vol - ca - no, see the am-ple forge Large heaps up - on large heaps of jet - ty fu - el gorge, While, Sa - la - man-der - like, the pon-d'rous an - chor lies, Glut-ted with vi - vid fire thro' all its pores that flies, With vi - vid fire thro' all its pores that flies. The
2. Now, as more vi - vid and in - tense each splinter flies, The tem - per of the fire the skil - ful mas - ter tries; And, as the din - gy hue as-sumes a bril - liant red, The head - ed an - chor feeds that fire on which it fed, The an - chor feeds the fire on which it fed. The
p
f
p
mf
sf
cresc.
p


riten. un poco.
din - gy an - chorsmiths, to re - no-vate their strength, Stretch'd out in death-like
huge sledge - ham-mers round in or - der they ar - range, And wa- king an - chor-
molto sostenuto.
mf tempo.
cresc.
sleep, are snor - ing at their length, Wait - ing the mas - ter's sig - nal when the
- smiths a - wait the look'd-for change, Long - ing with all their force the ar - dent
mf
accel.
tac - kle's force Shall, like split rocks, the an - chor from the fire di -
mass to smite, When is - suing from the fire, ar - ray'd in daz - - zling
8va
8va
cresc.
cresc. molto.
ff
sf
accel.
sf
sf
ad lib.
- vorce; Shall, like split rocks, the an - - chor from the fire di - vorce,....... from the
white; When is - suing from the fire,.......... ar - ray'd in daz-zling white,.... ar-ray'd in
8va
sf
colla voce.
p
fire di - vorce; While as old Vul - can's Cy - clops did the an - vil
daz - zling white; And as old Vul - can's Cy - clops did the an - vil
p

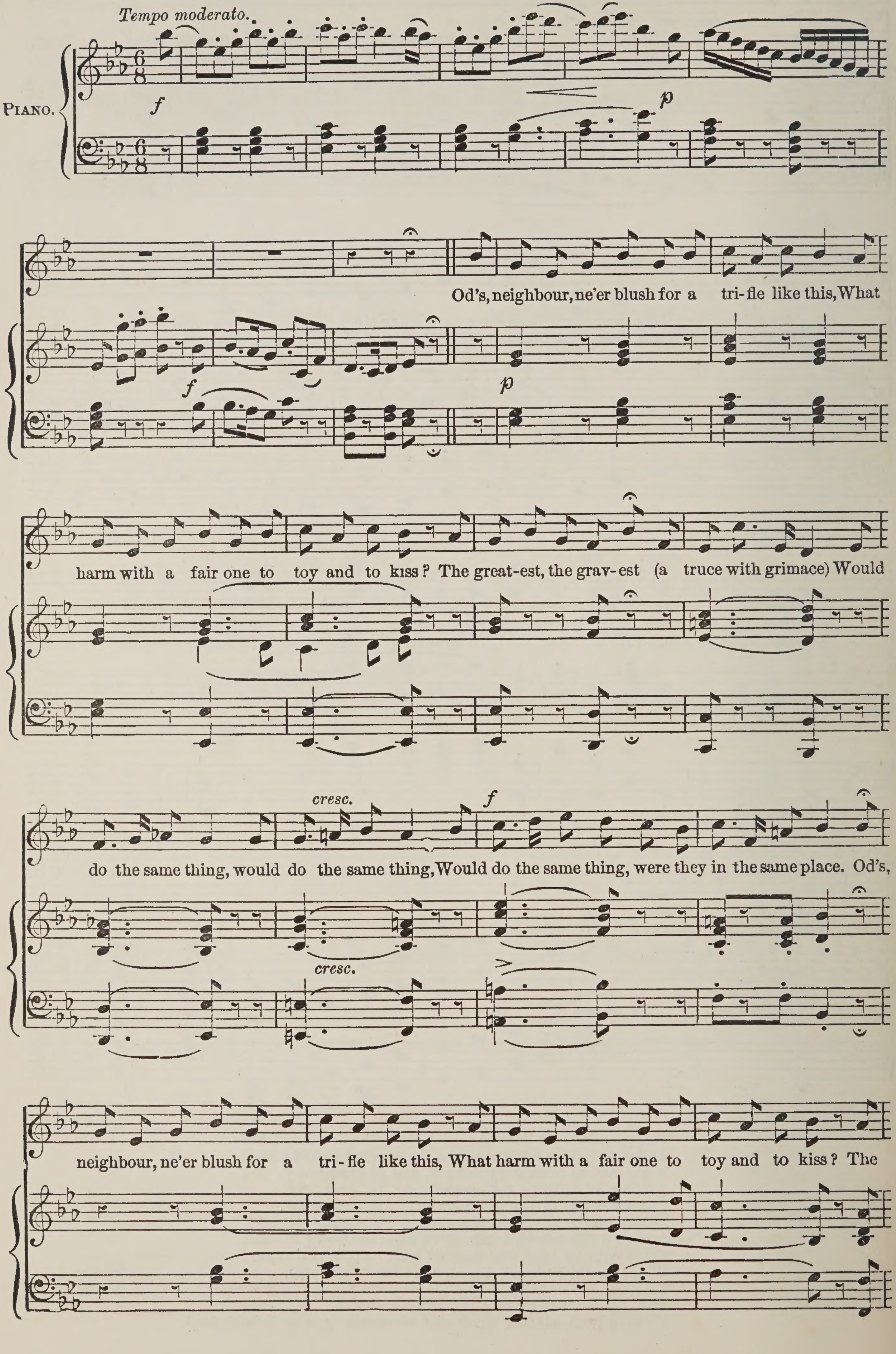

cresc.
mf
bang, In deaf - - 'ning con-cert shall their pond'rous ham-mers clang, Clang,
bang, To make.............. in con-cert rude their pond'rous ham-mers clang, Clang,
cresc.
sf
sf
sf
mf
f
p
clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, And in - to
clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, So the mis -
ff
Ped.
p
cresc.
accel.
riten.
sym-me-try the mass in-congruous beat, To save from ad - verse winds and waves the gal-lant
- sha-pen lump to sym-me-try they beat, To save from ad - verse winds and waves the gal-lant
cresc.
accel.
riten.
colla voce.
ad lib.
Brit - ish fleet......
Brit - ish fleet......
ff
tempo.
sf
sf

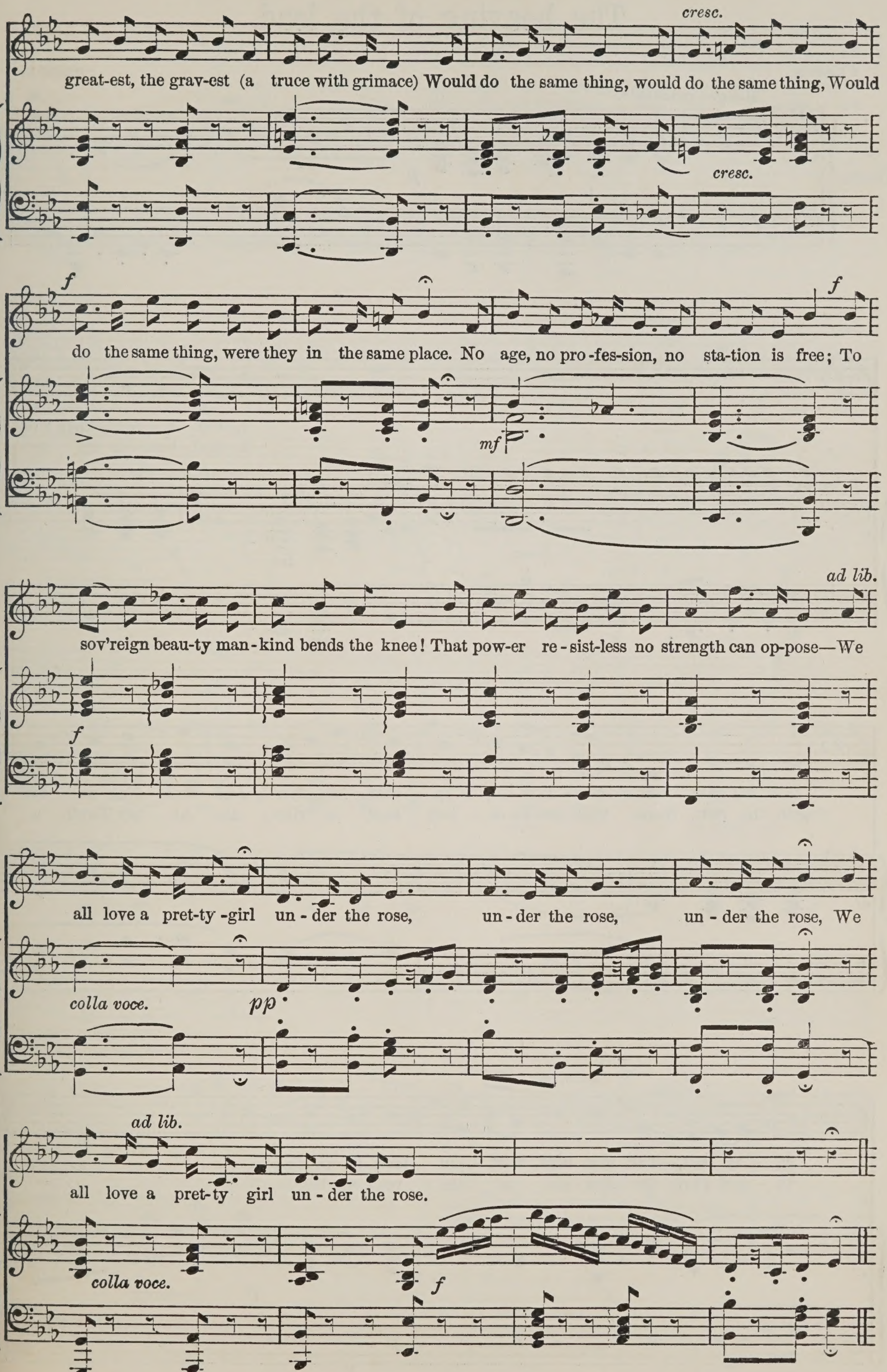
3.

The preparations thicken! with forks the fire they goad;
And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bellows load,
While armed from ev'ry danger, and in grim array,
Anxious as howling demons waiting for their prey,
The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery maw,
Which on the anvil prone,—the cavern shouts—Hurraw!
And now the scorch'd beholders want the pow'r to gaze,
Faint with its heat, and dazzled with its pow'rful rays;
While, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
To forge Jove's thunderbolts, their pond'rous hammers clang!
And, till its fire's extinct, the monstrous mass they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

We all love a pretty girl under the rose.

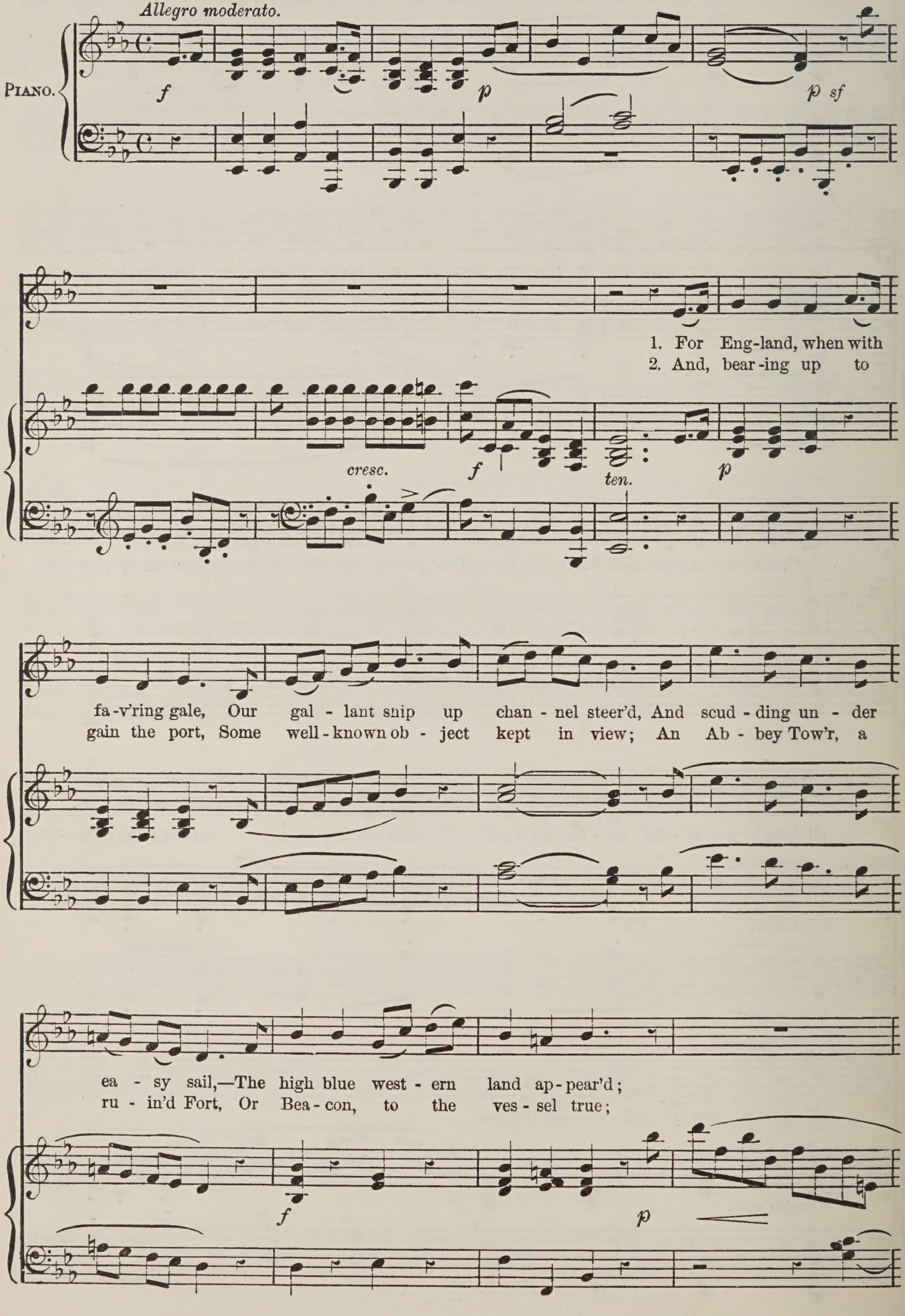
DR. ARNE.

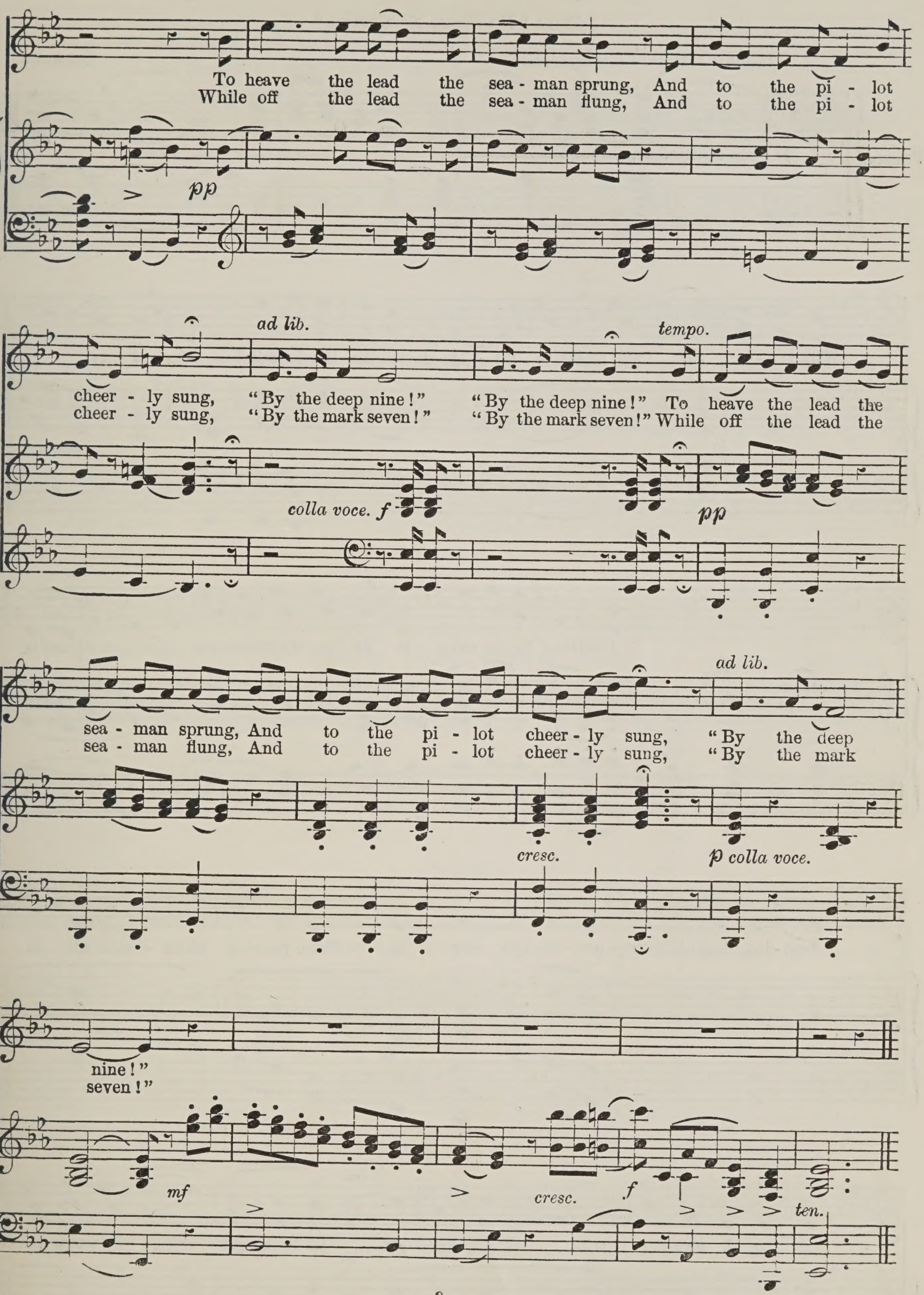

Tempo moderato.
PIANO.
f
p
cresc.
Od's, neighbour, ne'er blush for a tri-fle like this, What
harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss? The great-est, the grav-est (a truce with grimace) Would
do the same thing, would do the same thing, Would do the same thing, were they in the same place. Od's,
neighbour, ne'er blush for a tri-fle like this, What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss? The


cresc.
great-est, the grav-est (a truce with grimace) Would do the same thing, would do the same thing, Would
cresc.
f
do the same thing, were they in the same place. No age, no pro-fes-sion, no sta-tion is free; To
f
mf
ad lib.
sov'reign beau-ty man-kind bends the knee! That pow-er re-sist-less no strength can op-pose—We
f
all love a pret-ty-girl un-der the rose, un-der the rose, un-der the rose, We
colla voce.
pp
ad lib.
all love a pret-ty girl un-der the rose.
colla voce.
f

The heaving of the lead.

PEARCE. SHIELD.


Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
f
p
p sf
cresc.
f
ten.
p
1. For Eng-land, when with fa-v'ring gale, Our gal - lant ship up chan - nel steer'd, And scud - ding un - der ea - sy sail,—The high blue west - ern land ap-pear'd;
2. And, bear-ing up to gain the port, Some well-known ob - ject kept in view; An Ab - bey Tow'r, a ru - in'd Fort, Or Bea - con, to the ves - sel true;
f
p


To heave the lead the sea - man sprung, And to the pi - lot
While off the lead the sea - man flung, And to the pi - lot
pp
ad lib.
tempo.
cheer - ly sung, "By the deep nine!" "By the deep nine!" To heave the lead the
cheer - ly sung, "By the mark seven!" "By the mark seven!" While off the lead the
colla voce. f
pp
ad lib.
sea - man sprung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, "By the deep
sea - man flung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, "By the mark
cresc.
p colla voce.
nine!"
seven!"
mf
cresc.
f
ten.

3.

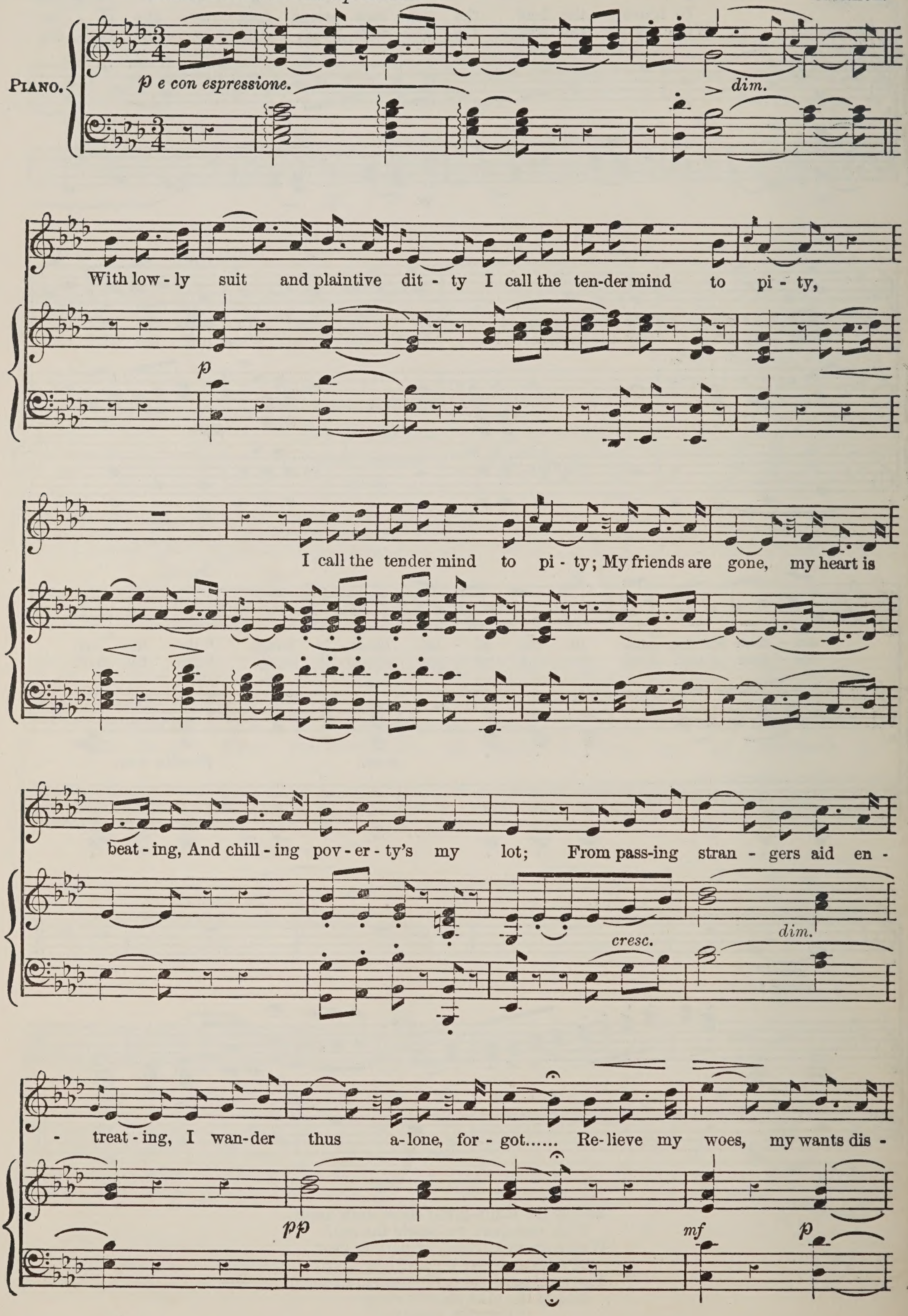
And as the much-loved shore drew near,
With transport we beheld the roof
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead, once more, the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"Quarter, less five!"

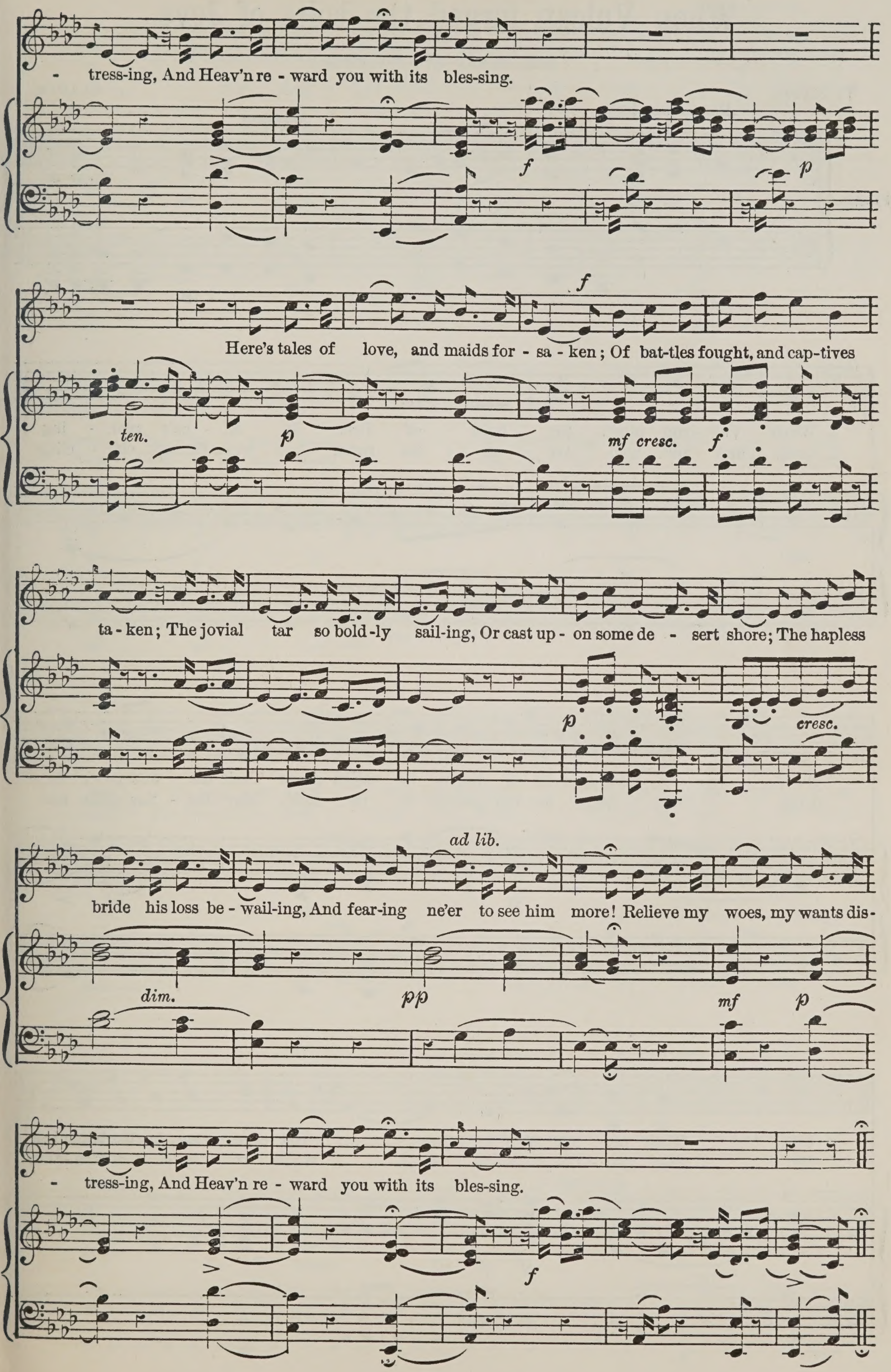
With lowly suit and plaintive ditty.

From "No Song, No Supper."

Andante sostenuto con espressione.

Storace.

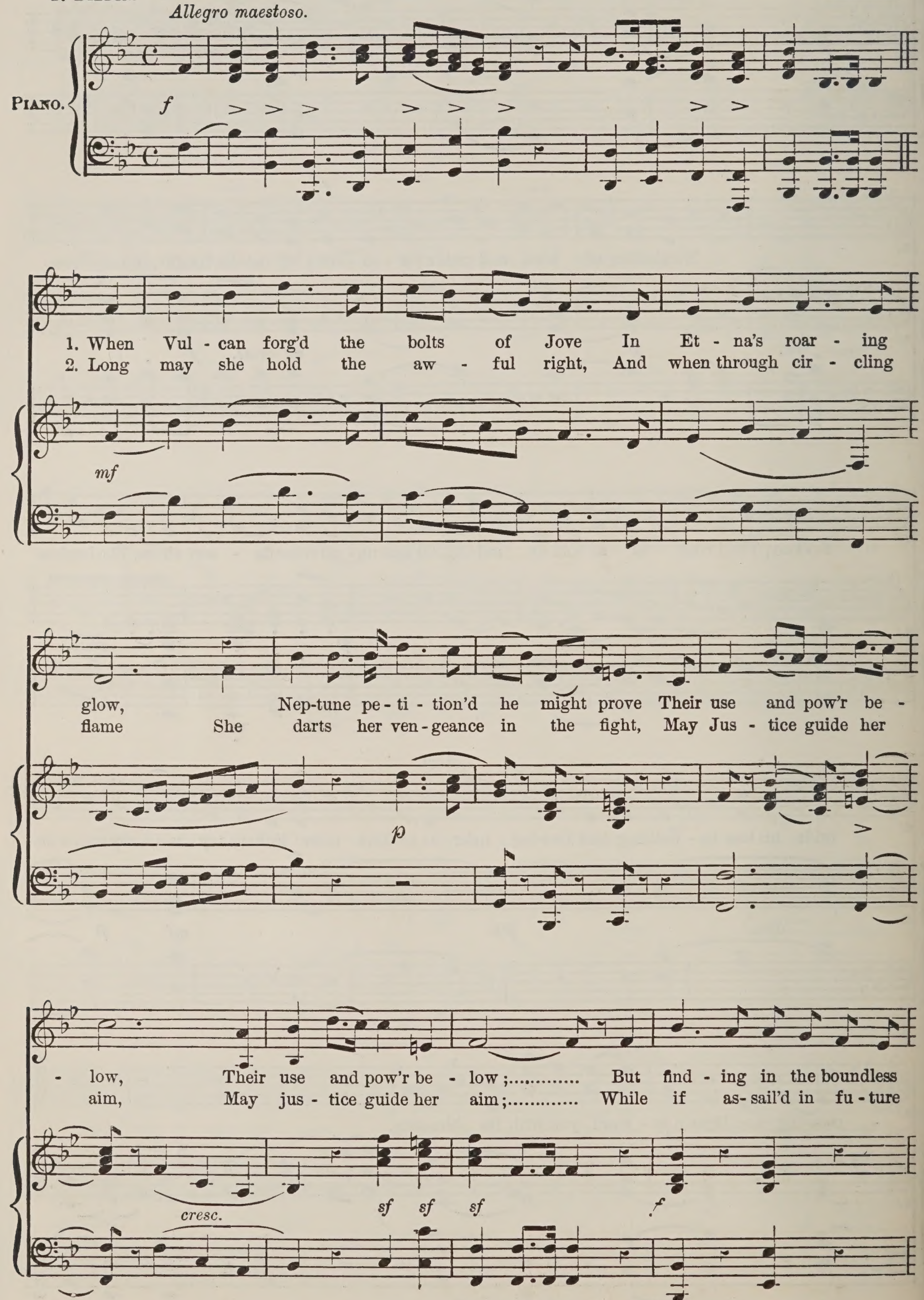

Piano.
p e con espressione.
dim.
With low-ly suit and plaintive dit - ty I call the ten-der mind to pi - ty,
p
I call the tender mind to pi - ty; My friends are gone, my heart is
beat - ing, And chill - ing pov - er - ty's my lot; From pass-ing stran - gers aid en -
cresc.
dim.
- treat - ing, I wan-der thus a-lone, for - got...... Re-lieve my woes, my wants dis -
pp
mf
p

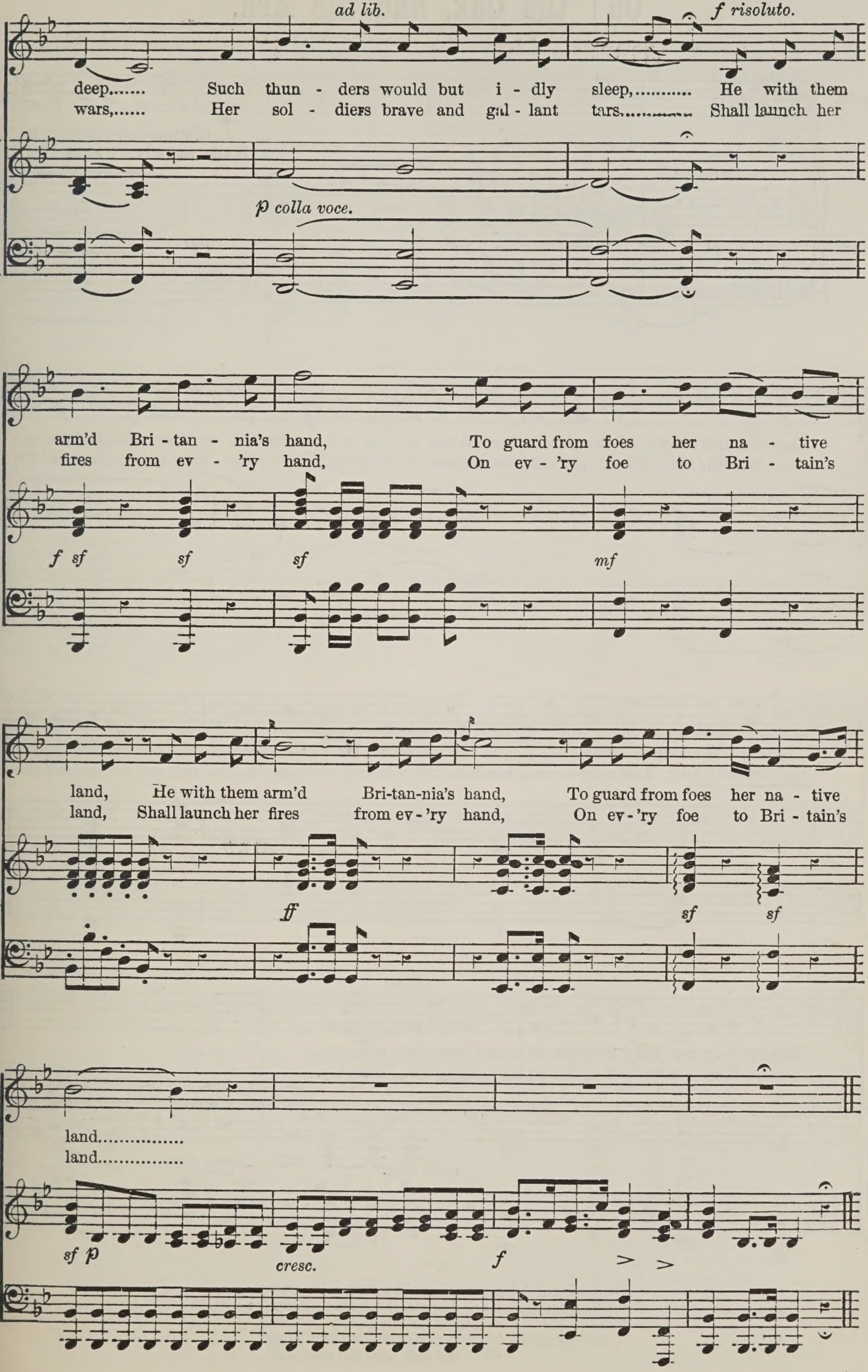

- tress-ing, And Heav'n re - ward you with its bles-sing.
f
p
Here's tales of love, and maids for - sa - ken; Of bat-tles fought, and cap-tives
f
ten.
p
mf cresc.
f
ta - ken; The jovial tar so bold-ly sail-ing, Or cast up - on some de - sert shore; The hapless
p
cresc.
bride his loss be - wail-ing, And fear-ing ne'er to see him more! Relieve my woes, my wants dis-
ad lib.
dim.
pp
mf
p
- tress-ing, And Heav'n re - ward you with its bles-sing.
f

When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove.

(The Origin of Gunpowder.)

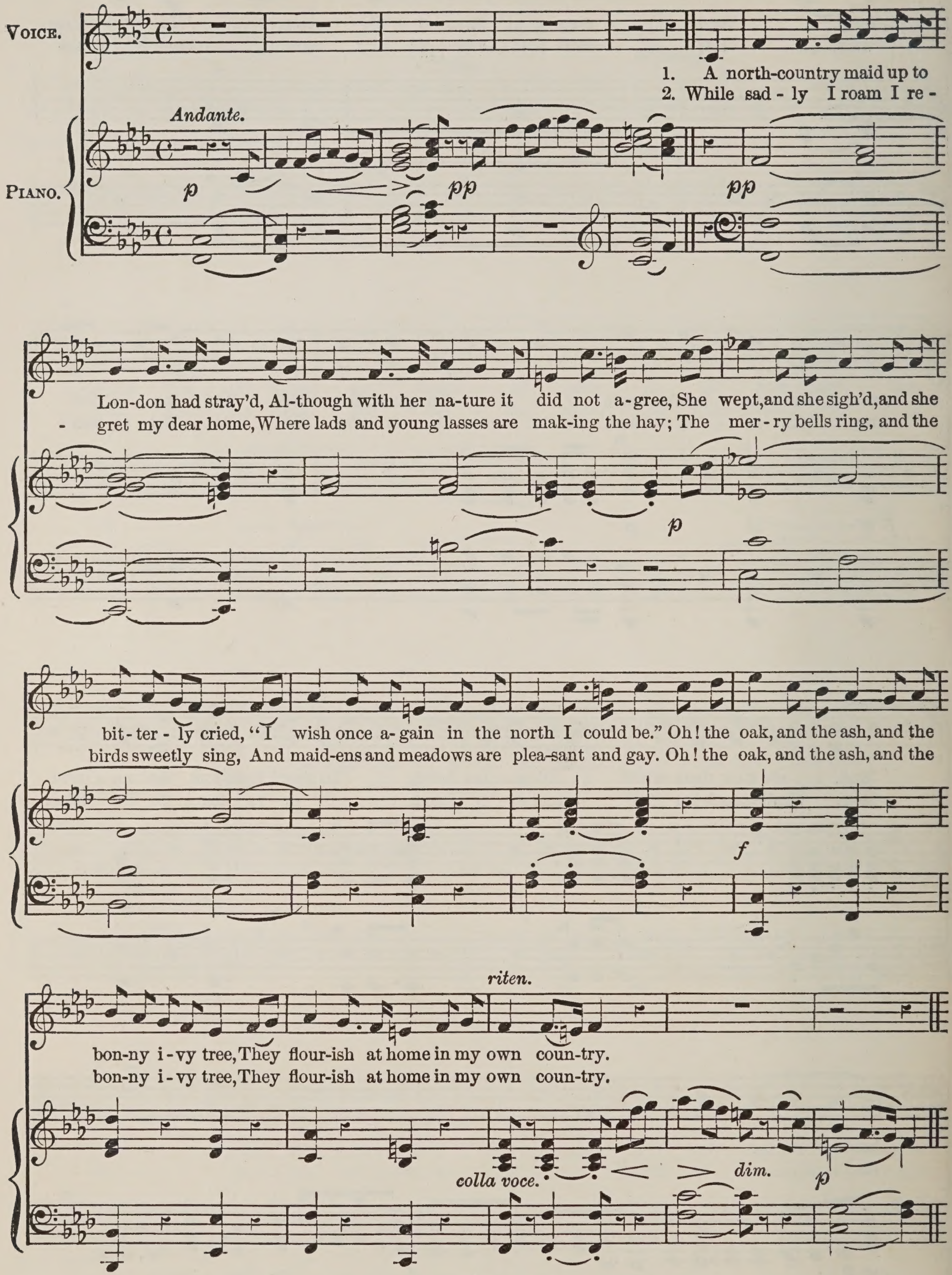
T. Dibdin. Braham.


Allegro maestoso.
Piano.
f
mf
p
cresc.
sf sf sf
f
1. When Vul - can forg'd the bolts of Jove In Et - na's roar - ing glow, Nep-tune pe - ti - tion'd he might prove Their use and pow'r be - low, Their use and pow'r be - low;............ But find - ing in the boundless
2. Long may she hold the aw - ful right, And when through cir - cling flame She darts her ven - geance in the fight, May Jus - tice guide her aim, May jus - tice guide her aim;............ While if as - sail'd in fu - ture


ad lib.
f risoluto.
deep....... Such thun - ders would but i - dly sleep,.......... He with them
wars,...... Her sol - diers brave and gal - lant tars............ Shall launch her
p colla voce.
arm'd Bri - tan - nia's hand, To guard from foes her na - tive
fires from ev - 'ry hand, On ev - 'ry foe to Bri - tain's
f sf
sf
sf
mf
land, He with them arm'd Bri-tan-nia's hand, To guard from foes her na - tive
land, Shall launch her fires from ev - 'ry hand, On ev - 'ry foe to Bri - tain's
ff
sf
sf
land...............
land...............
sf p
cresc.
f

Oh! the Oak, and the Ash.

17th Century.

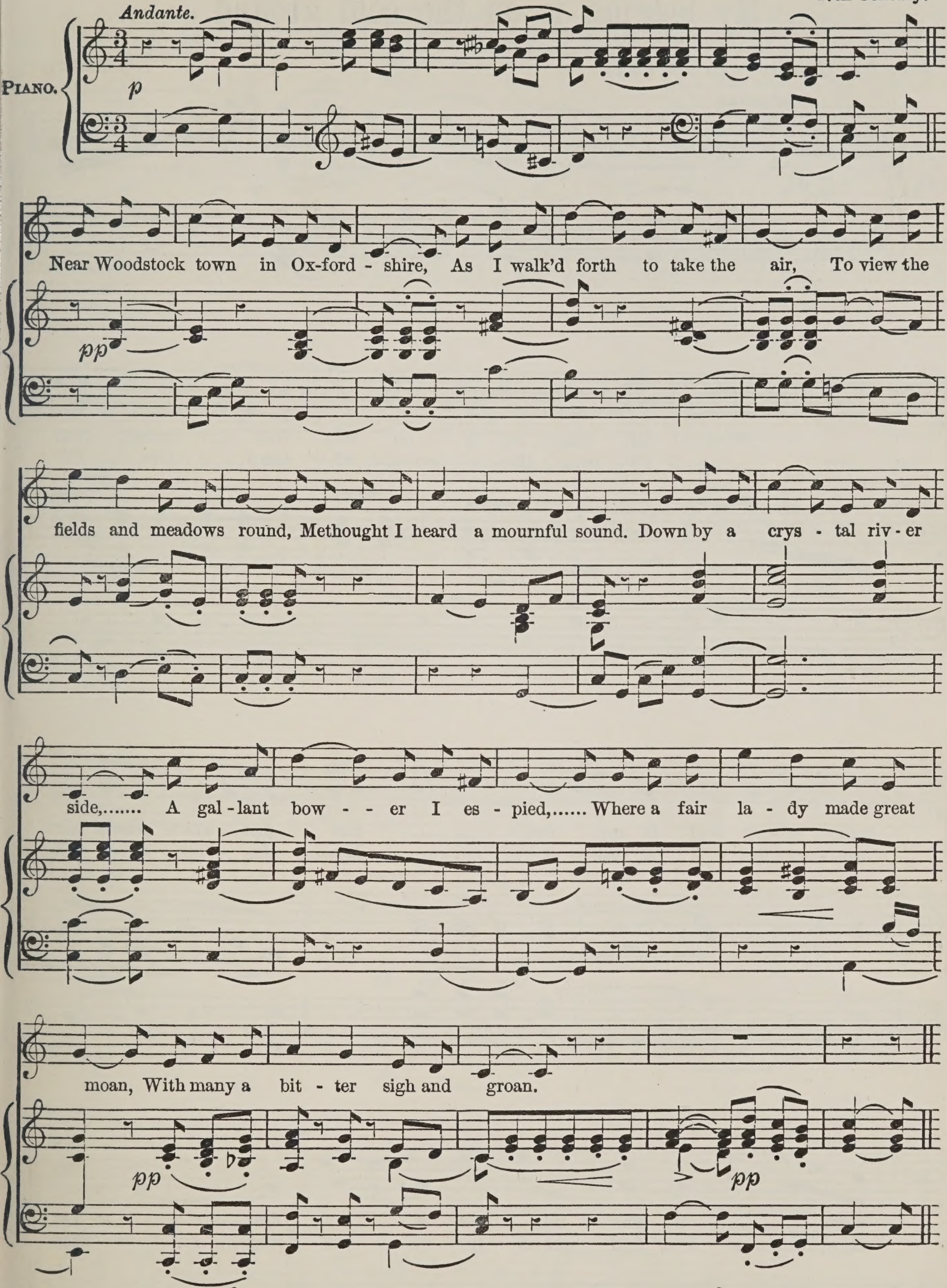

Voice.
Piano.
Andante.
p
pp
pp
1. A north-country maid up to Lon-don had stray'd, Al-though with her na-ture it did not a-gree, She wept, and she sigh'd, and she bit-ter-ly cried, "I wish once a-gain in the north I could be." Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bon-ny i-vy tree, They flour-ish at home in my own coun-try.
2. While sad-ly I roam I re-gret my dear home, Where lads and young lasses are mak-ing the hay; The mer-ry bells ring, and the birds sweetly sing, And maid-ens and meadows are plea-sant and gay. Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bon-ny i-vy tree, They flour-ish at home in my own coun-try.
p
f
riten.
colla voce.
dim.
p

3.

No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease;
Where maidens are fair many lovers will come:
But he whom I wed must be north-country bred,
And carry me back to my north-country home.
Oh! the oak, and the ash, &c.

Near Woodstock Town.

17th Century.


Andante.
PIANO.
p
pp
Near Woodstock town in Ox-ford - shire, As I walk'd forth to take the air, To view the
fields and meadows round, Methought I heard a mournful sound. Down by a crys - tal riv - er
side,....... A gal - lant bow - - er I es - pied,...... Where a fair la - dy made great
moan, With many a bit - ter sigh and groan.
pp
pp

2.

"Alas!" quoth she, "my love's unkind,
My sighs and tears he will not mind!
But he is cruel unto me,
Which causes all my misery.
Soon after he had gain'd my heart,
He cruelly did from me part;
Another maid he does pursue,
And to his vows he bids adieu."

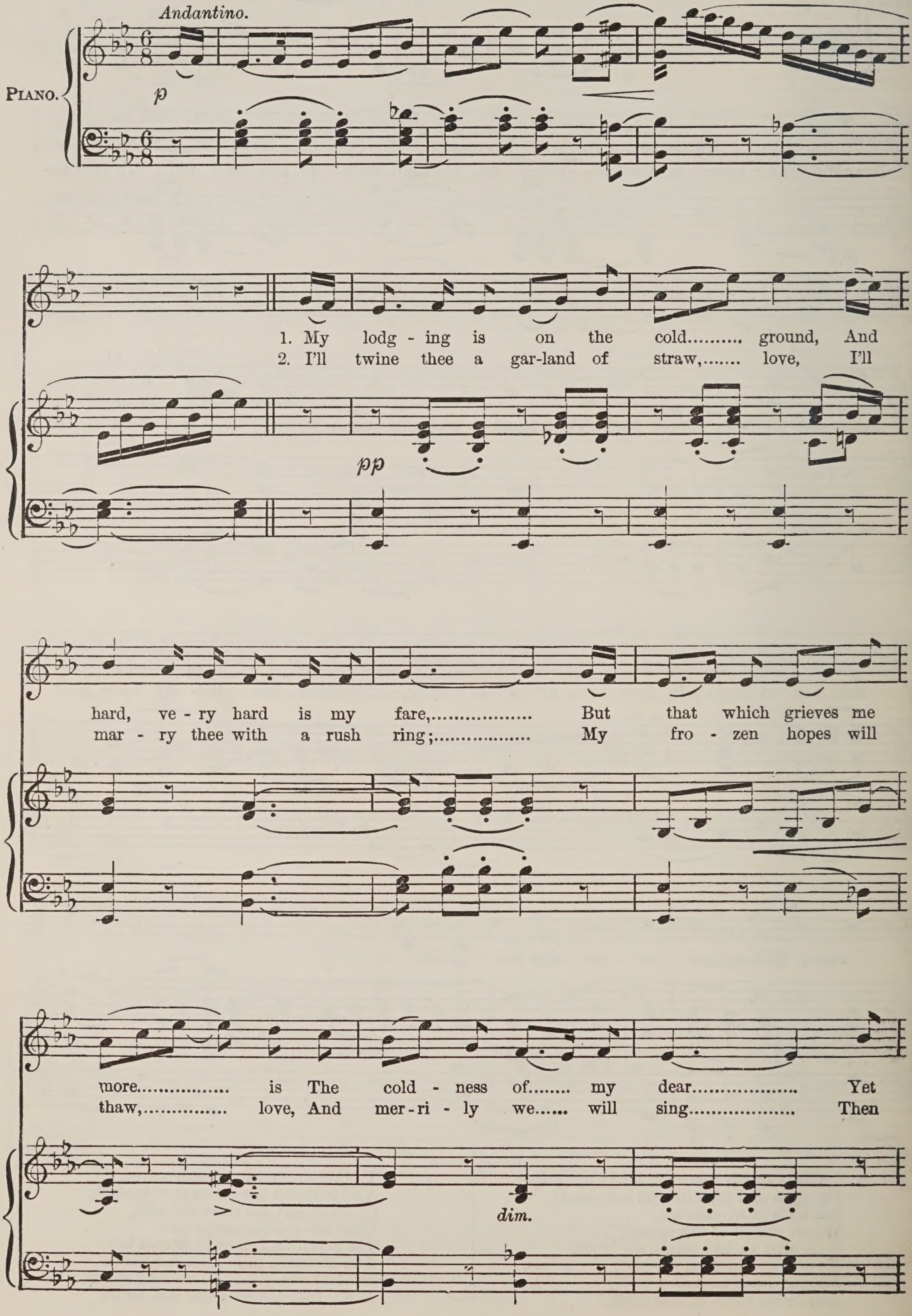
3.

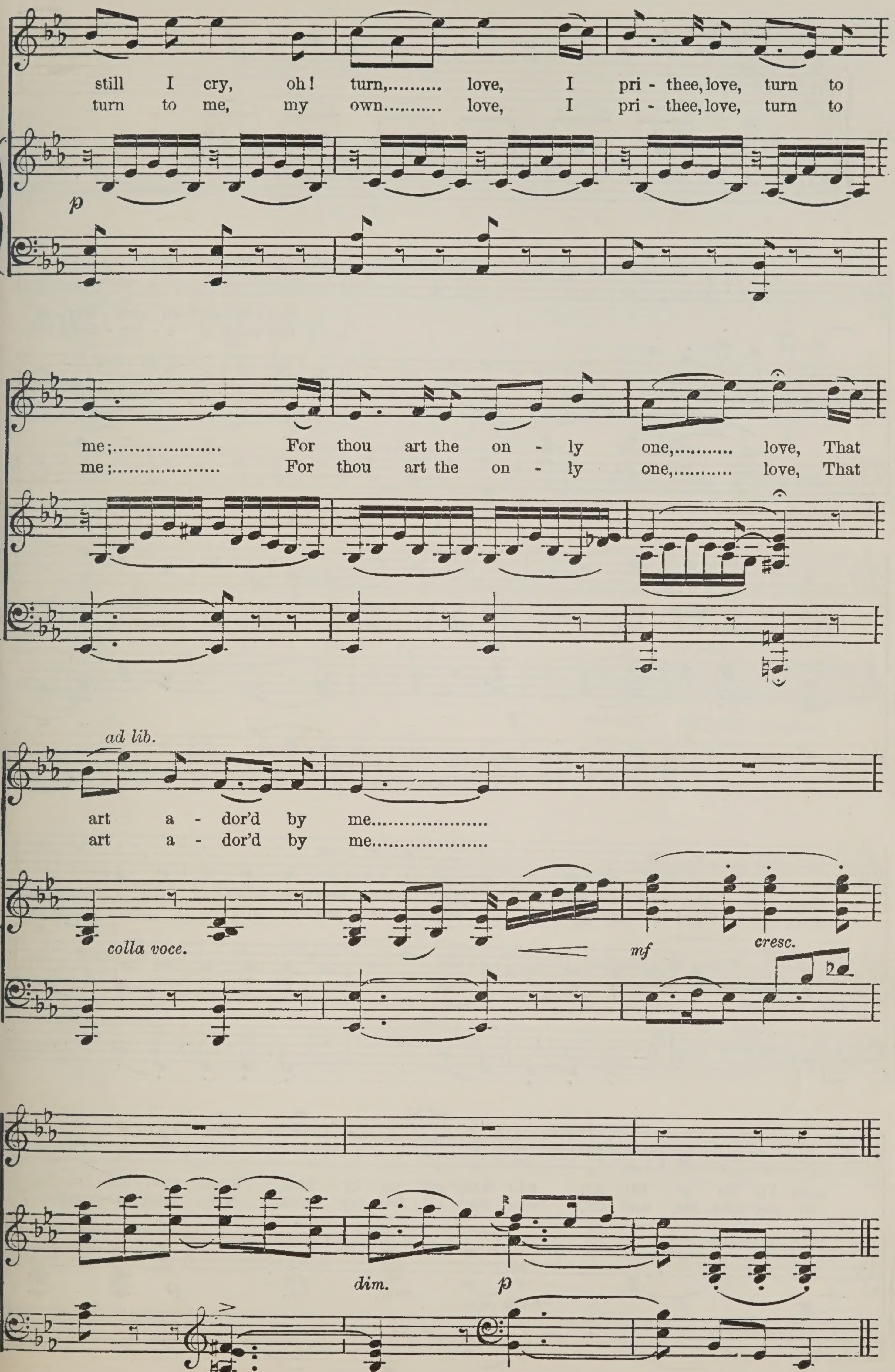
The lady round the meadows ran,
And gather'd flowers as they sprang;
Of every sort she there did pull,
Until she got her apron full.
The green turf served her as a bed,
And flowers a pillow for her head;
She laid her down and nothing spoke,
Alas! for love her heart was broke.

My lodging is on the cold ground.

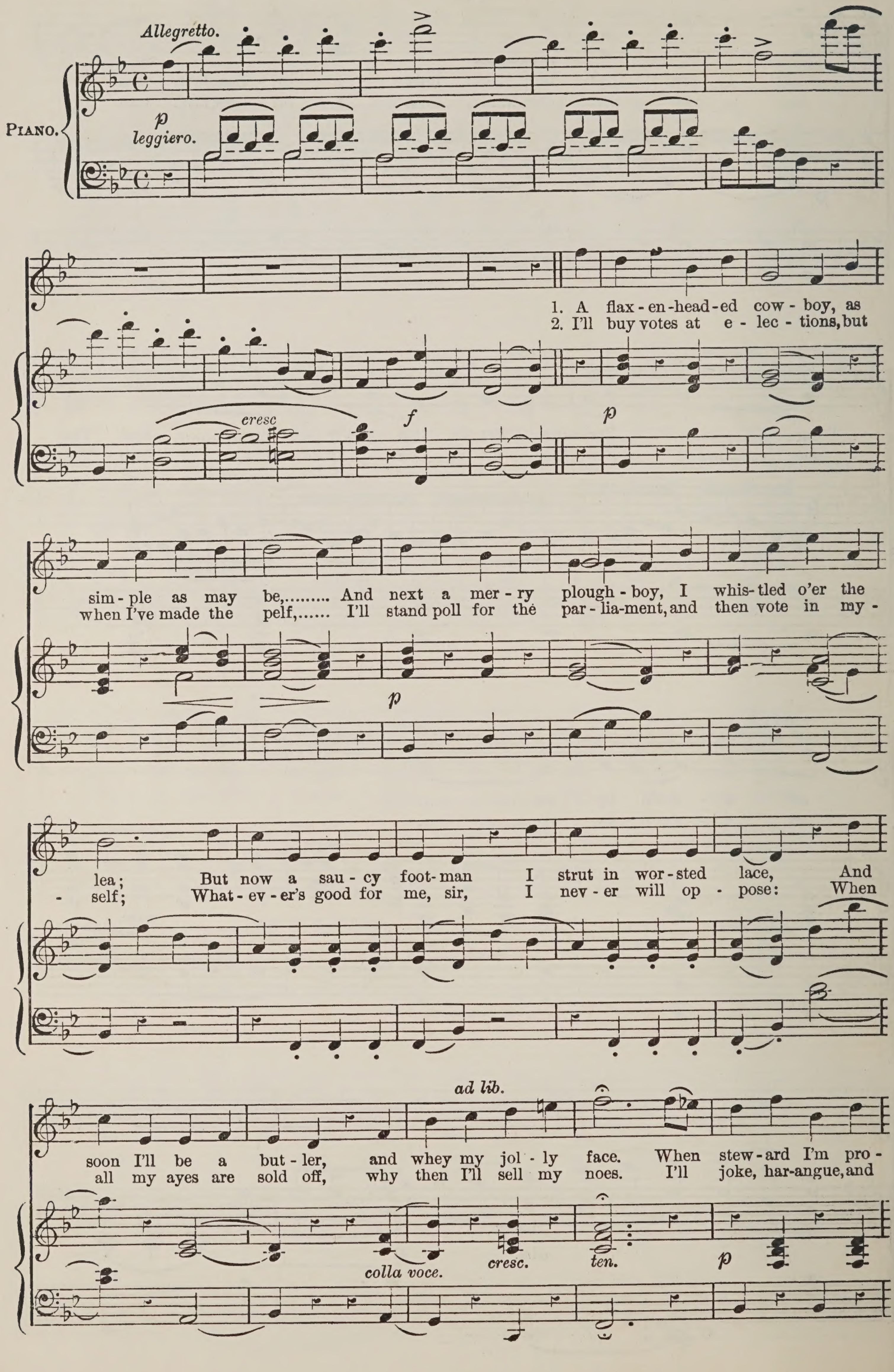
JOHN GAY (founded on an older song.)

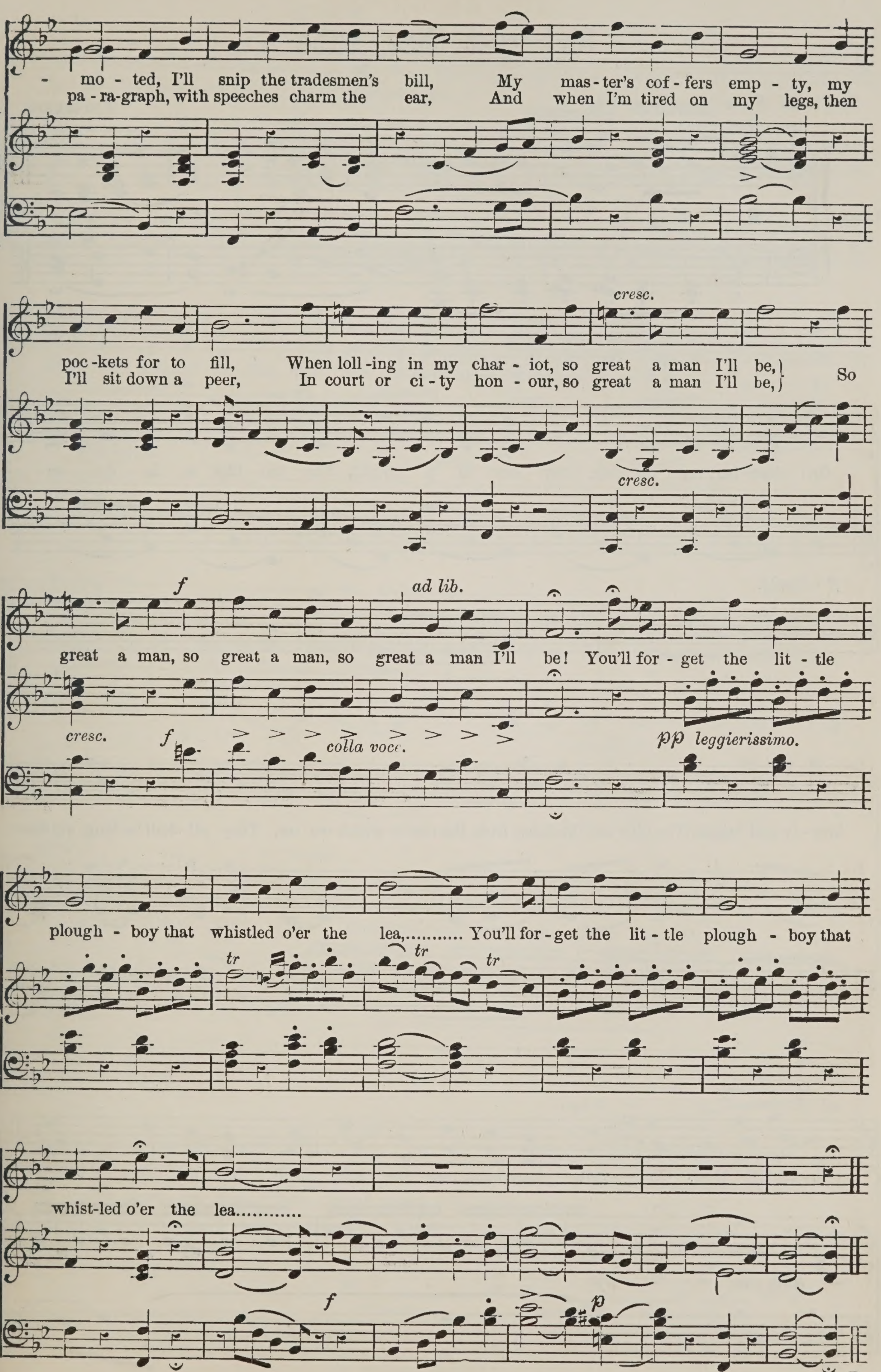
17th Century.


Andantino.
PIANO.
p
pp
1. My lodg - ing is on the cold.......... ground, And
2. I'll twine thee a gar-land of straw,....... love, I'll
hard, ve - ry hard is my fare,.................. But that which grieves me
mar - ry thee with a rush ring;.................. My fro - zen hopes will
more................. is The cold - ness of........ my dear.................... Yet
thaw,................ love, And mer - ri - ly we...... will sing.................... Then
dim.


still I cry, oh! turn,.......... love, I pri - thee, love, turn to
turn to me, my own.......... love, I pri - thee, love, turn to
p
me;..................... For thou art the on - ly one,.......... love, That
me;..................... For thou art the on - ly one,.......... love, That
ad lib.
art a - dor'd by me.....................
art a - dor'd by me.....................
colla voce.
mf
cresc.
dim.
p

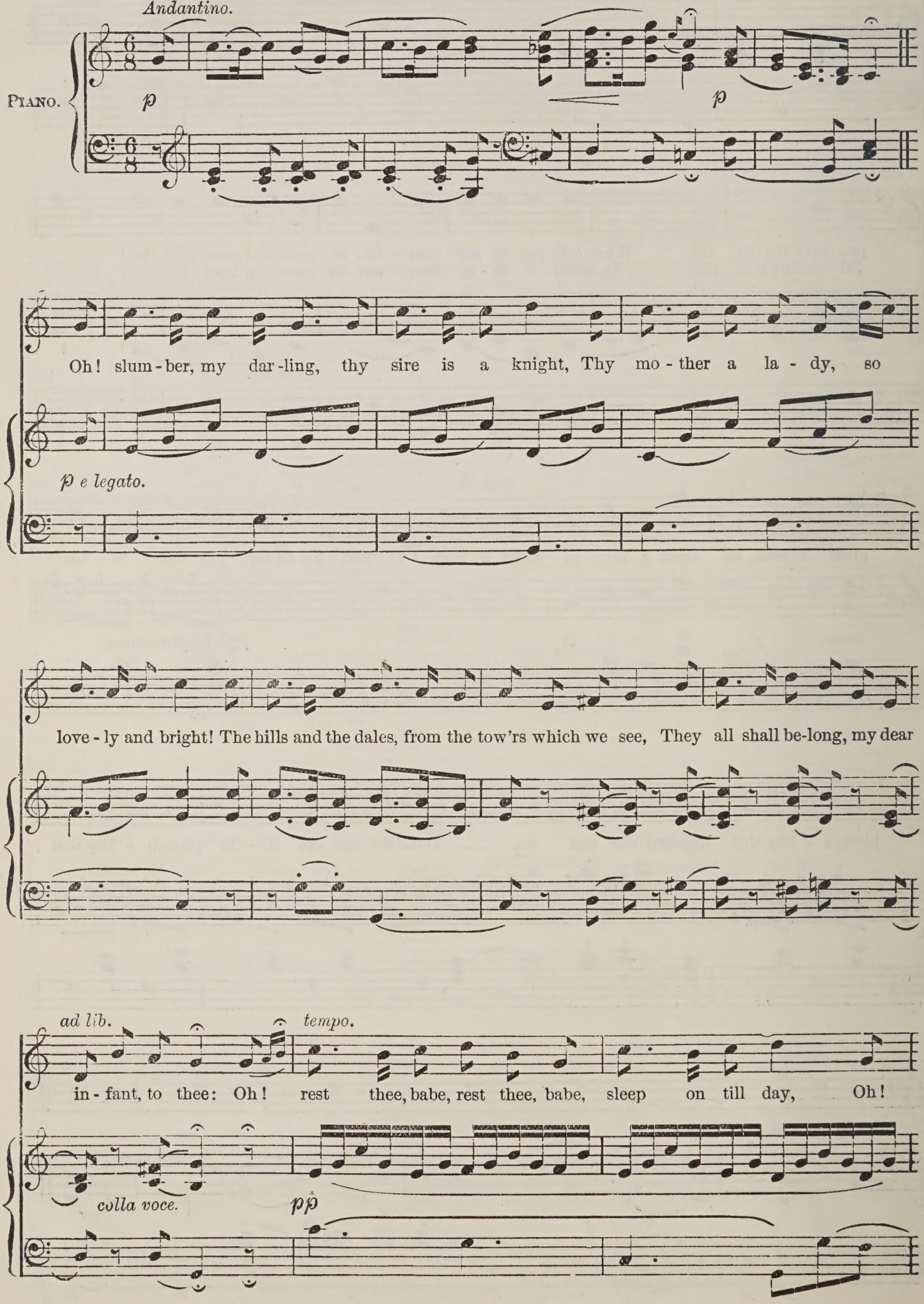
The Plough-boy.

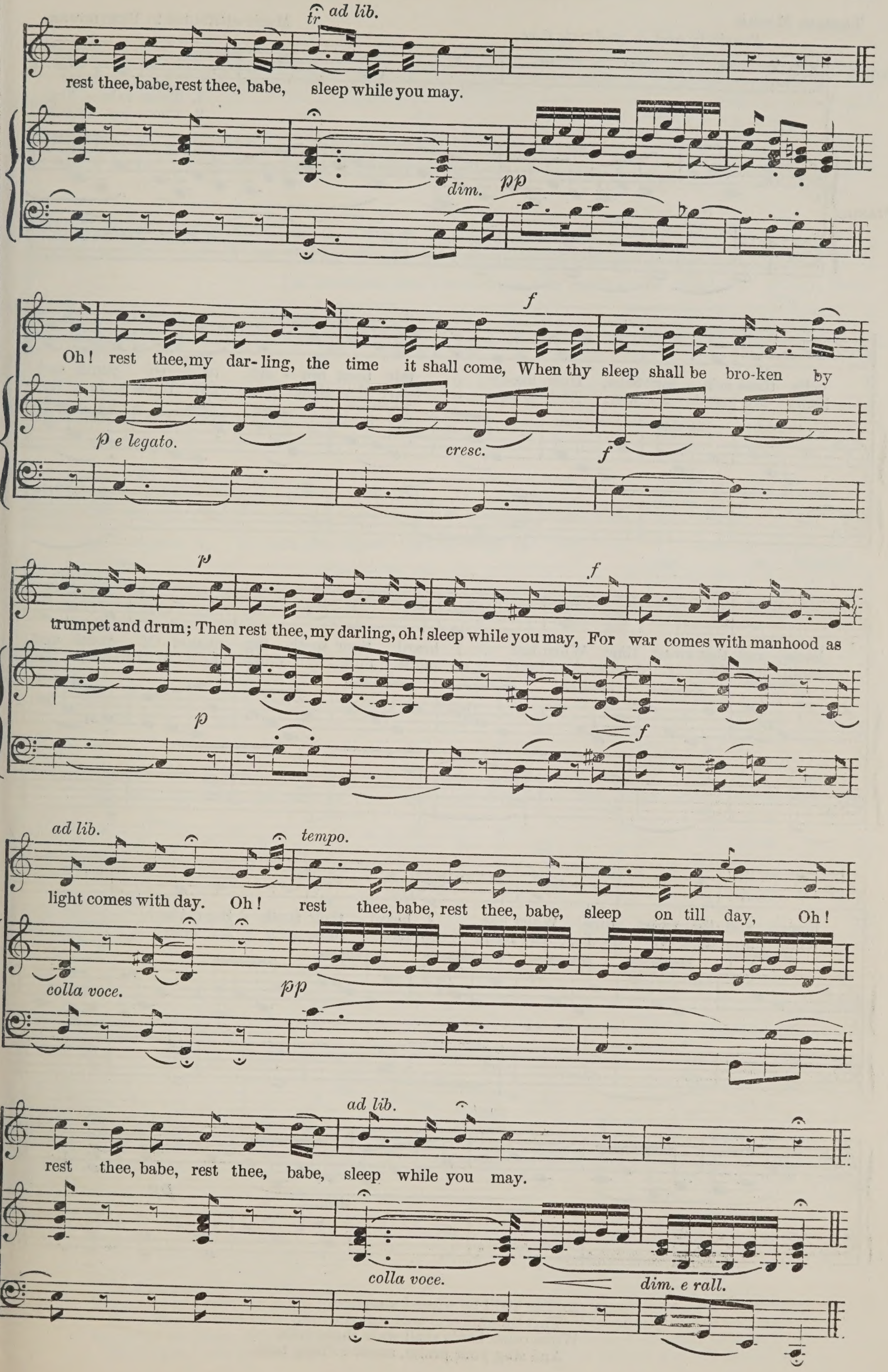

Allegretto.
Piano.
p
leggiero.
cresc
f
p
1. A flax-en-head-ed cow-boy, as
2. I'll buy votes at e-lec-tions, but
sim-ple as may be,......... And next a mer-ry plough-boy, I whis-tled o'er the
when I've made the pelf,...... I'll stand poll for the par-lia-ment, and then vote in my-
p
lea; But now a sau-cy foot-man I strut in wor-sted lace, And
-self; What-ev-er's good for me, sir, I nev-er will op-pose: When
ad lib.
soon I'll be a but-ler, and whey my jol-ly face. When stew-ard I'm pro-
all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes. I'll joke, har-angue, and
colla voce.
cresc.
ten.
p


- mo - ted, I'll snip the tradesmen's bill, My mas-ter's cof-fers emp - ty, my
pa - ra-graph, with speeches charm the ear, And when I'm tired on my legs, then
cresc.
poc-kets for to fill, When loll-ing in my char - iot, so great a man I'll be,
I'll sit down a peer, In court or ci - ty hon - our, so great a man I'll be,
So
cresc.
f
ad lib.
great a man, so great a man, so great a man I'll be! You'll for - get the lit - tle
cresc.
f
colla voce.
pp leggierissimo.
plough - boy that whistled o'er the lea,........... You'll for-get the lit - tle plough - boy that
tr
tr
tr
whist-led o'er the lea............
f
p

Oh! rest thee, babe.

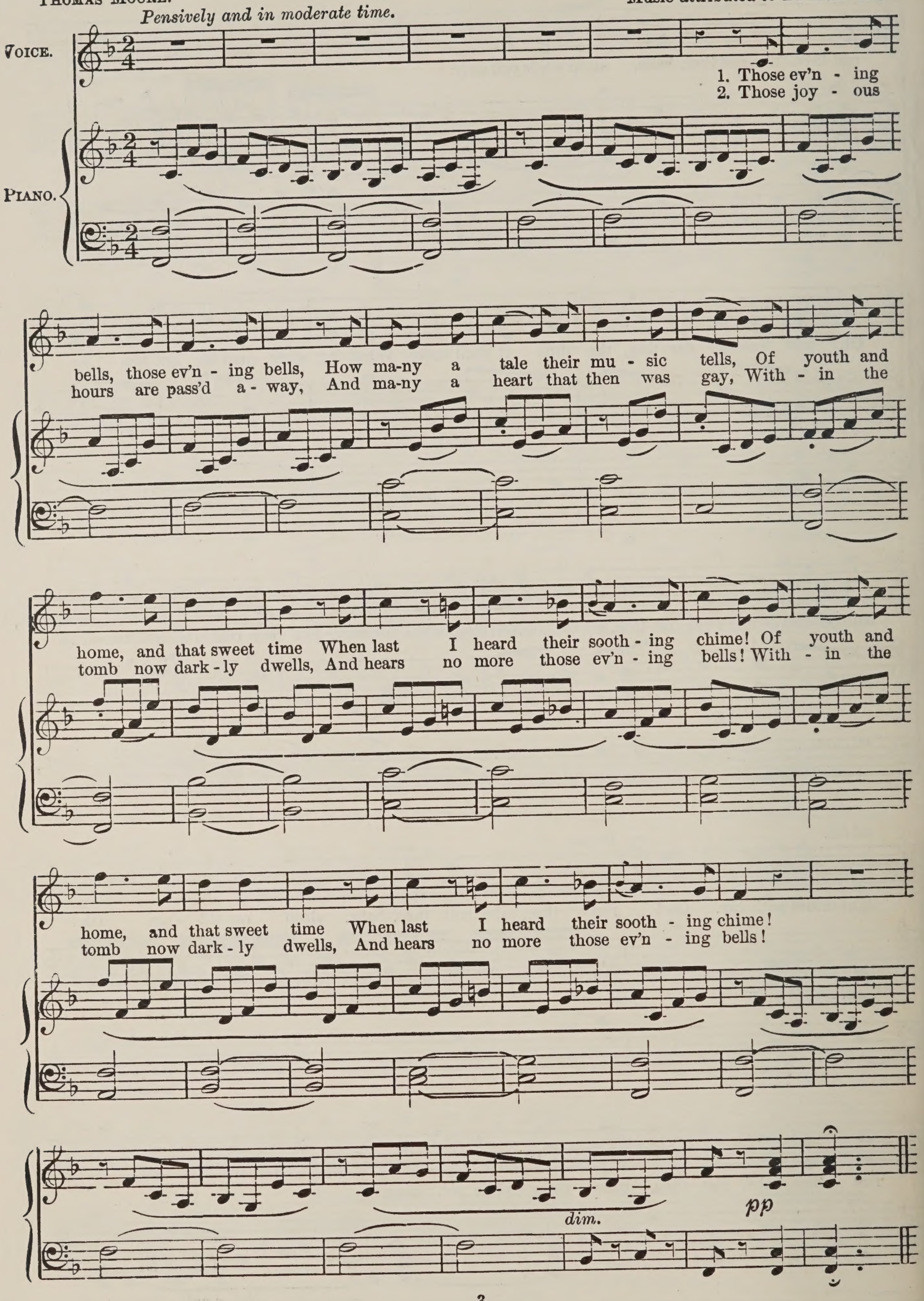
D. TERRY (From "Guy Mannering.") WHITAKER.


Andantino.
PIANO.
p
p
Oh! slumber, my darling, thy sire is a knight, Thy mother a lady, so
p e legato.
lovely and bright! The hills and the dales, from the tow'rs which we see, They all shall belong, my dear
ad lib.
tempo.
infant, to thee: Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day, Oh!
colla voce.
pp


tr ad lib.
rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.
dim.
pp
Oh! rest thee, my darling, the time it shall come, When thy sleep shall be broken by
f
p e legato.
cresc.
f
trumpet and drum; Then rest thee, my darling, oh! sleep while you may, For war comes with manhood as
p
f
p
f
ad lib.
tempo.
light comes with day. Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day, Oh!
colla voce.
pp
ad lib.
rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.
colla voce.
dim. e rall.

Those Evening Bells.

THOMAS MOORE. Music attributed to BEETHOVEN.

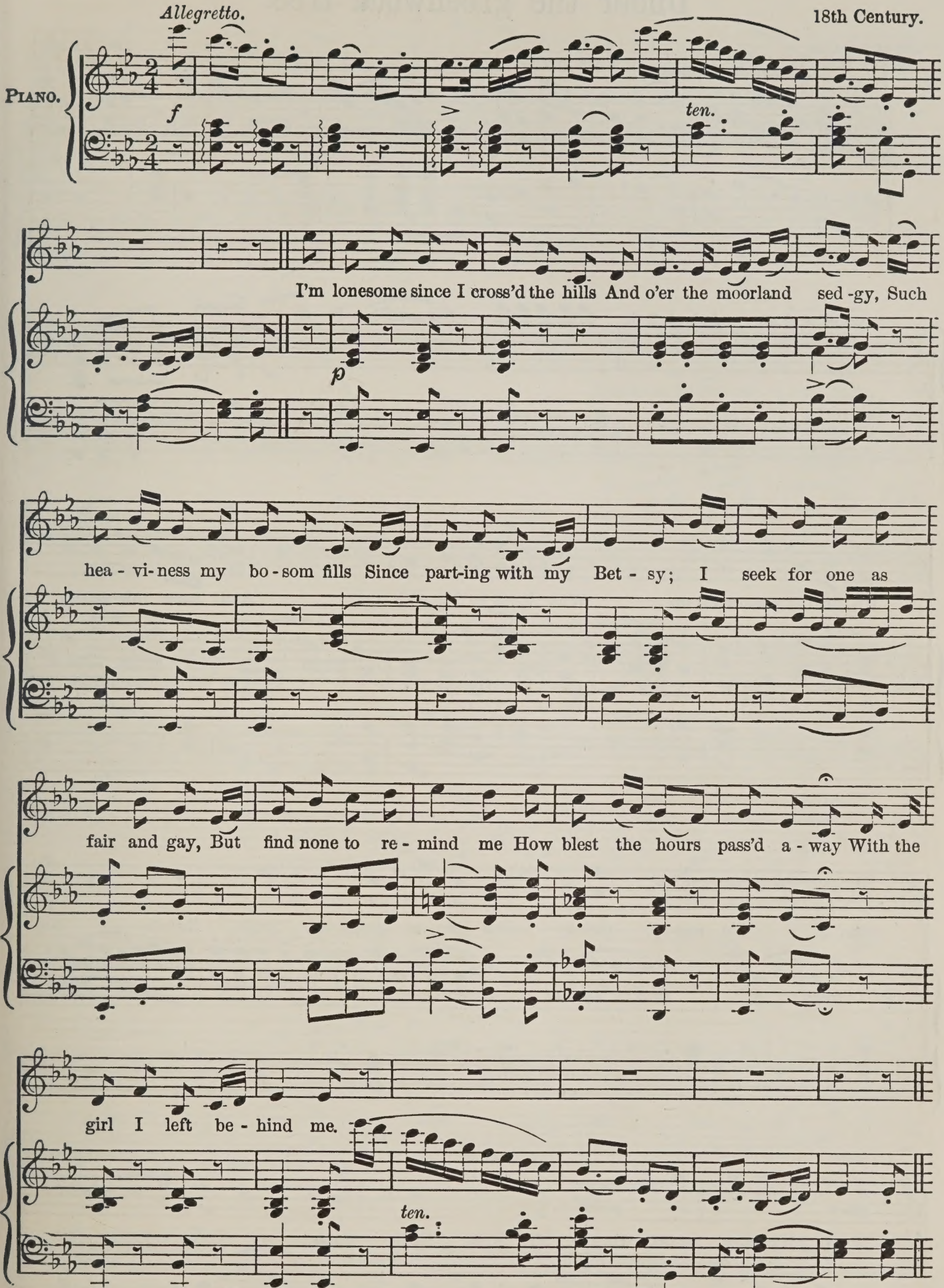

Pensively and in moderate time.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Those ev'n - ing
2. Those joy - ous
bells, those ev'n - ing bells, How ma-ny a tale their mu - sic tells, Of youth and
hours are pass'd a - way, And ma-ny a heart that then was gay, With - in the
home, and that sweet time When last I heard their sooth - ing chime! Of youth and
tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those ev'n - ing bells! With - in the
home, and that sweet time When last I heard their sooth - ing chime!
tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those ev'n - ing bells!
dim.
pp

3.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet ev'ning bells.

The girl I left behind me.

18th Century.


Allegretto.
Piano.
f
ten.
p
I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills And o'er the moorland sed-gy, Such
hea-vi-ness my bo-som fills Since part-ing with my Bet-sy; I seek for one as
fair and gay, But find none to re-mind me How blest the hours pass'd a-way With the
girl I left be-hind me.
ten.

2.

The hour I remember well
When first she owned she loved me,
A pain within my breast doth tell
How constant I have proved me;
But now I'm bound for Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me home, safe back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

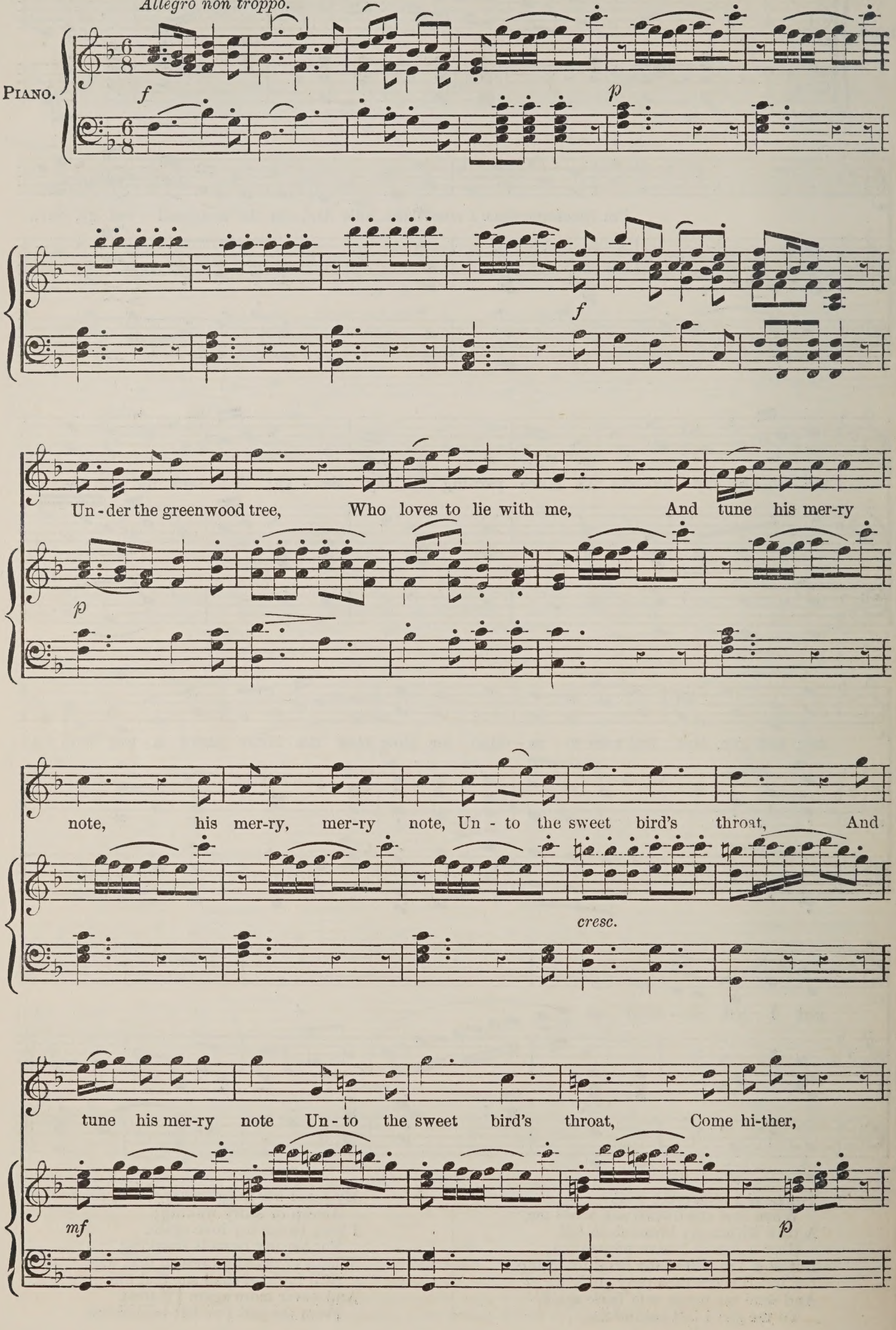
3.

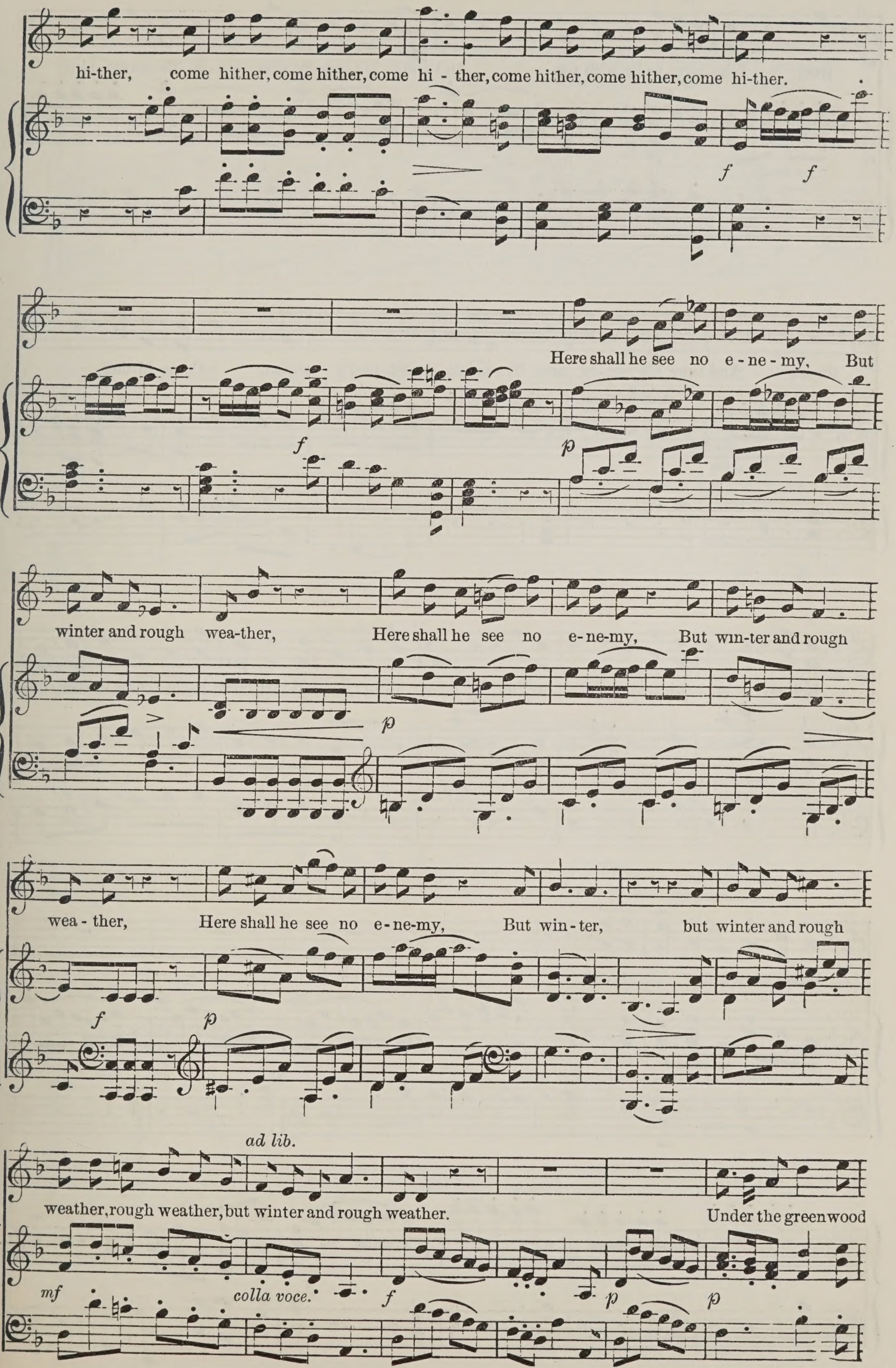
My mind her image must retain,
Asleep or sadly waking;
I long to see my love again,
For her my heart is breaking.
Whene'er my steps return that way,
Still faithful shall she find me,
And never more again I'll stray
From the girl I've left behind me.

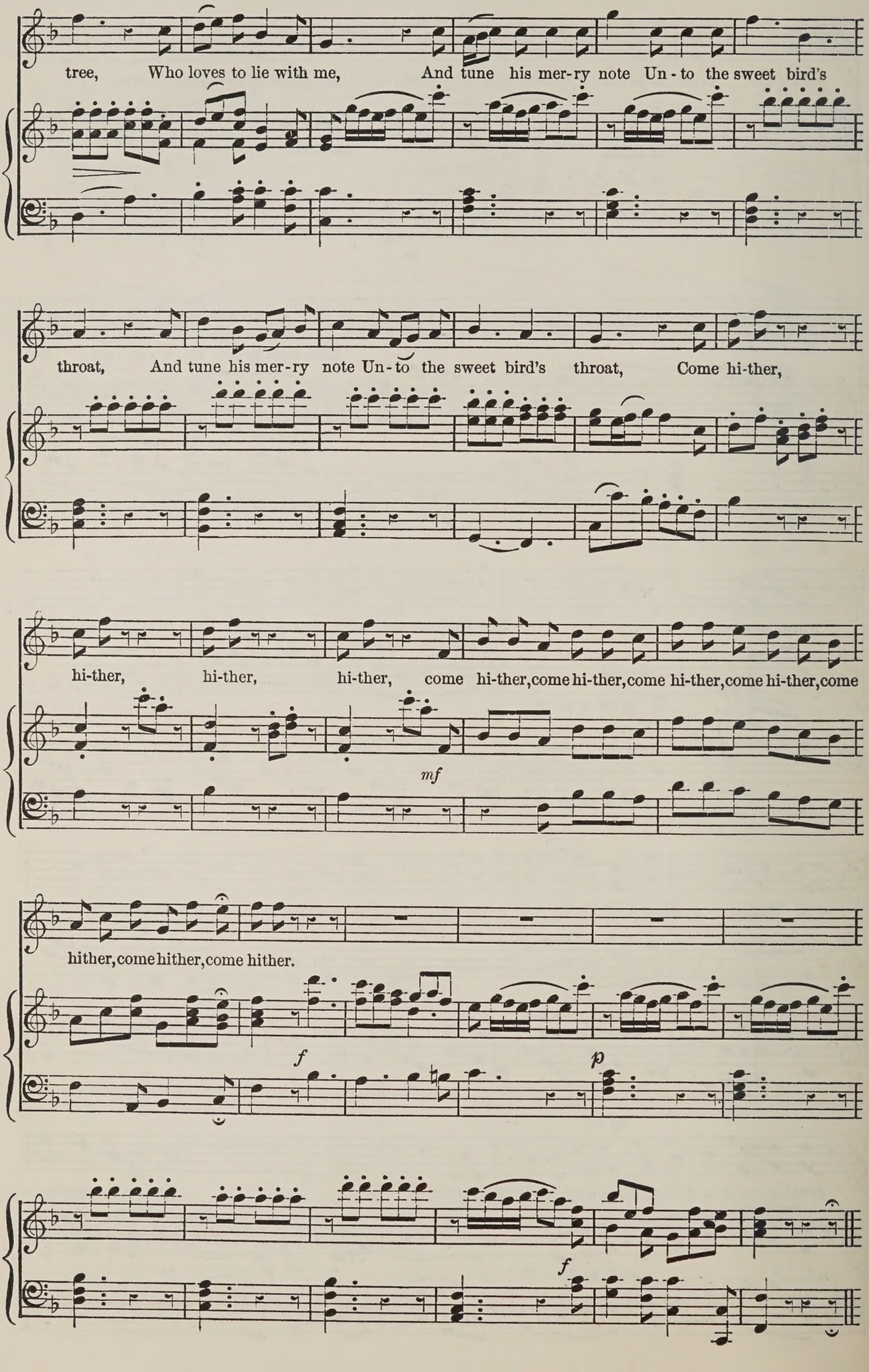
Under the greenwood tree.

SHAKSPEARE. DR. ARNE.

Allegro non troppo.

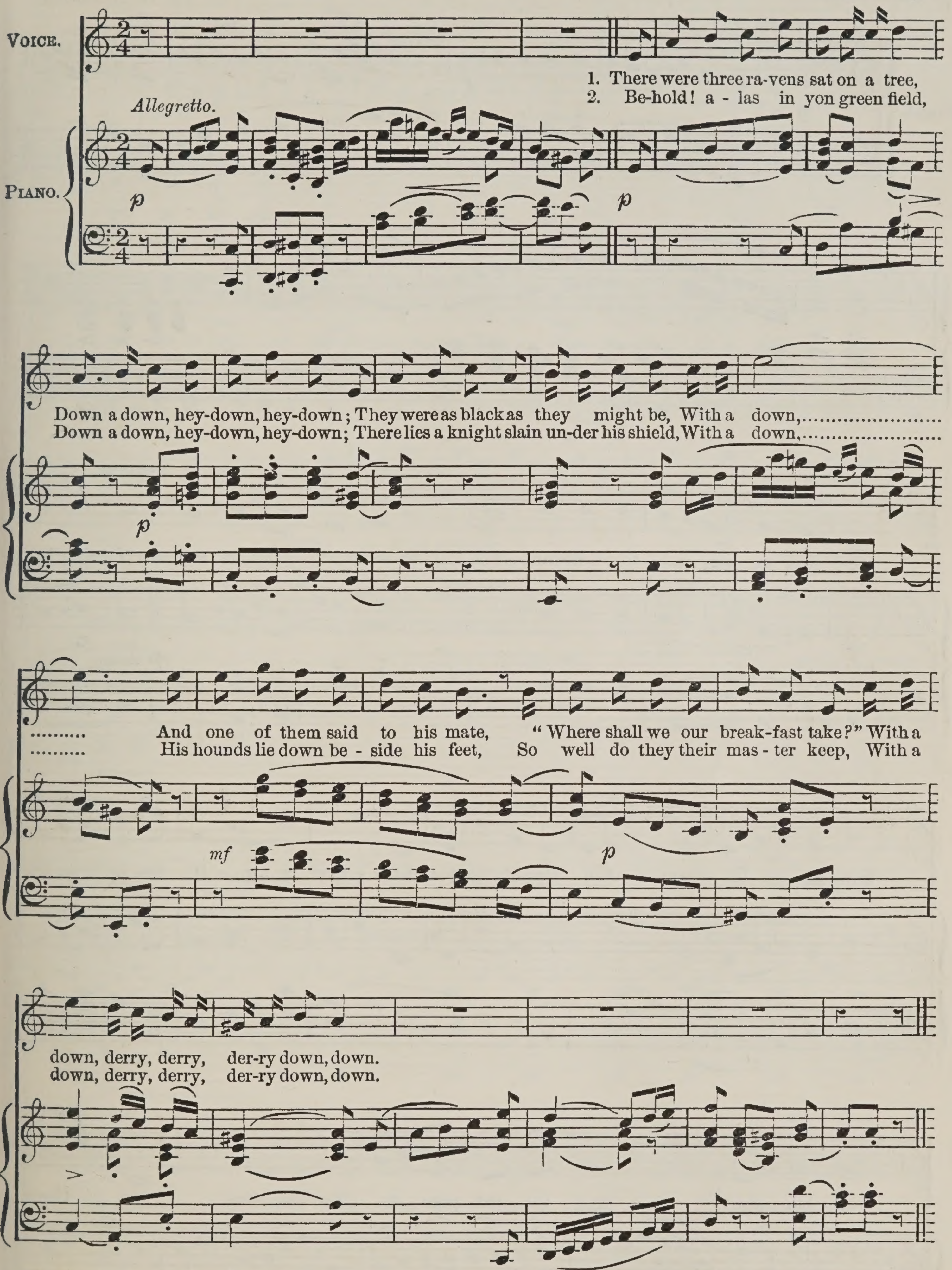

PIANO.
f
p
f
Un-der the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me, And tune his mer-ry
p
note, his mer-ry, mer-ry note, Un - to the sweet bird's throat, And
cresc.
tune his mer-ry note Un - to the sweet bird's throat, Come hi-ther,
mf
p


hi-ther, come hither, come hither, come hi - ther, come hither, come hither, come hi-ther.
Here shall he see no e - ne - my, But
winter and rough wea-ther, Here shall he see no e-ne-my, But win-ter and rough
wea - ther, Here shall he see no e - ne-my, But win - ter, but winter and rough
ad lib.
weather, rough weather, but winter and rough weather. Under the greenwood
colla voce.


tree, Who loves to lie with me, And tune his mer-ry note Un-to the sweet bird's
throat, And tune his mer-ry note Un-to the sweet bird's throat, Come hi-ther,
hi-ther, hi-ther, hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come hi-ther, come
hither, come hither, come hither.
mf
f
p
f

The three Ravens.

17th Century.


Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
p
mf
1. There were three ra-vens sat on a tree,
2. Be-hold! a - las in yon green field,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down; They were as black as they might be, With a down,……………………
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down; There lies a knight slain un-der his shield, With a down,……………………
………. And one of them said to his mate, "Where shall we our break-fast take?" With a
………. His hounds lie down be - side his feet, So well do they their mas - ter keep, With a
down, derry, derry, der-ry down, down.
down, derry, derry, der-ry down, down.

3.

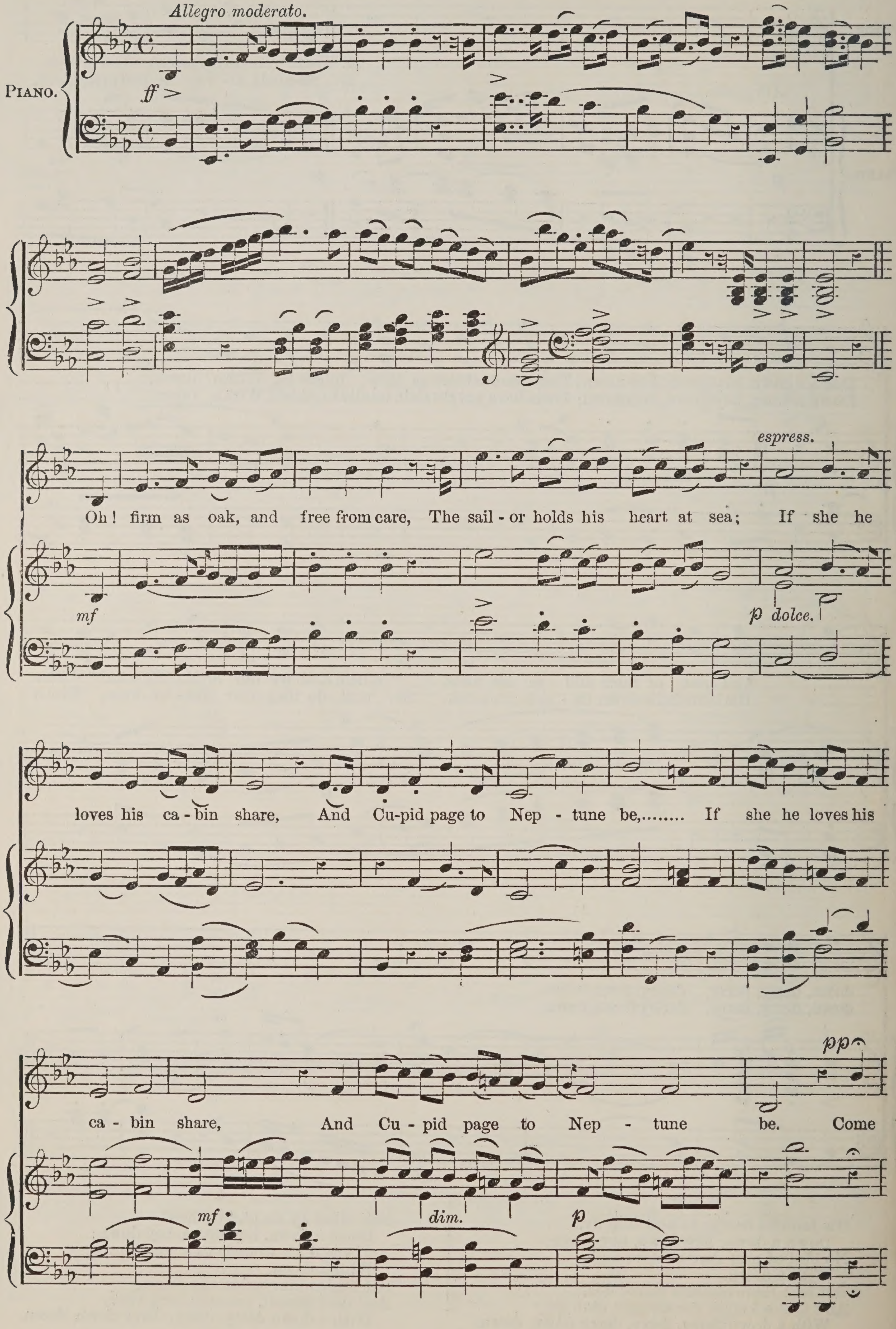
His faithful hawks so near him fly,
  Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
No bird of prey dare venture nigh,
  With a down.
But see! there comes a fallow doe,
And to the knight she straight doth go,
  With a down derry, derry, derry down, down.

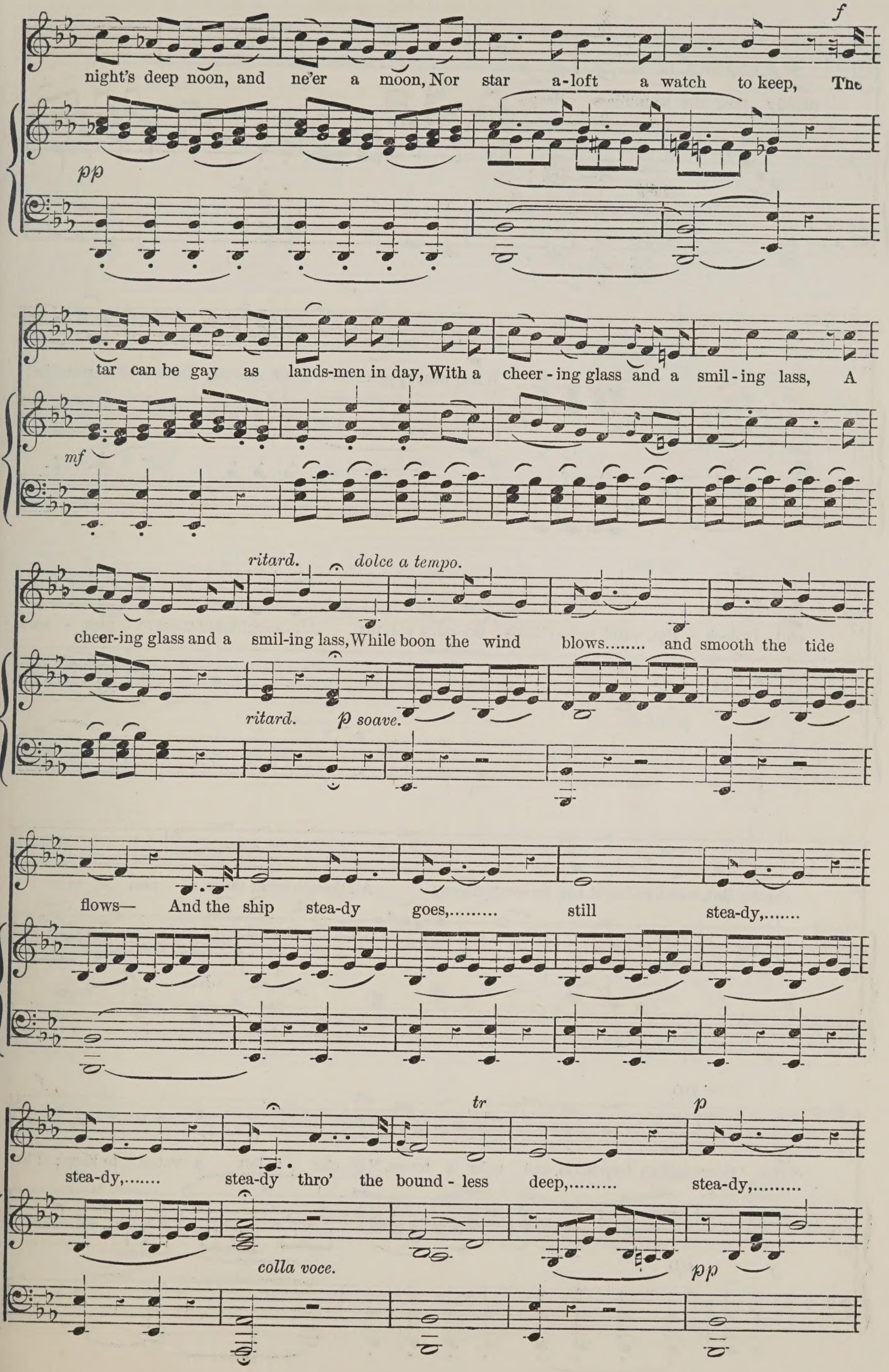
4.

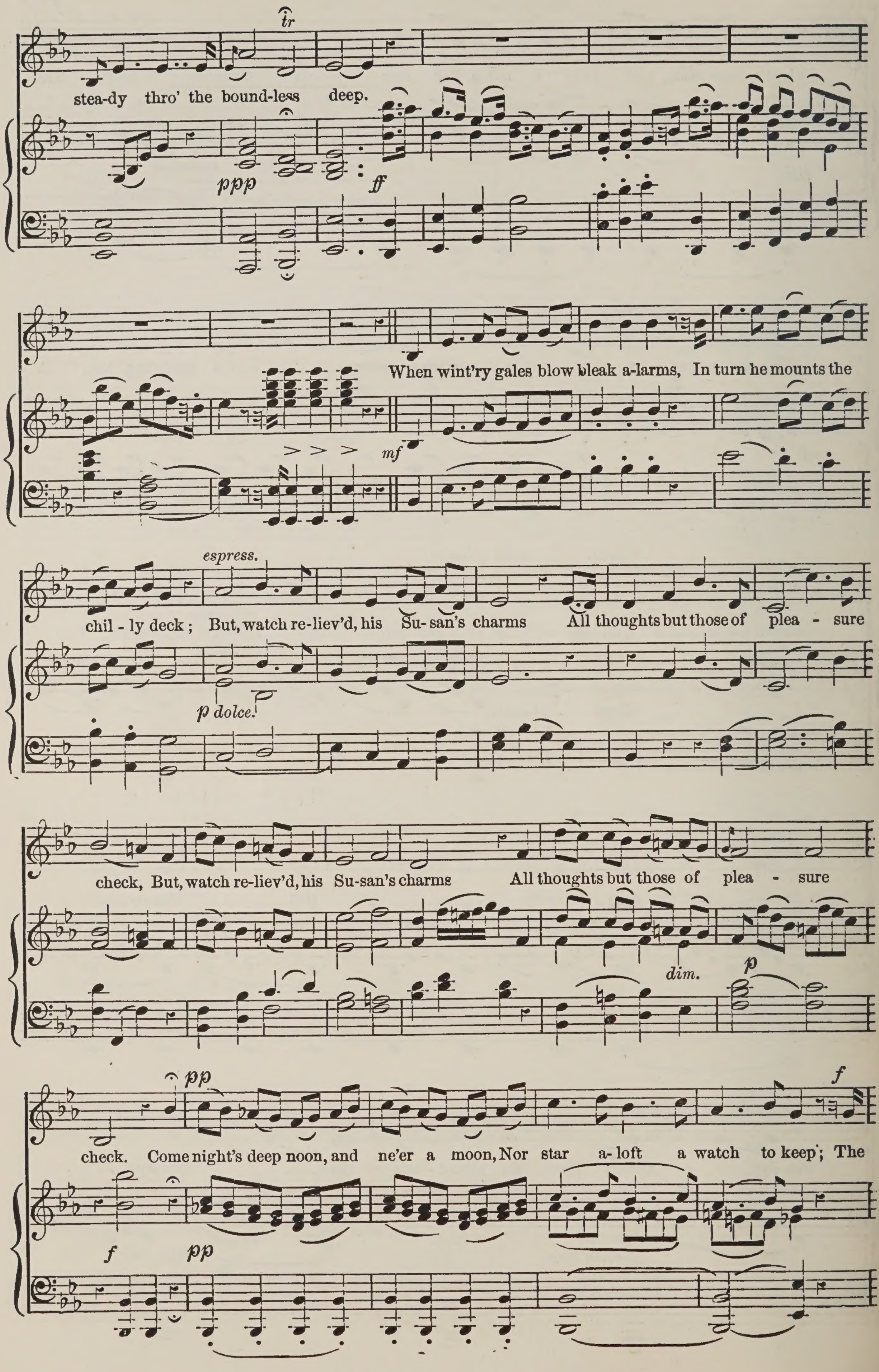
She lifted up his ghastly head,
  Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
And kiss'd his wounds that were so red,—
  With a down.
She buried him before the prime,
And died herself, ere even-song time,
  With a down derry, derry, derry down, down.

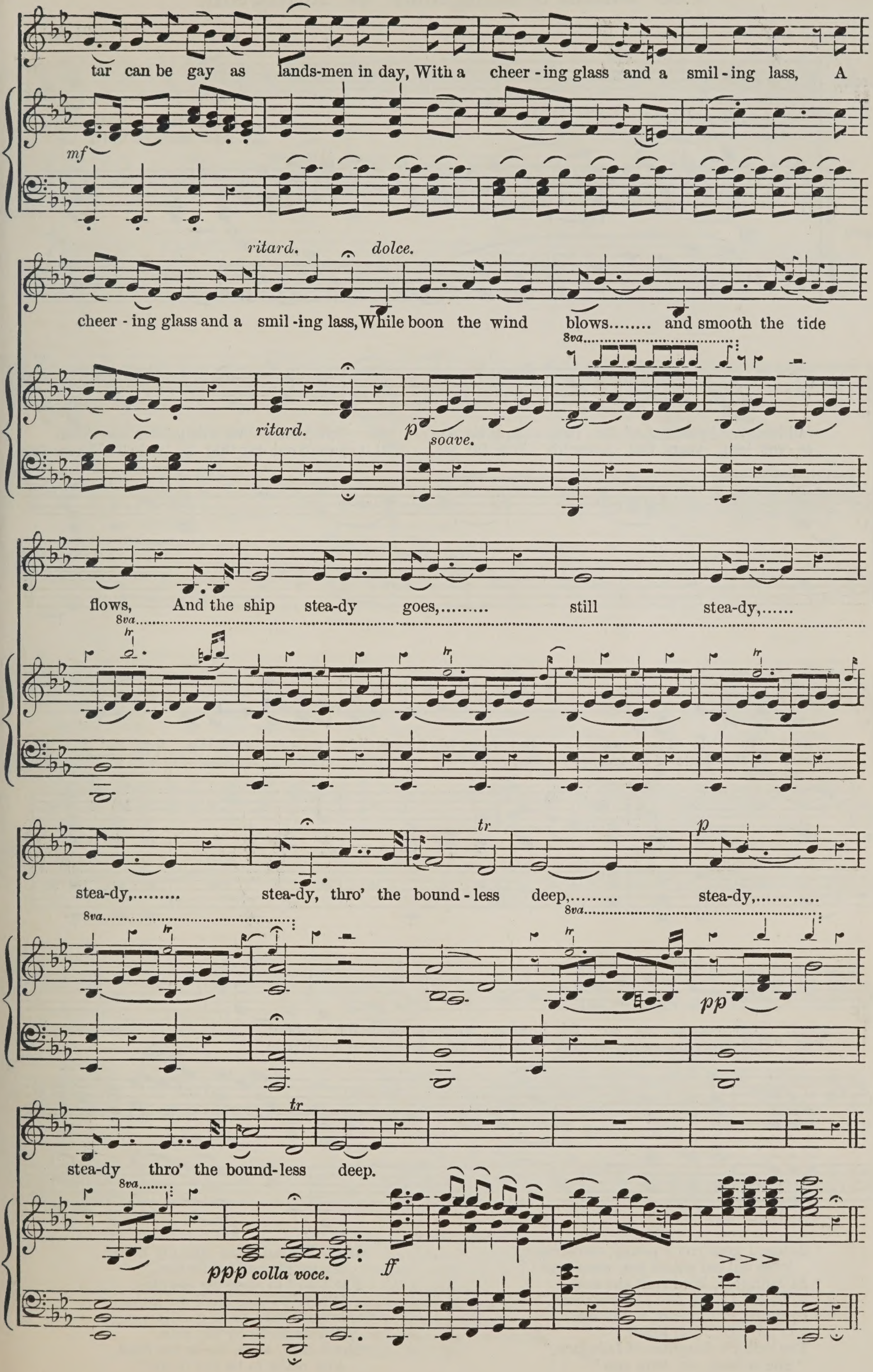
Oh! firm as oak.

Sir H. R. Bishop.


Allegro moderato.
Piano.
ff
espress.
Oh! firm as oak, and free from care, The sail - or holds his heart at sea; If she he
mf
p dolce.
loves his ca - bin share, And Cu-pid page to Nep - tune be,........ If she he loves his
ca - bin share, And Cu - pid page to Nep - tune be. Come
pp
mf
dim.
p

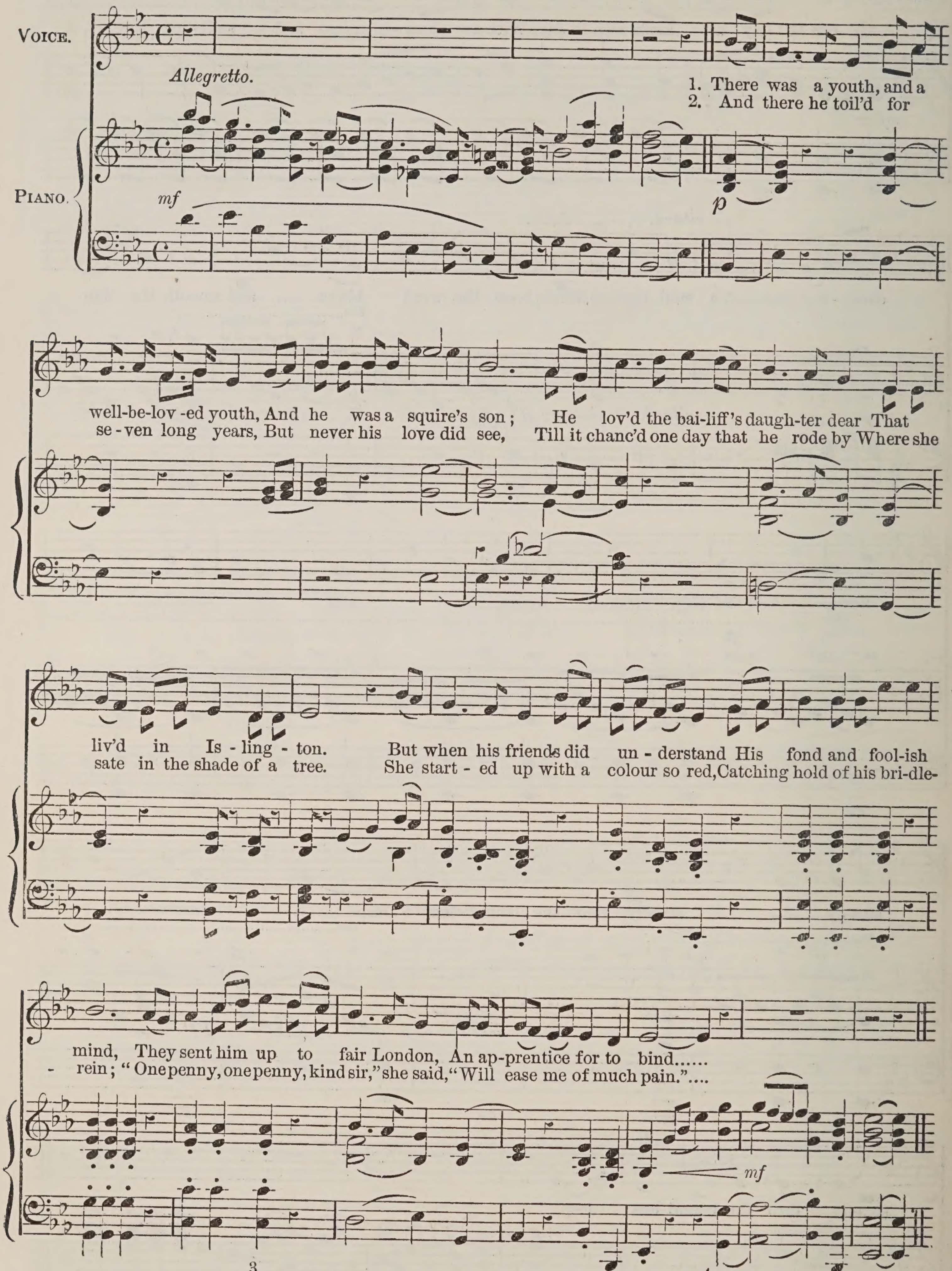

f
night's deep noon, and ne'er a moon, Nor star a-loft a watch to keep, The
pp
tar can be gay as lands-men in day, With a cheer-ing glass and a smil-ing lass, A
mf
ritard.
dolce a tempo.
cheer-ing glass and a smil-ing lass, While boon the wind blows........ and smooth the tide
ritard.
p soave.
flows— And the ship stea-dy goes,......... still stea-dy,.......
tr
p
stea-dy,....... stea-dy thro' the bound-less deep,......... stea-dy,.........
colla voce.
pp


tr
stea-dy thro' the bound-less deep.
ppp
ff
When wint'ry gales blow bleak a-larms, In turn he mounts the
mf
espress.
chil - ly deck ; But, watch re-liev'd, his Su-san's charms All thoughts but those of plea - sure
p dolce.
check, But, watch re-liev'd, his Su-san's charms All thoughts but those of plea - sure
dim.
p
pp
f
check. Come night's deep noon, and ne'er a moon, Nor star a- loft a watch to keep; The
f
pp


tar can be gay as lands-men in day, With a cheer-ing glass and a smil-ing lass, A
mf
cheer-ing glass and a smil-ing lass, While boon the wind blows........ and smooth the tide
ritard.
dolce.
ritard.
p
soave.
8va
flows, And the ship stea-dy goes,......... still stea-dy,......
8va
tr
stea-dy,......... stea-dy, thro' the bound-less deep,......... stea-dy,............
8va
tr
p
pp
stea-dy thro' the bound-less deep.
8va
tr
ppp colla voce.
ff
>>>

The Bailiff's daughter of Islington.

Traditional.


Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
mf
p
1. There was a youth, and a well-be-lov-ed youth, And he was a squire's son; He lov'd the bai-liff's daugh-ter dear That liv'd in Is-ling-ton. But when his friends did un-derstand His fond and fool-ish mind, They sent him up to fair London, An ap-prentice for to bind......
2. And there he toil'd for se-ven long years, But never his love did see, Till it chanc'd one day that he rode by Where she sate in the shade of a tree. She start-ed up with a colour so red, Catching hold of his bri-dle-rein; "One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said, "Will ease me of much pain."....
mf

3

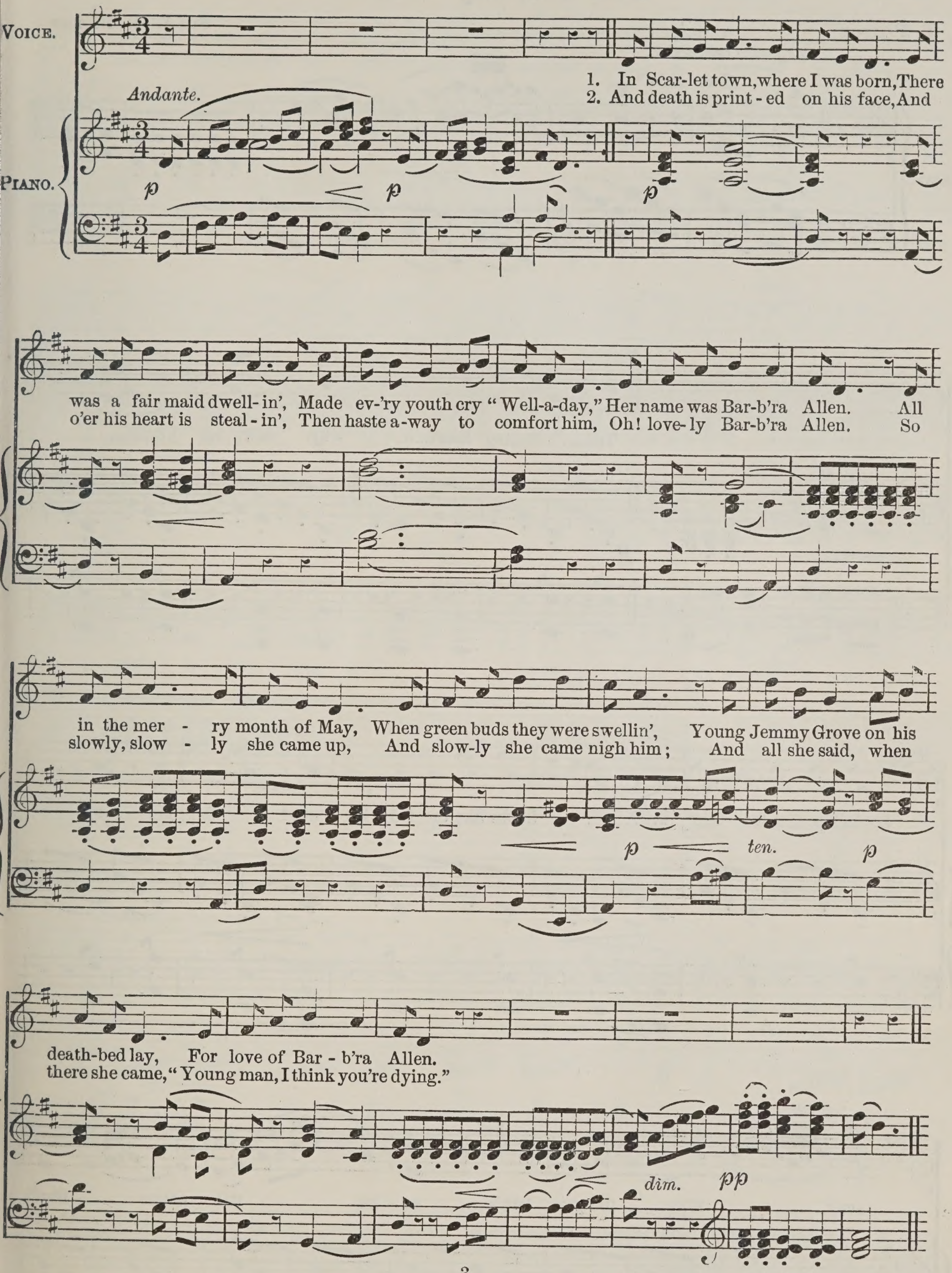
"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born;"
"At Islington, kind sir," she said,
"Where I have had many a scorn."
"I prithee, sweetheart, tell to me,
O tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

4.

If she is dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some far country,
Where no man shall me know."
"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side
She is here, alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride!"

Barbara Allen.

Old Tune.


Voice.
Piano.
Andante.
p
p
p
1. In Scar-let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell-in', Made ev-'ry youth cry "Well-a-day," Her name was Bar-b'ra Allen. All in the mer - ry month of May, When green buds they were swellin', Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay, For love of Bar - b'ra Allen.
2. And death is print - ed on his face, And o'er his heart is steal - in', Then haste a-way to comfort him, Oh! love-ly Bar-b'ra Allen. So slowly, slow - ly she came up, And slow-ly she came nigh him; And all she said, when there she came, "Young man, I think you're dying."
p
ten.
p
dim.
pp

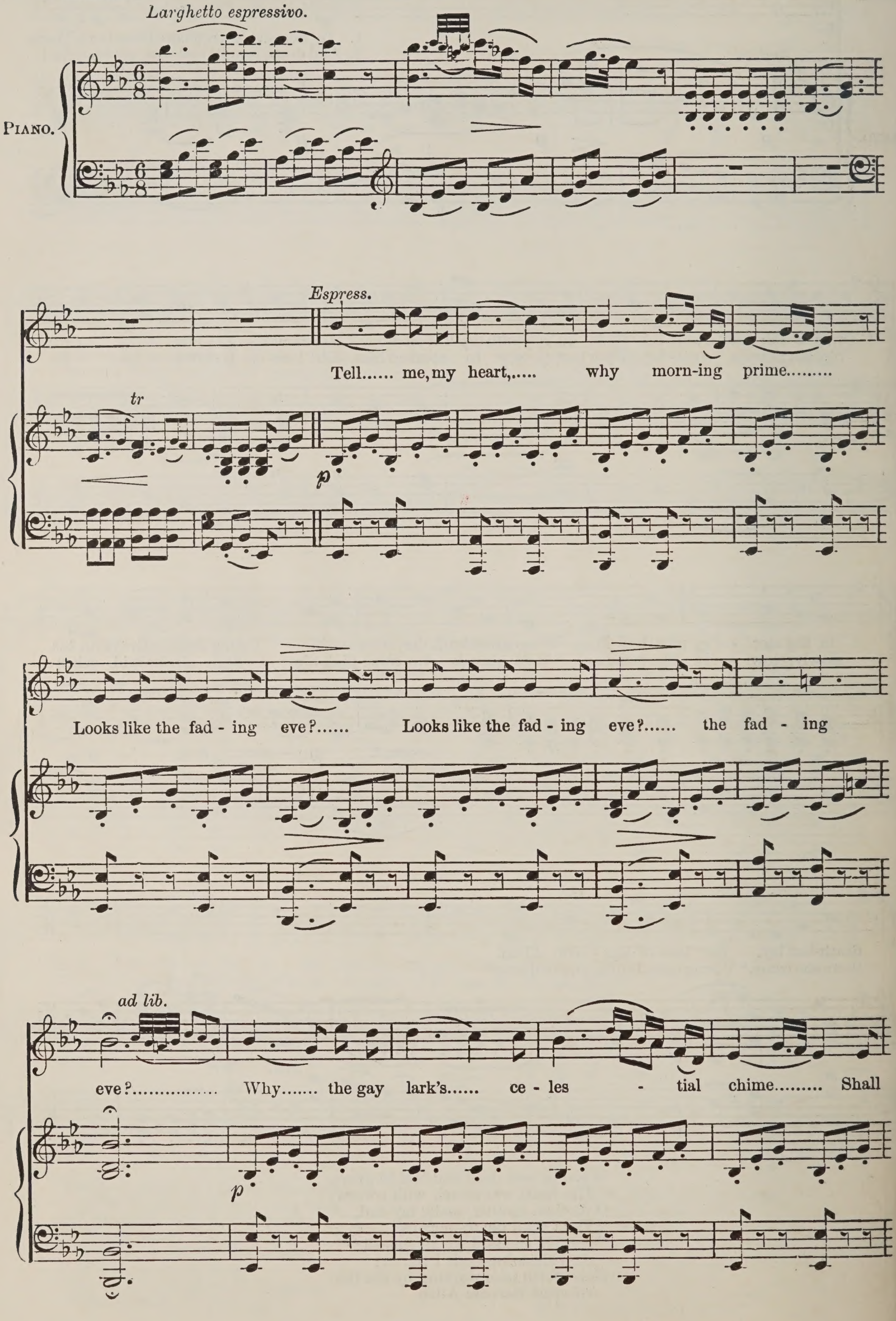
3.

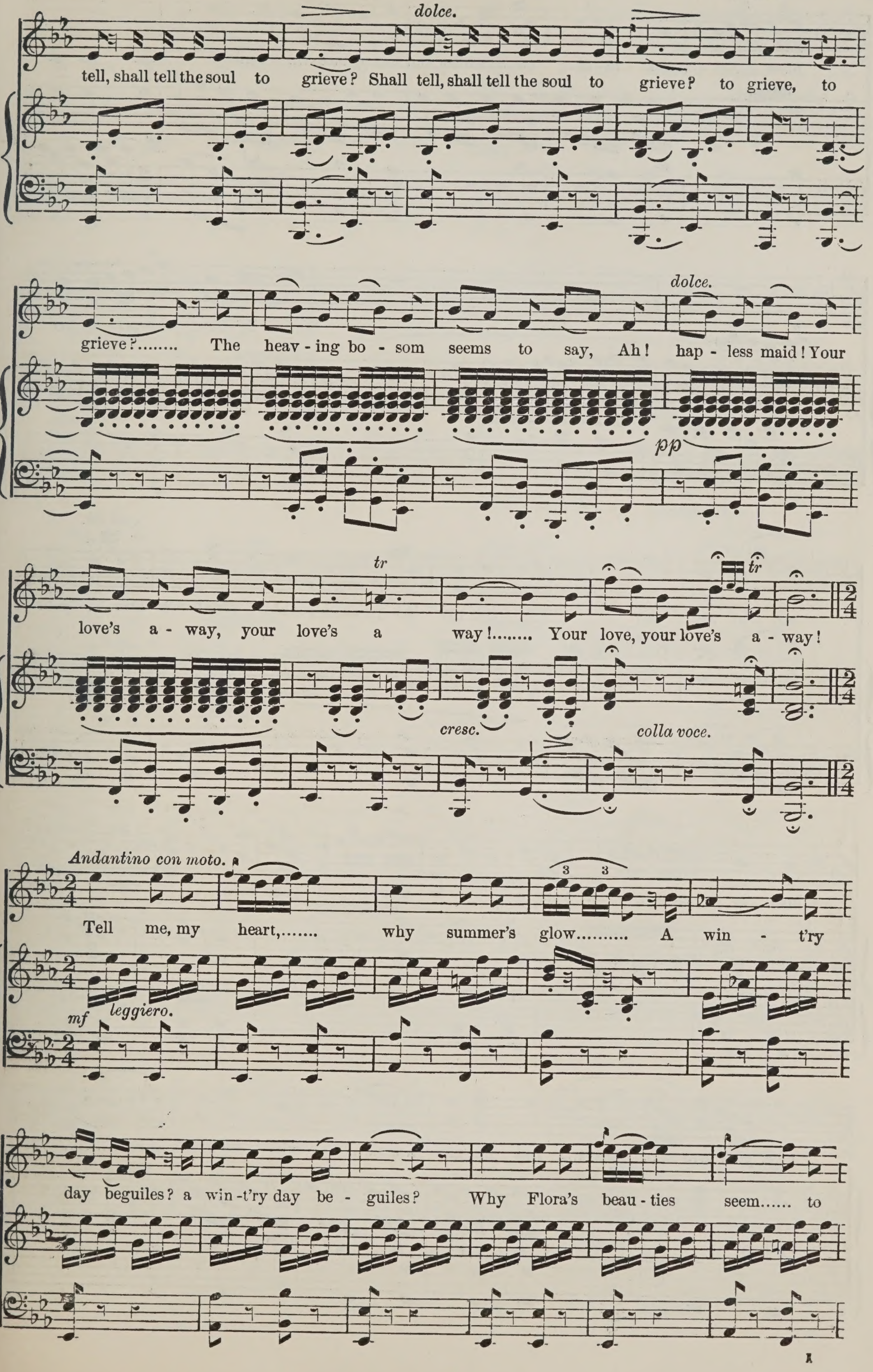
When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.
Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

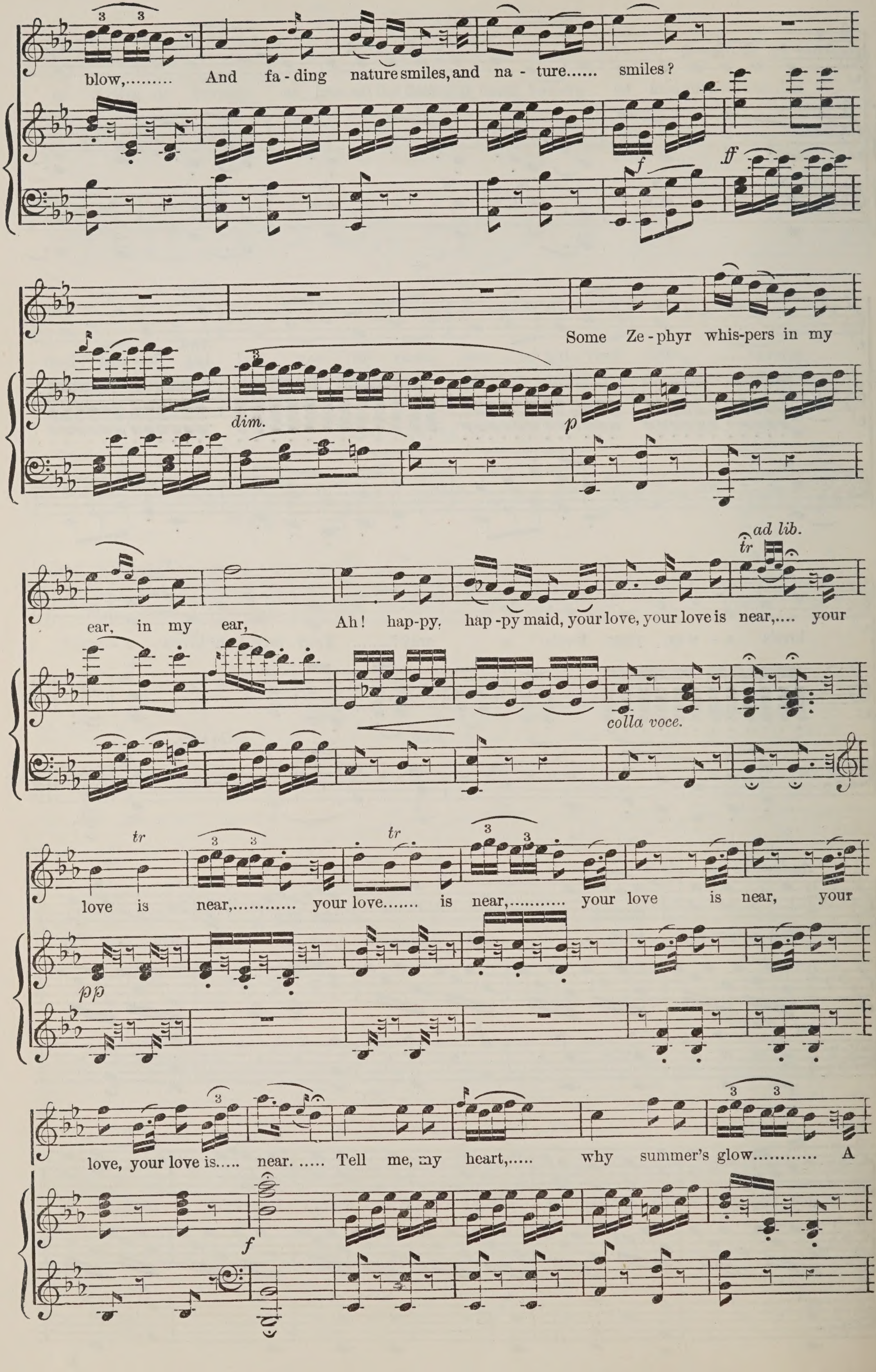
Tell me, my Heart.

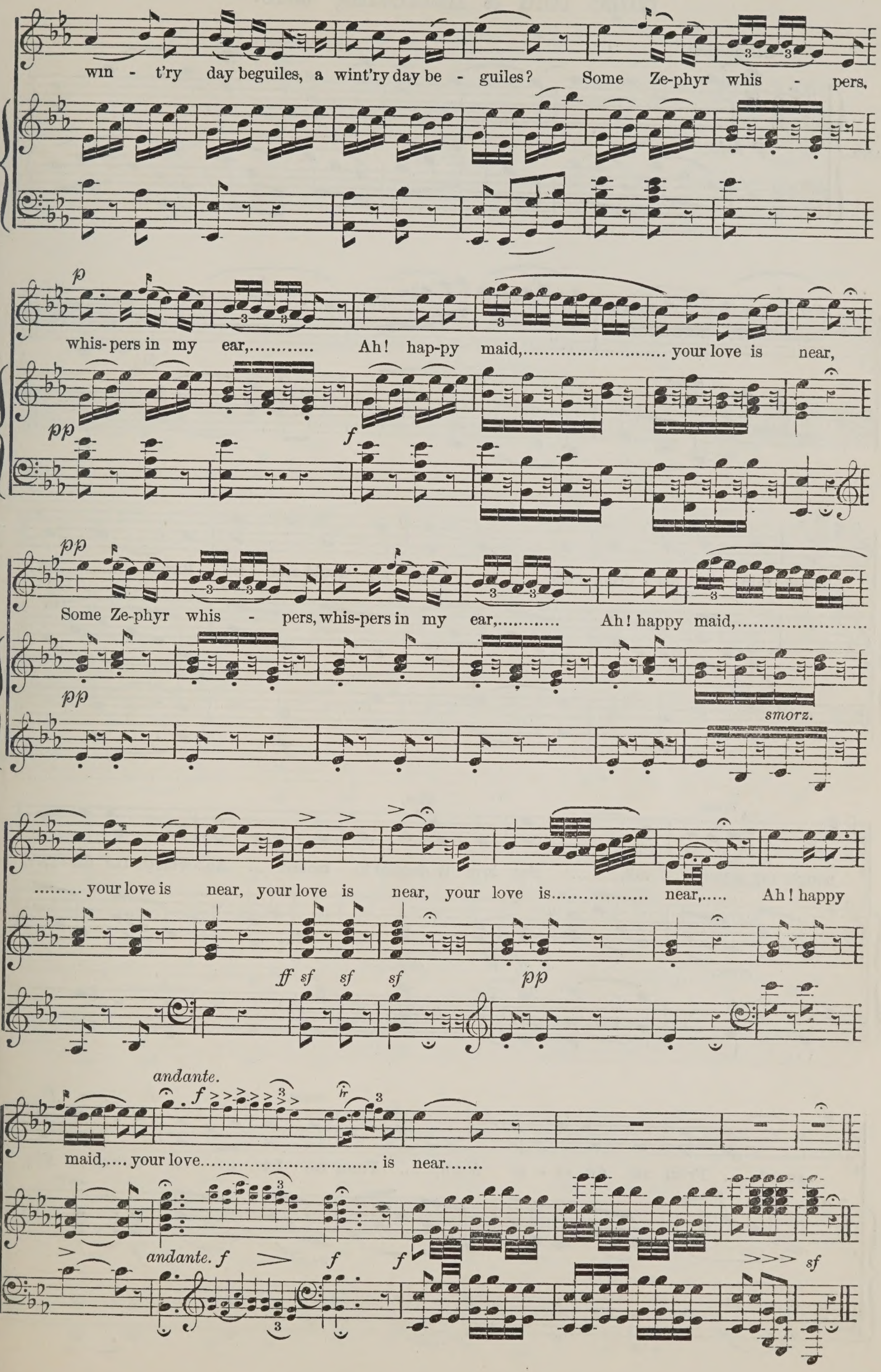
T. Morton.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

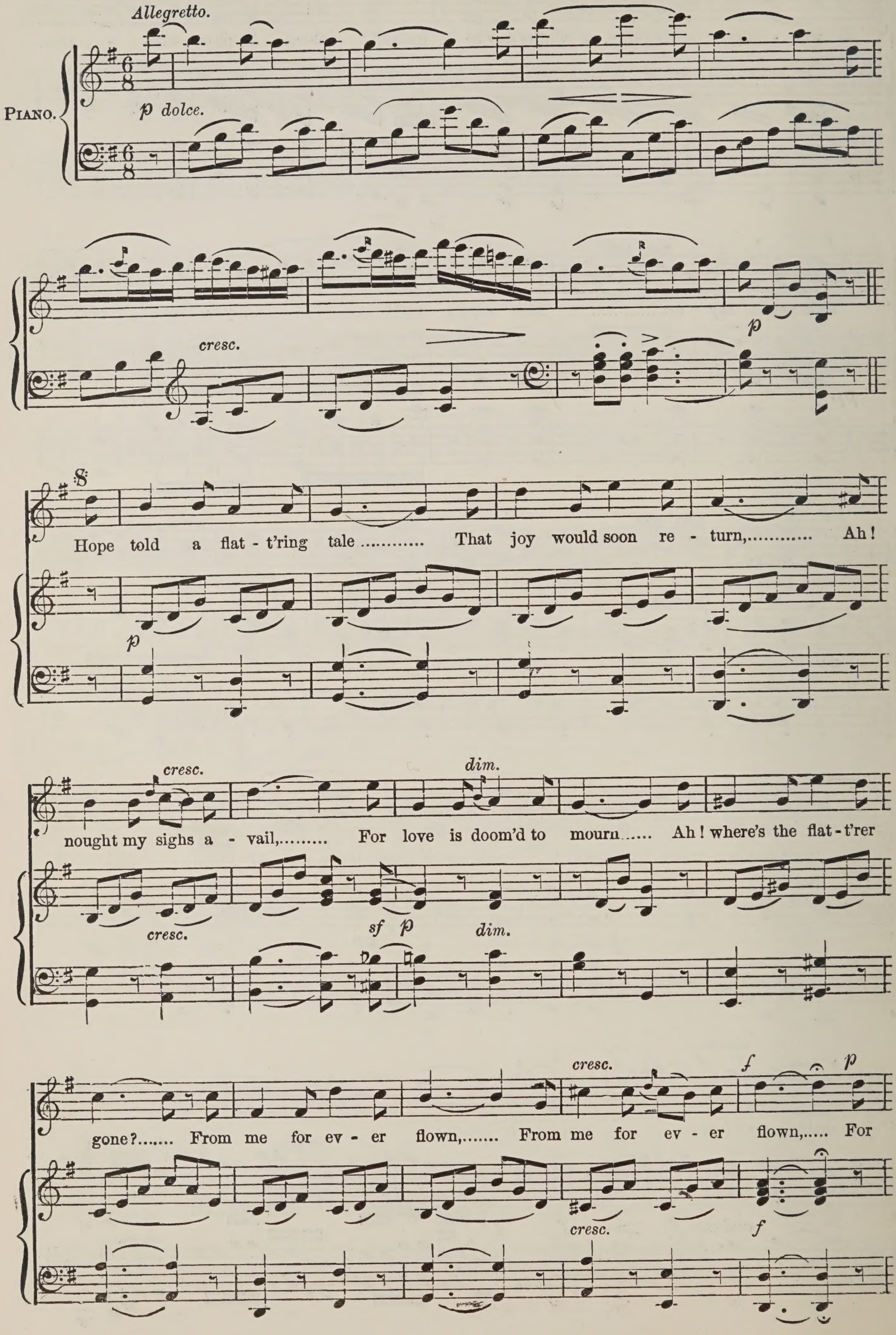

Larghetto espressivo.
Piano.
Espress.
tr
p
Tell...... me, my heart,..... why morn-ing prime.........
Looks like the fad - ing eve?...... Looks like the fad - ing eve?...... the fad - ing
ad lib.
eve?................ Why....... the gay lark's...... ce - les - tial chime......... Shall

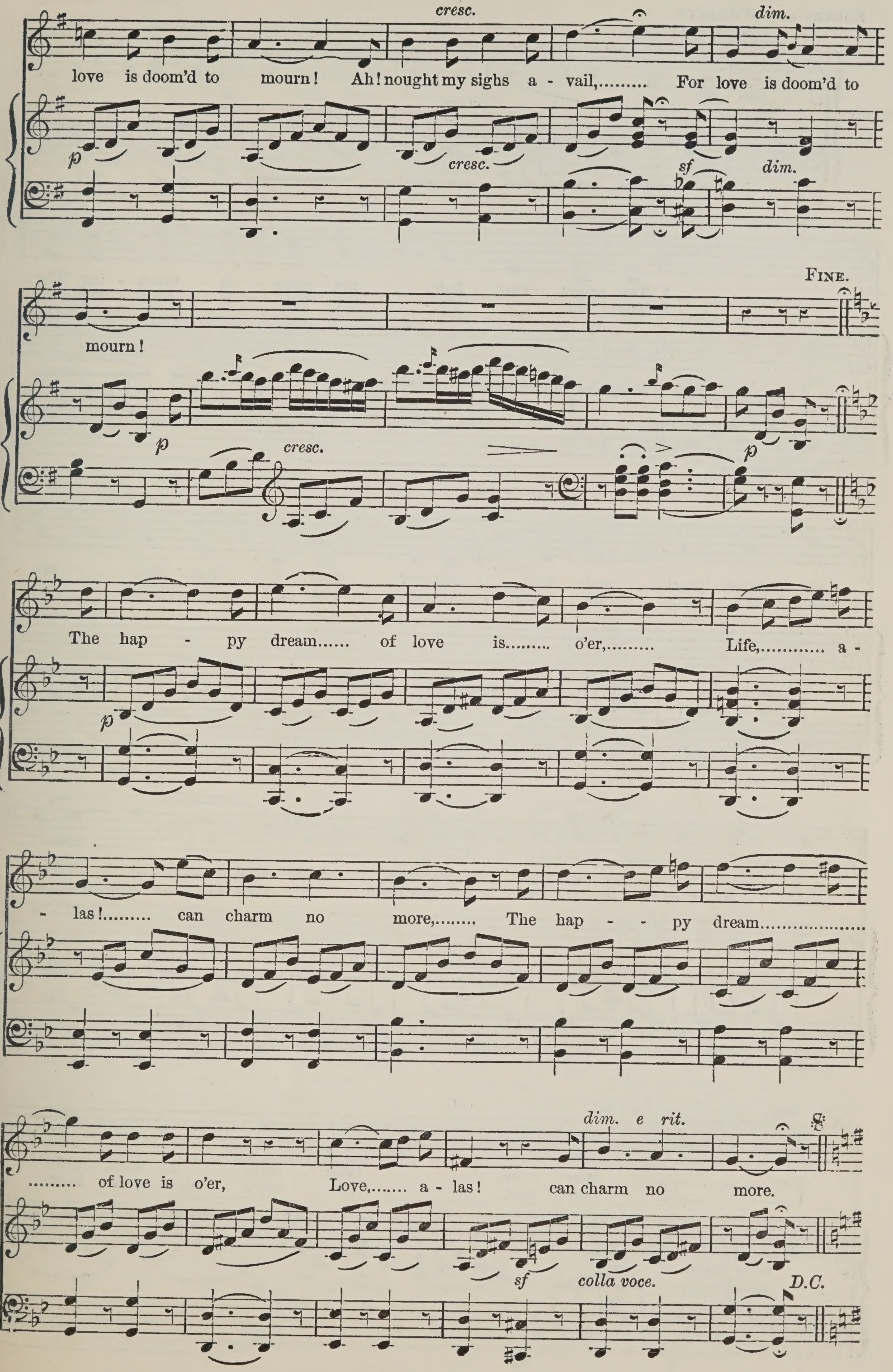

dolce.
tell, shall tell the soul to grieve? Shall tell, shall tell the soul to grieve? to grieve, to
dolce.
grieve?........ The heav - ing bo - som seems to say, Ah! hap - less maid! Your
pp
tr
love's a - way, your love's a way!........ Your love, your love's a - way!
tr
cresc.
colla voce.
Andantino con moto.
Tell me, my heart,....... why summer's glow.......... A win - t'ry
mf
leggiero.
day beguiles? a win-t'ry day be - guiles? Why Flora's beau - ties seem...... to


blow,......... And fa-ding nature smiles, and na-ture...... smiles?
f
ff
dim.
Some Ze-phyr whis-pers in my
p
ad lib.
tr
ear, in my ear, Ah! hap-py, hap-py maid, your love, your love is near,.... your
colla voce.
tr
tr
love is near,........... your love....... is near,........... your love is near, your
pp
love, your love is..... near. ..... Tell me, my heart,..... why summer's glow........... A
f


win - t'ry day beguiles, a wint'ry day be - guiles? Some Ze-phyr whis - pers,
p
whis-pers in my ear,………… Ah! hap-py maid,……………………… your love is near,
pp
f
pp
Some Ze-phyr whis - pers, whis-pers in my ear,………… Ah! happy maid,……………………
pp
smorz.
……… your love is near, your love is near, your love is……………… near,….. Ah! happy
ff sf sf sf
pp
andante.
f
maid,…. your love……………………………. is near…….
tr
andante. f
f
f
sf

Hope told a flattering tale.

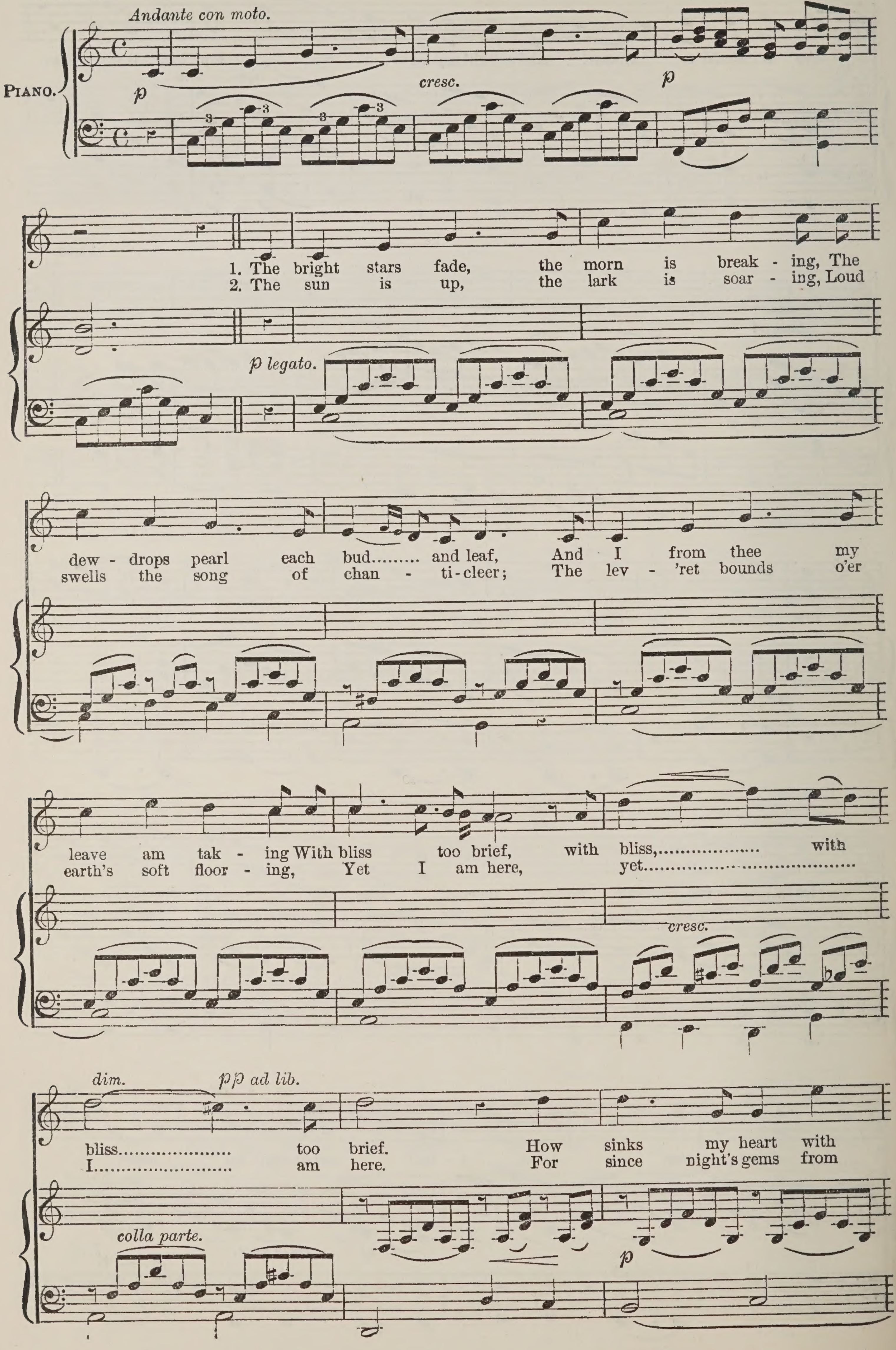

Allegretto.
Piano.
p dolce.
cresc.
p
Hope told a flat - t'ring tale............ That joy would soon re - turn,............ Ah!
p
cresc.
dim.
nought my sighs a - vail,......... For love is doom'd to mourn...... Ah! where's the flat - t'rer
cresc.
sf p
dim.
cresc.
f
p
gone?....... From me for ev - er flown,....... From me for ev - er flown,..... For
cresc.
f

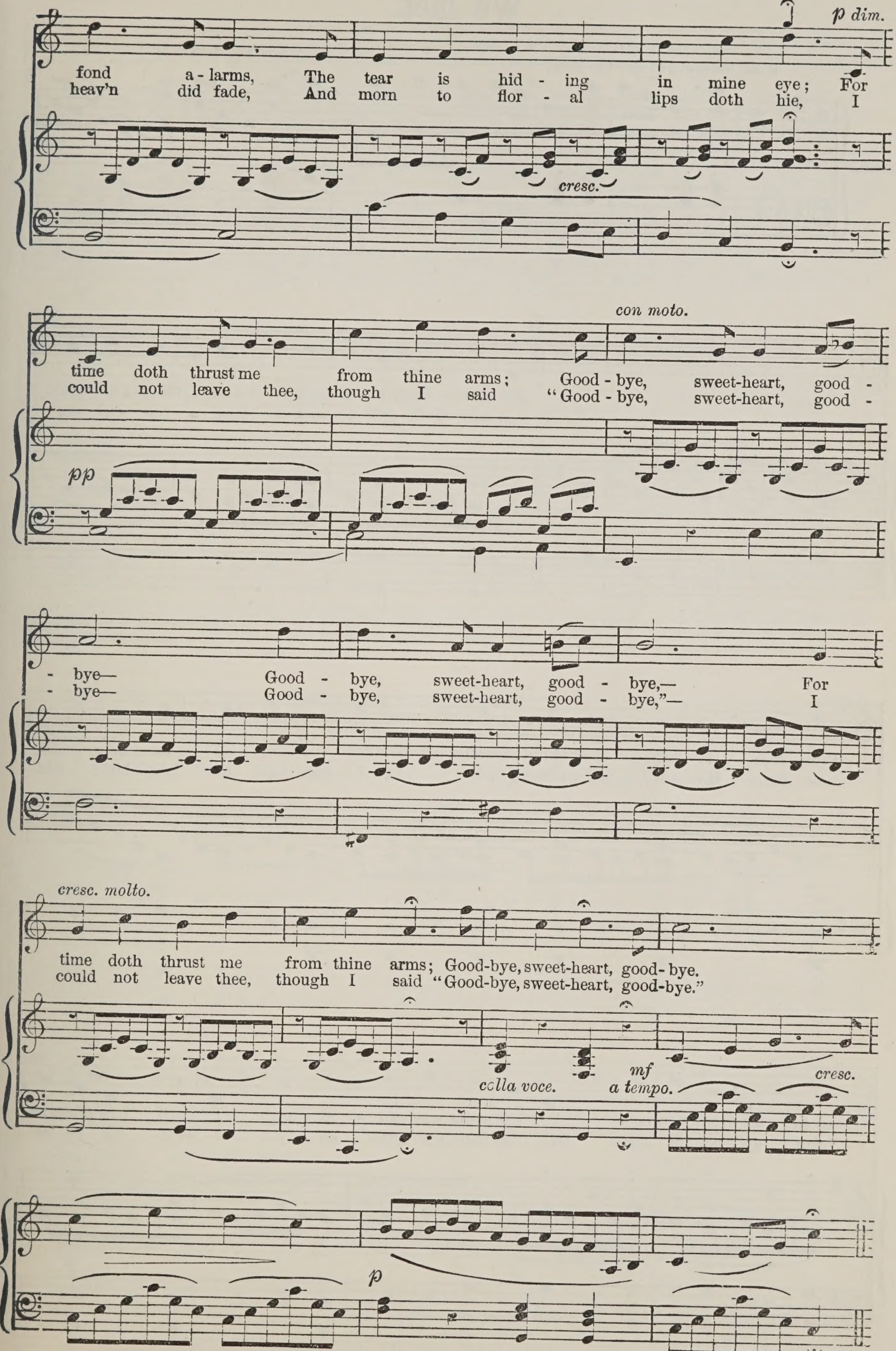

cresc.
dim.
love is doom'd to mourn! Ah! nought my sighs a - vail,......... For love is doom'd to
p
cresc.
sf
dim.
Fine.
mourn!
p
cresc.
p
The hap - py dream...... of love is......... o'er,......... Life,............ a -
p
- las!......... can charm no more,........ The hap - - py dream....................
.... of love is o'er, Love,....... a - las! can charm no more.
dim. e rit.
sf
colla voce.
D.C.

Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.

Folkestone Williams.

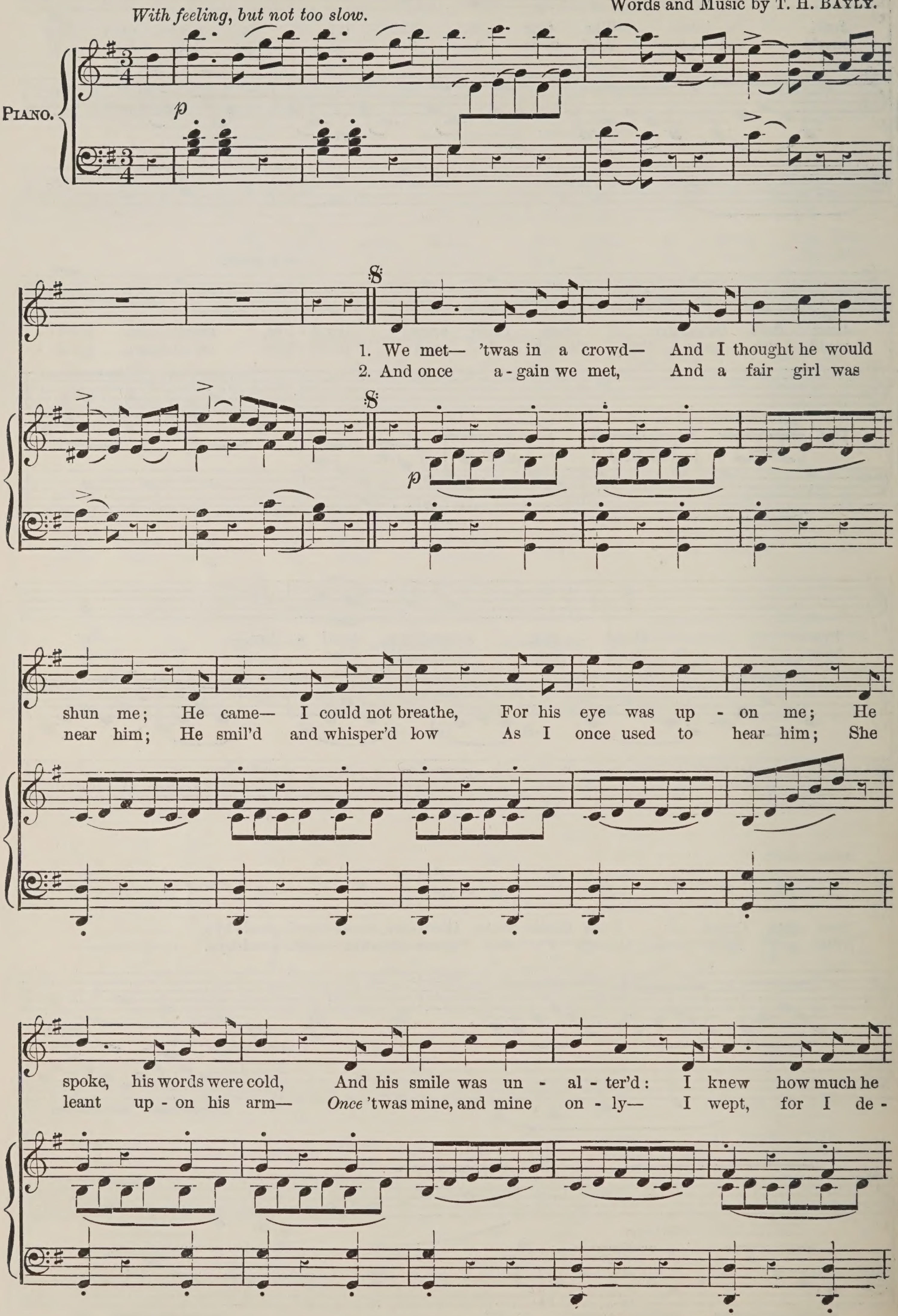
John L. Hatton.

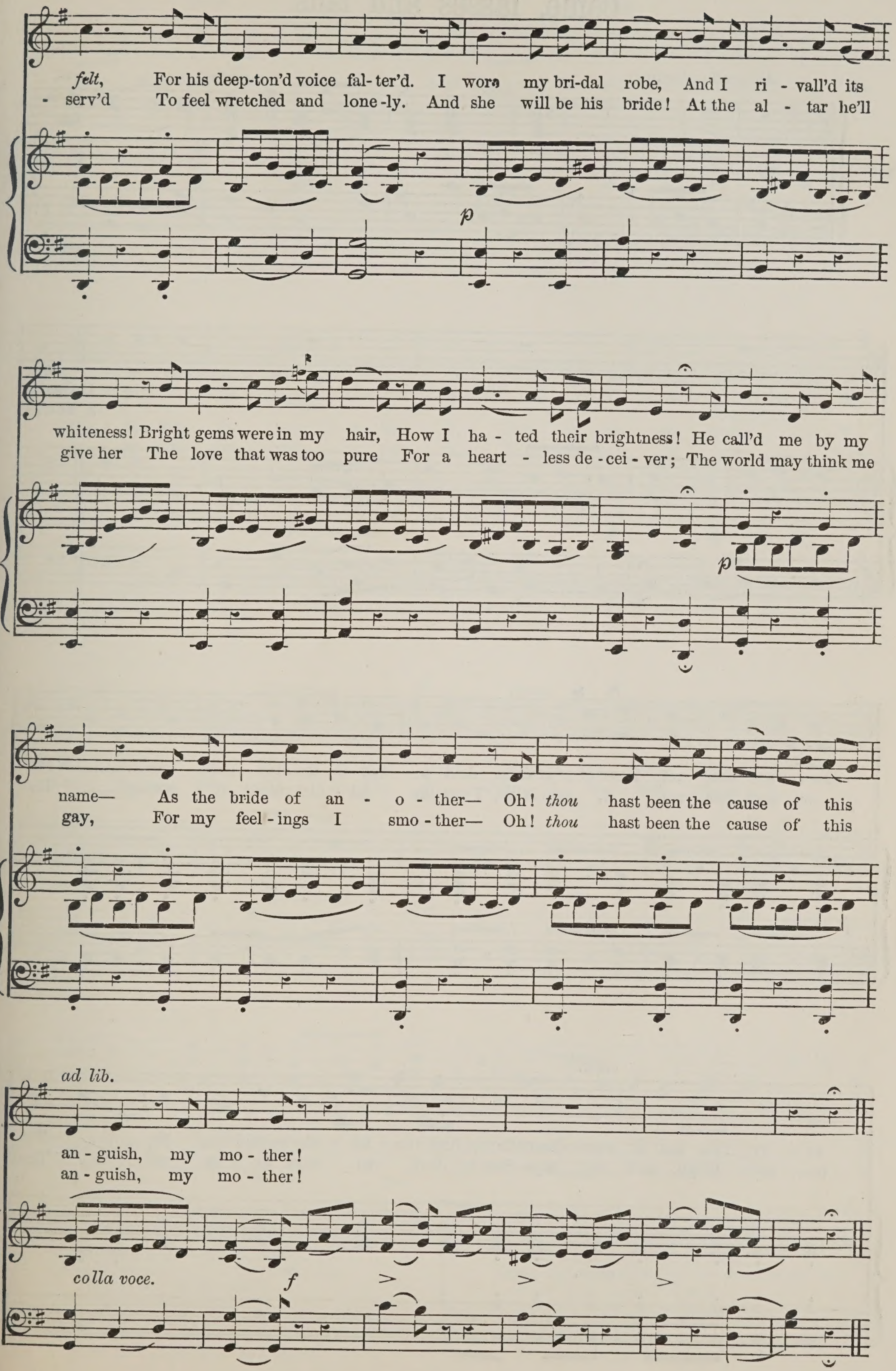

Andante con moto.
Piano.
p
cresc.
p
p legato.
1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The
2. The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud
dew - drops pearl each bud......... and leaf, And I from thee my
swells the song of chan - ti-cleer; The lev - 'ret bounds o'er
leave am tak - ing With bliss too brief, with bliss,.................. with
earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet..
cresc.
dim.
pp ad lib.
bliss..................... too brief. How sinks my heart with
I.......................... am here. For since night's gems from
colla parte.
p


p dim.
fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing in mine eye; For
heav'n did fade, And morn to flor - al lips doth hie, I
cresc.
con moto.
time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good - bye, sweet-heart, good -
could not leave thee, though I said "Good - bye, sweet-heart, good -
pp
- bye— Good - bye, sweet-heart, good - bye,— For
- bye— Good - bye, sweet-heart, good - bye,"— I
cresc. molto.
time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good-bye, sweet-heart, good- bye.
could not leave thee, though I said "Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye."
colla voce.
mf
a tempo.
cresc.
p

We met.

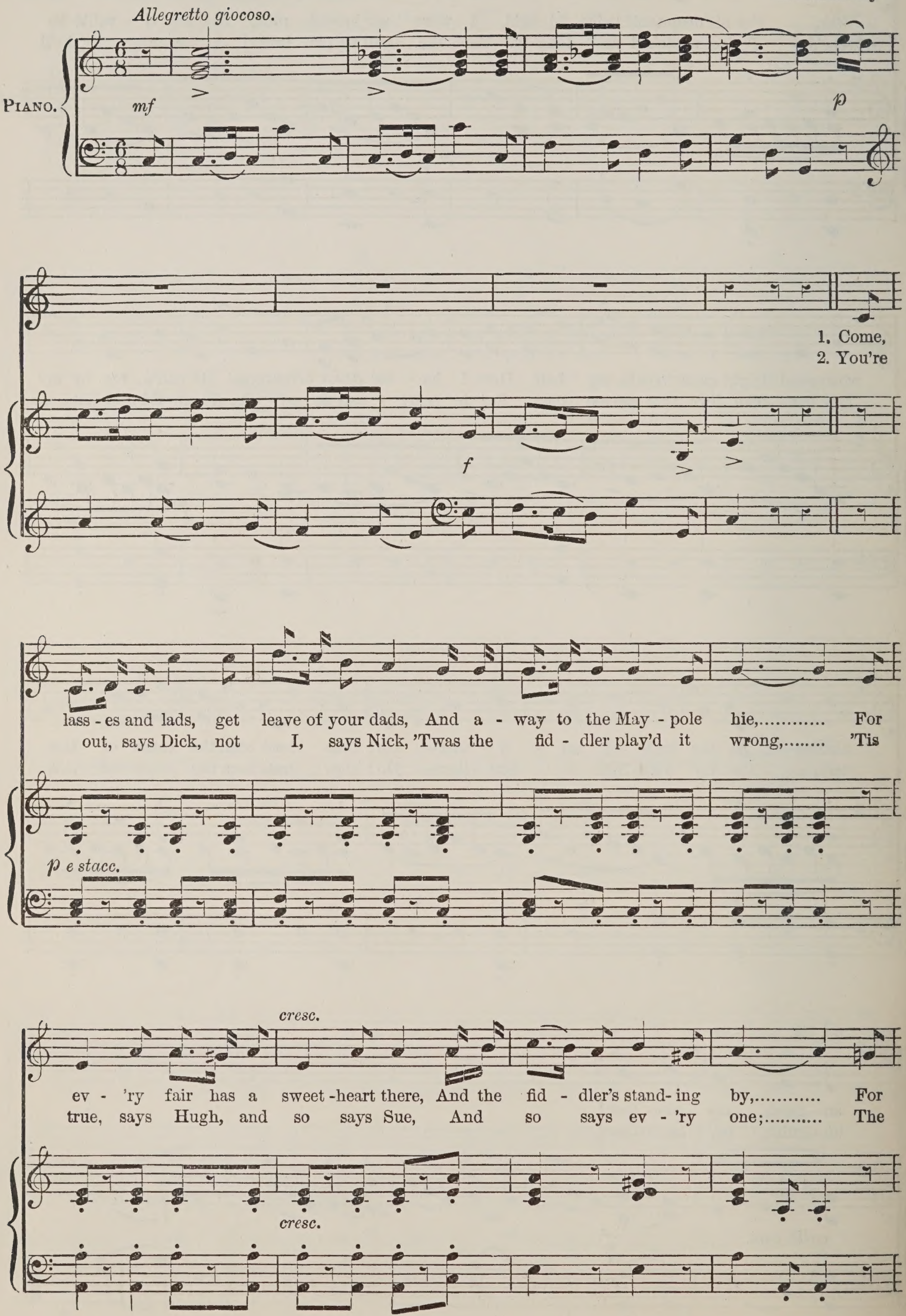
Words and Music by T. H. Bayly.

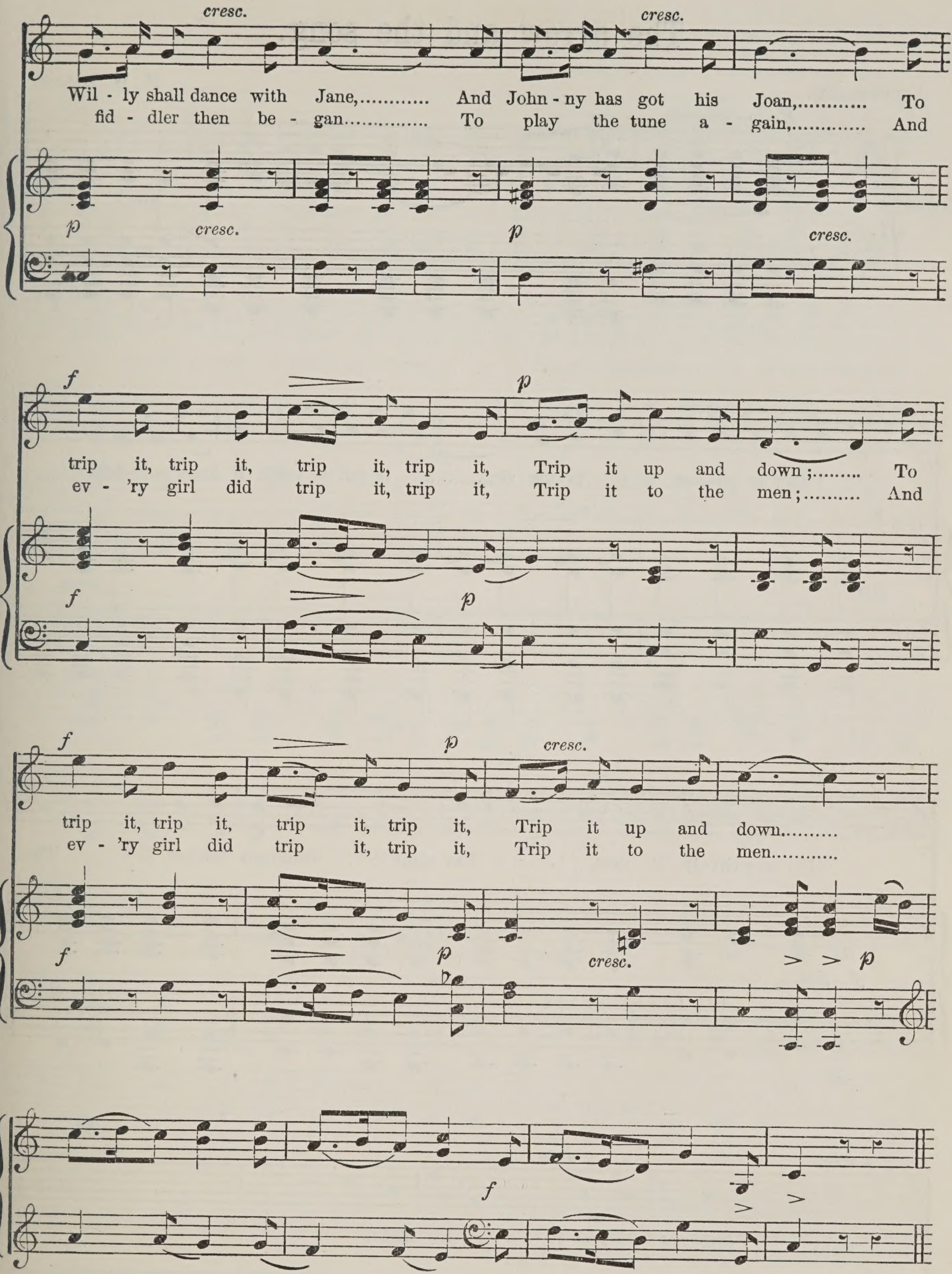

With feeling, but not too slow.
Piano.
p
1. We met— 'twas in a crowd— And I thought he would shun me; He came— I could not breathe, For his eye was up - on me; He spoke, his words were cold, And his smile was un - al - ter'd: I knew how much he
2. And once a - gain we met, And a fair girl was near him; He smil'd and whisper'd low As I once used to hear him; She leant up - on his arm— Once 'twas mine, and mine on - ly— I wept, for I de -


felt, For his deep-ton'd voice fal-ter'd. I wore my bri-dal robe, And I ri - vall'd its
- serv'd To feel wretched and lone-ly. And she will be his bride! At the al - tar he'll
p
whiteness! Bright gems were in my hair, How I ha - ted their brightness! He call'd me by my
give her The love that was too pure For a heart - less de-cei-ver; The world may think me
p
name— As the bride of an - o - ther— Oh! thou hast been the cause of this
gay, For my feel-ings I smo-ther— Oh! thou hast been the cause of this
ad lib.
an-guish, my mo-ther!
an-guish, my mo-ther!
colla voce.
f

Come, lasses and lads.

17th Century.


Allegretto giocoso.
Piano.
mf
p
f
1. Come,
2. You're
lass - es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a - way to the May - pole hie,............ For
out, says Dick, not I, says Nick, 'Twas the fid - dler play'd it wrong,........ 'Tis
p e stacc.
cresc.
ev - 'ry fair has a sweet -heart there, And the fid - dler's stand- ing by,............ For
true, says Hugh, and so says Sue, And so says ev - 'ry one;........... The
cresc.


cresc.
Wil - ly shall dance with Jane,………… And John - ny has got his Joan,………… To
fid - dler then be - gan…………… To play the tune a - gain,………… And
p
cresc.
f
trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down;……… To
ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men;……… And
trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.………
ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.…………

3.

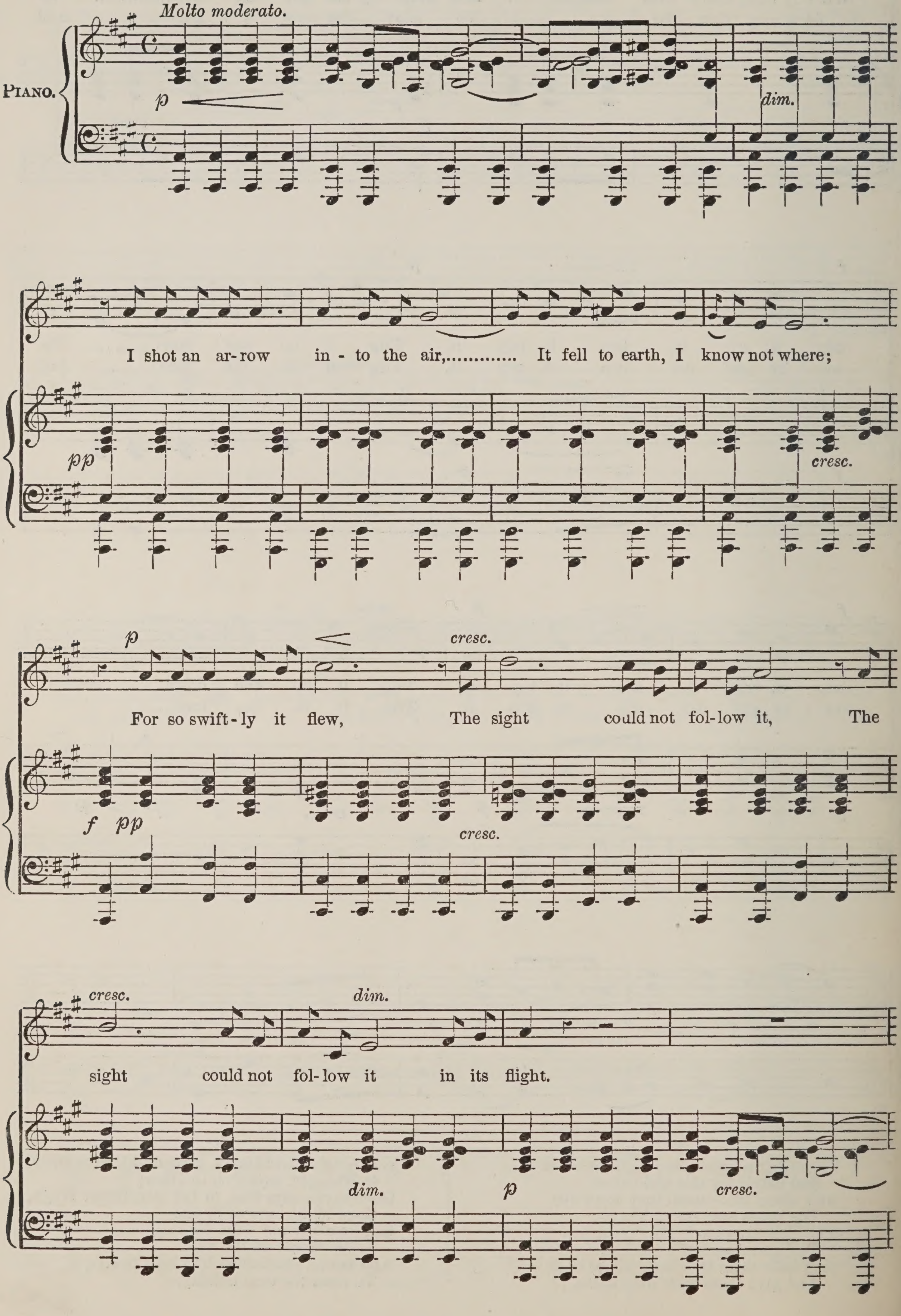
Then after an hour they went to a bow'r,
  And play'd for ales and cakes,
And kisses too,—until they were due
  The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
  To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back
  And give them their own again.

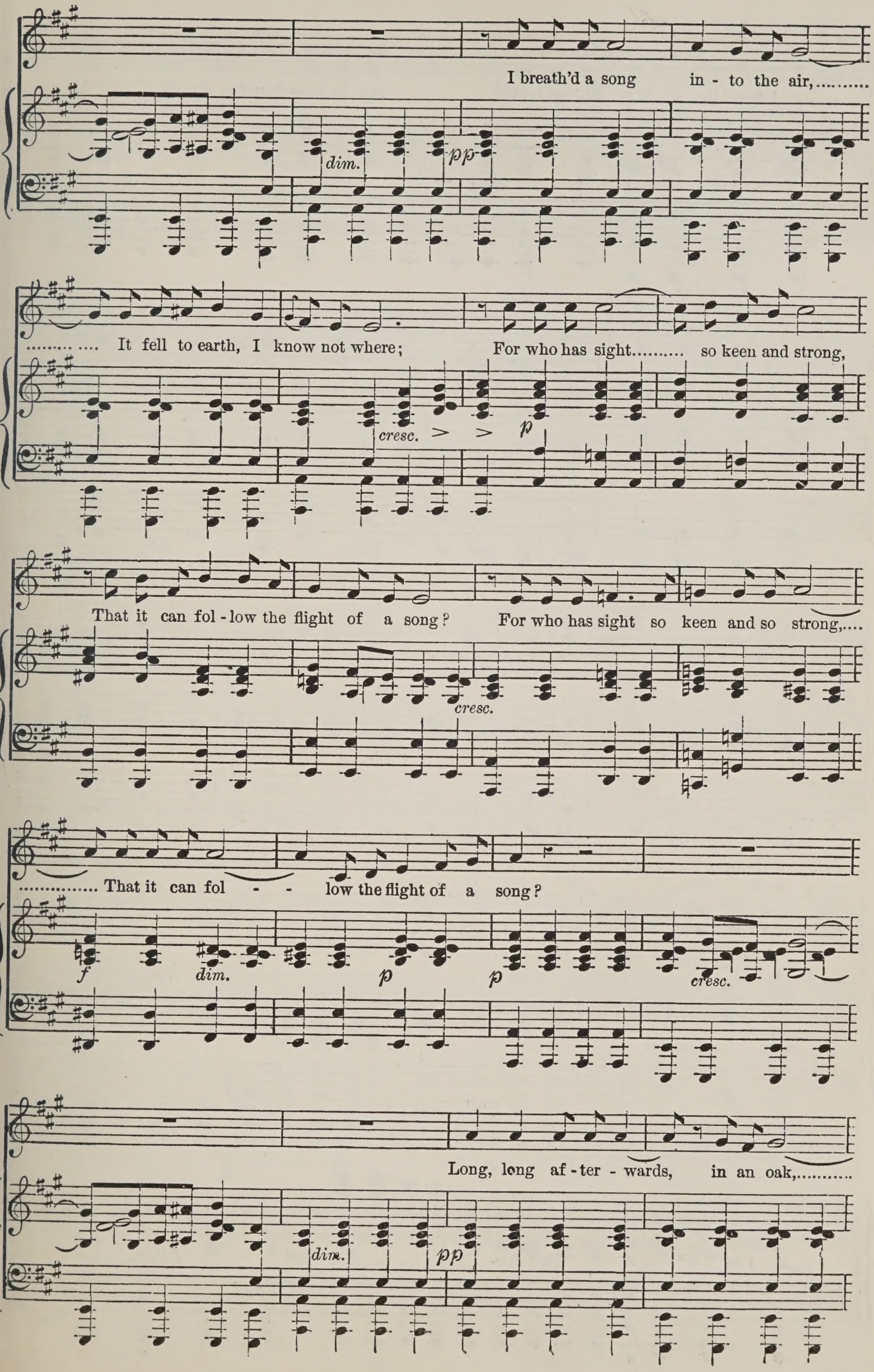
4.

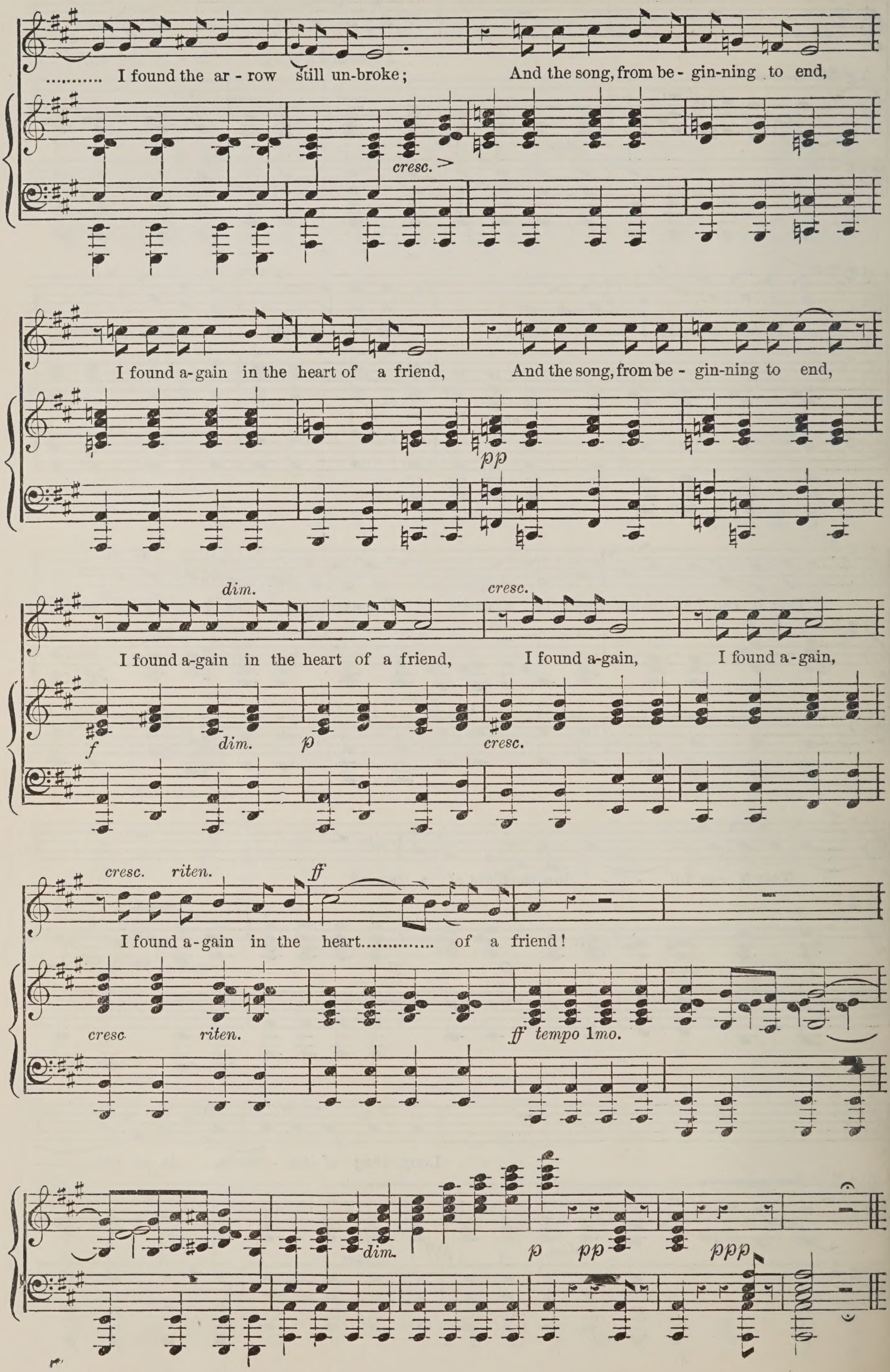
Good-night, says Harry, good-night, says Mary,
  Good-night, says Poll to John;
Good-night, says Sue, to her sweetheart Hugh,
  Good-night, says ev'ry one.
Some walk'd and some did run,
  Some loiter'd on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,
  To meet the next holiday.

The arrow and the song.

Longfellow.
M. W. Balfe.

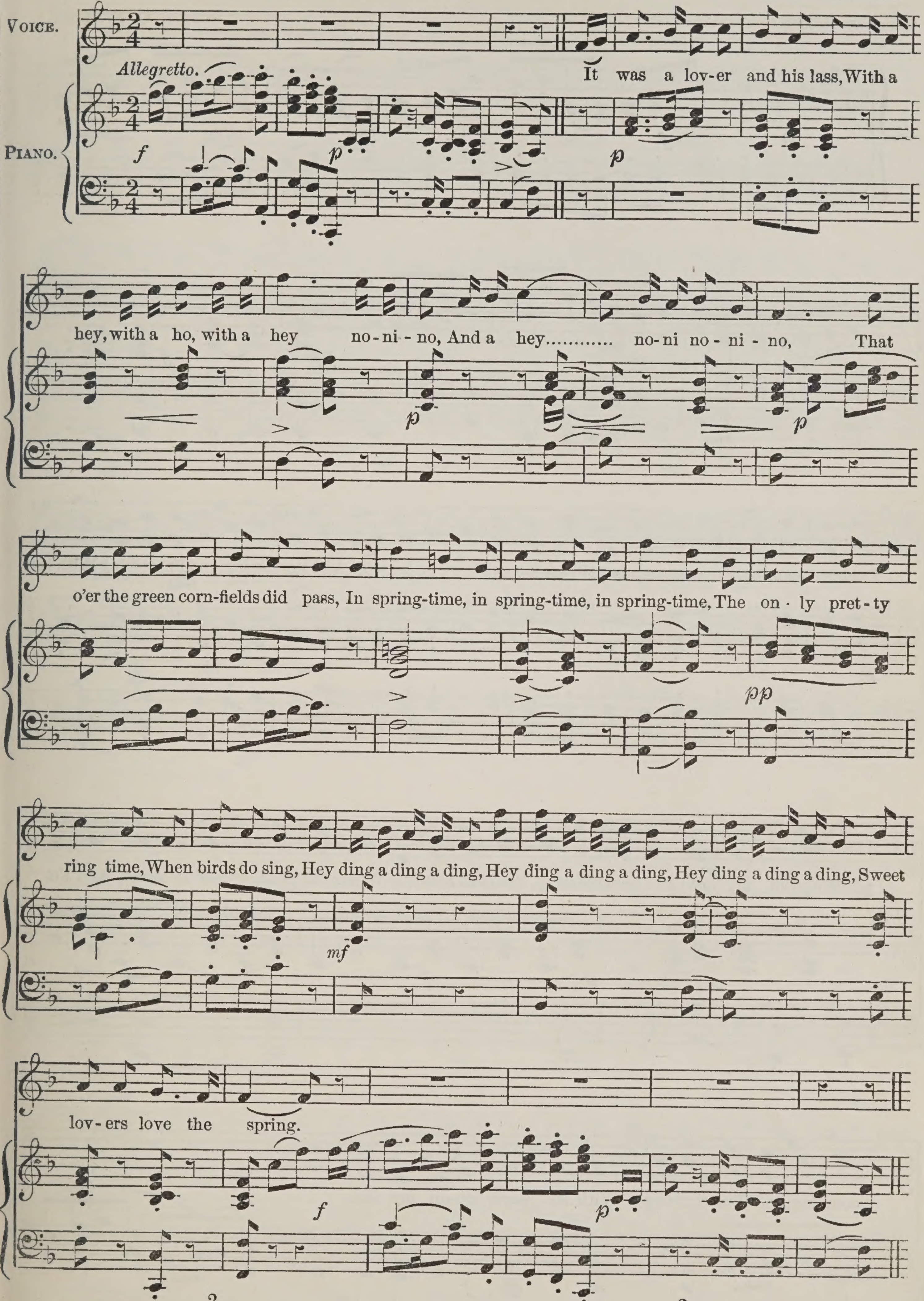

Molto moderato.
Piano.
p
dim.
I shot an ar-row in-to the air,............ It fell to earth, I know not where;
pp
cresc.
p
cresc.
For so swift-ly it flew, The sight could not fol-low it, The
f pp
cresc.
cresc.
dim.
sight could not fol-low it in its flight.
dim.
p
cresc.


I breath'd a song in - to the air,..........
dim.
pp
.... It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight.......... so keen and strong,
cresc. > > p
That it can fol - low the flight of a song?
For who has sight so keen and so strong,....
cresc.
.... That it can fol - - low the flight of a song?
f
dim.
p
p
cresc.
Long, long af - ter - wards, in an oak,..........
dim.
pp


……….. I found the ar - row still un-broke;
And the song, from be - gin-ning to end,
cresc. >
I found a-gain in the heart of a friend,
And the song, from be - gin-ning to end,
pp
dim.
cresc.
I found a-gain in the heart of a friend,
I found a-gain,
I found a - gain,
f
dim.
p
cresc.
cresc. riten.
ff
I found a-gain in the heart………….. of a friend!
cresc
riten.
ff tempo 1mo.
dim.
p
pp
ppp

It was a lover and his lass.

Shakspeare (From "As you like it"). Thomas Morley.


Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
f
p
It was a lov-er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey no-ni-no, And a hey............ no-ni no-ni-no, That o'er the green corn-fields did pass, In spring-time, in spring-time, in spring-time, The on-ly pret-ty ring time, When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov-ers love the spring.
pp
mf

2.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, with a hey nonino,
And a hey noni nonino;
How that life was but a flower,
In spring-time, &c.

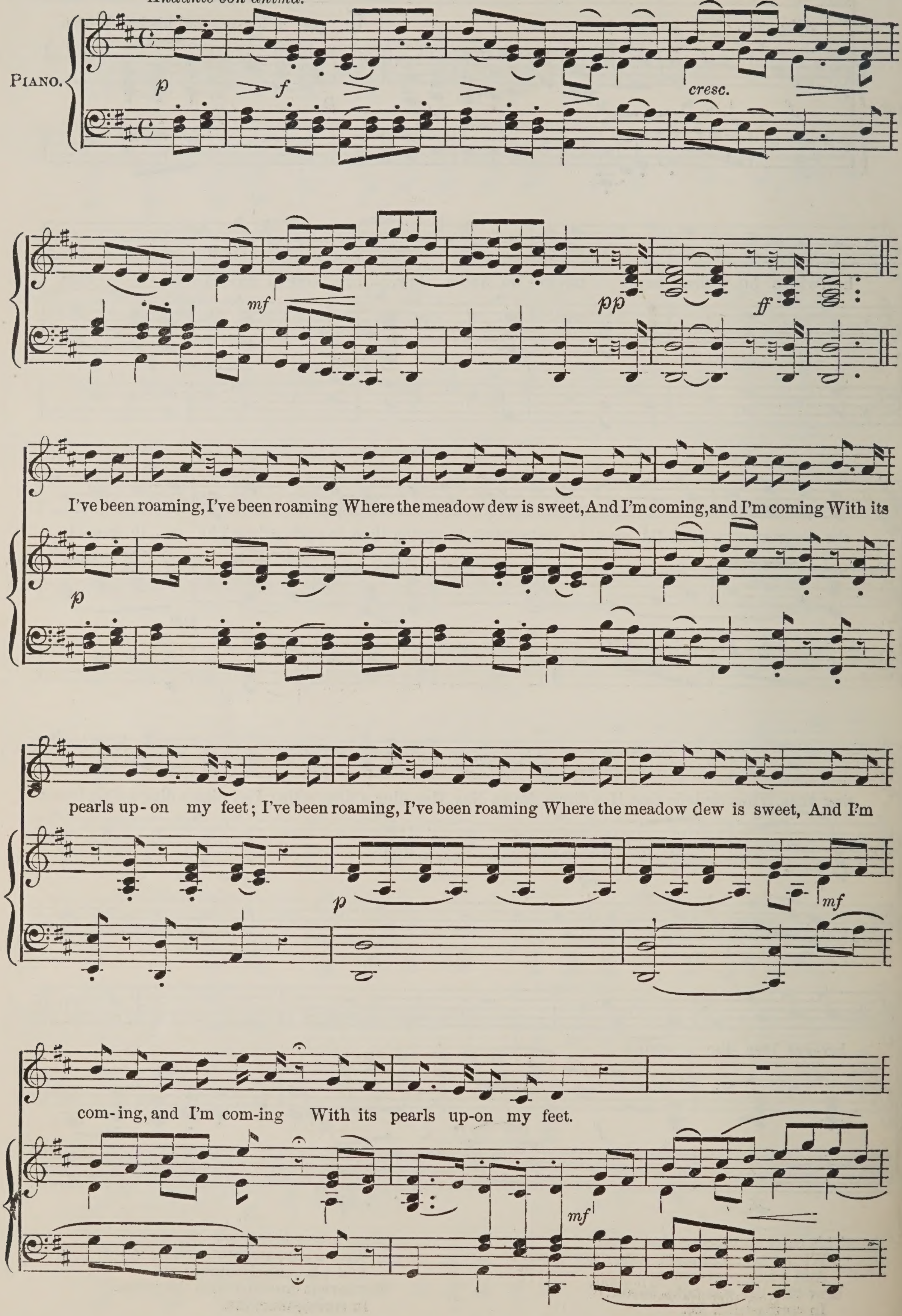
3.

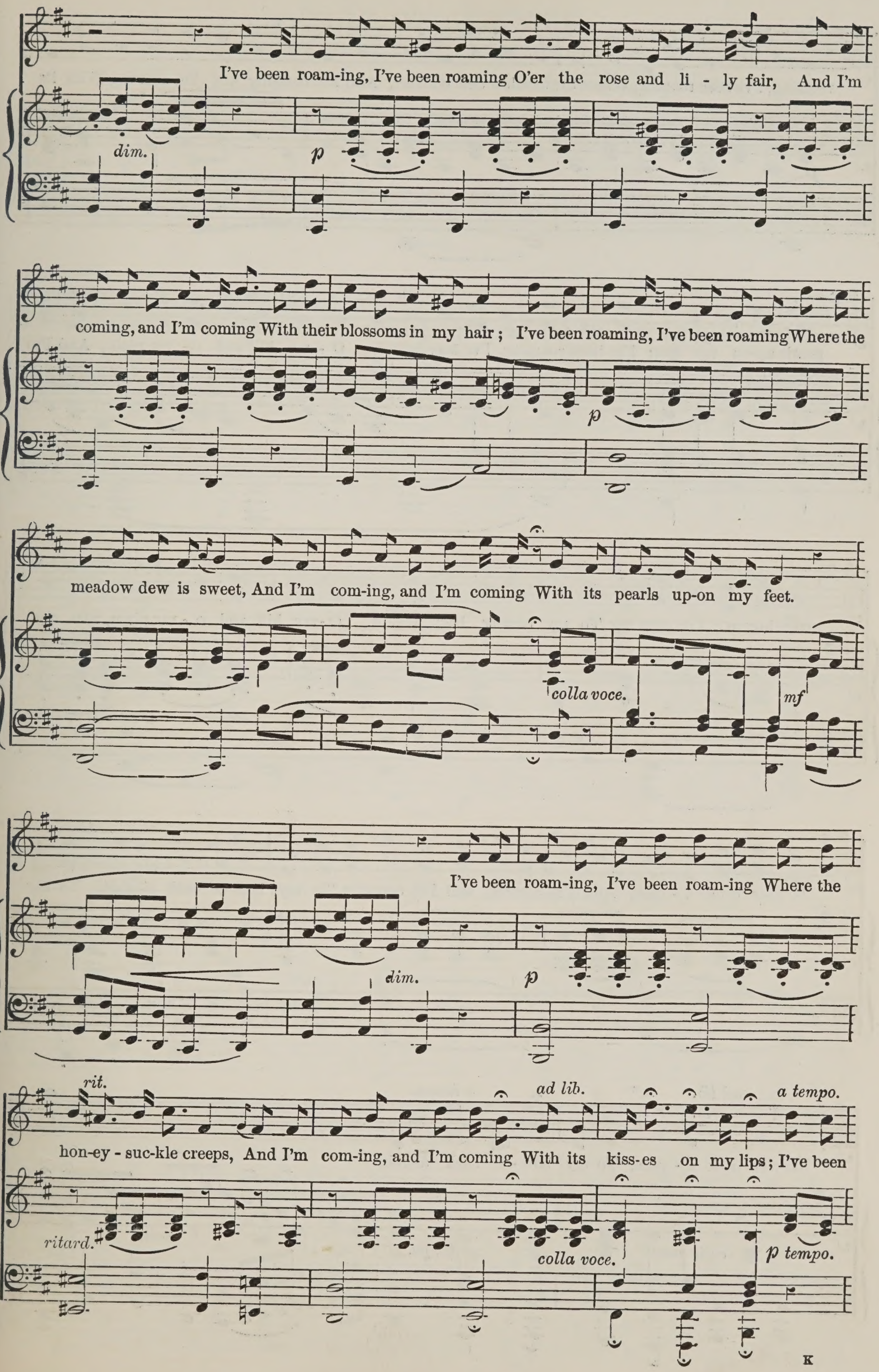
Then pretty lovers take the time,
With a hey, and a ho, with a hey nonino,
And a hey noni nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime.
In spring-time, &c.

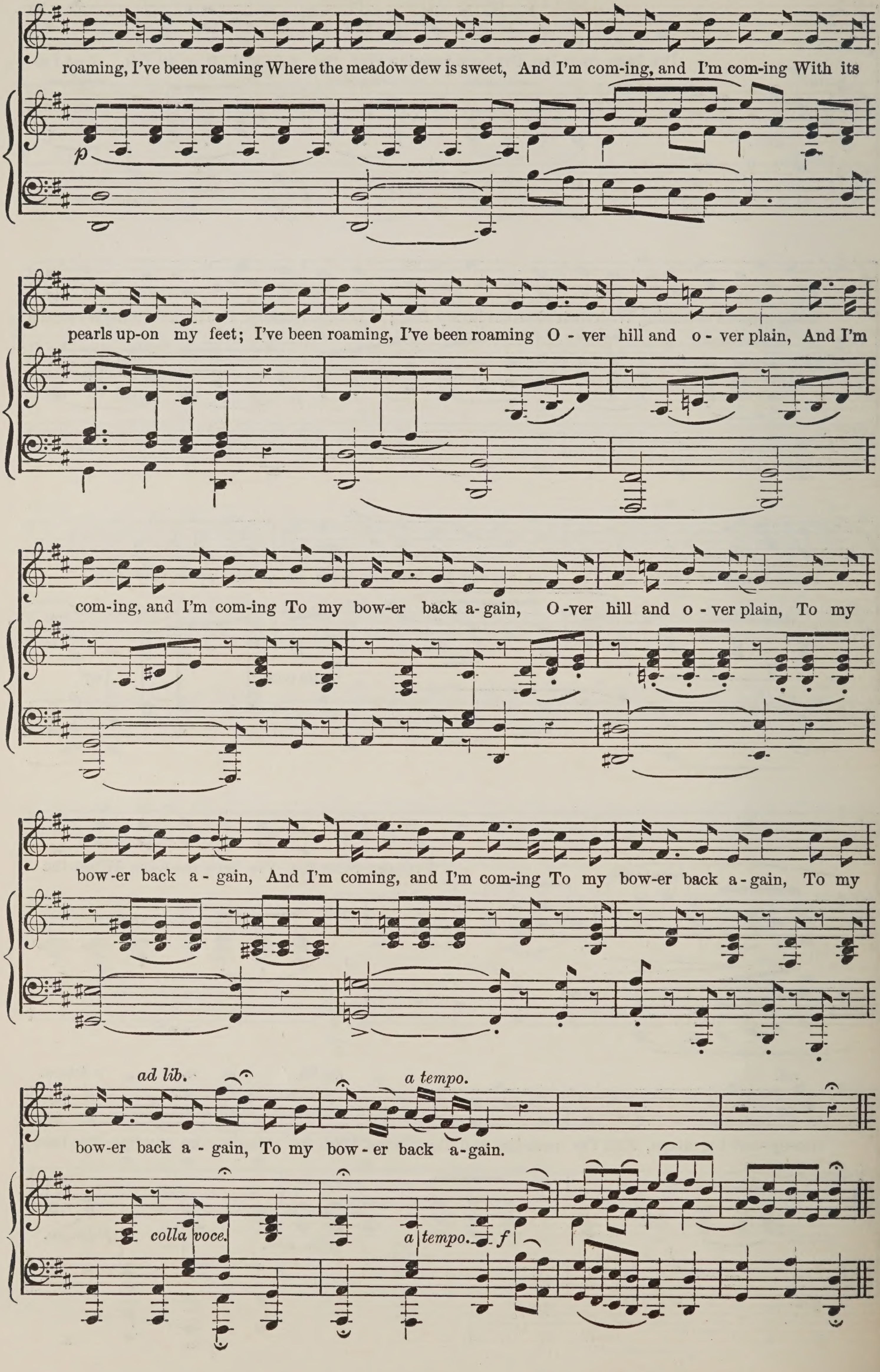
I've been roaming.

George Soane. C. E. Horn

Andante con anima.

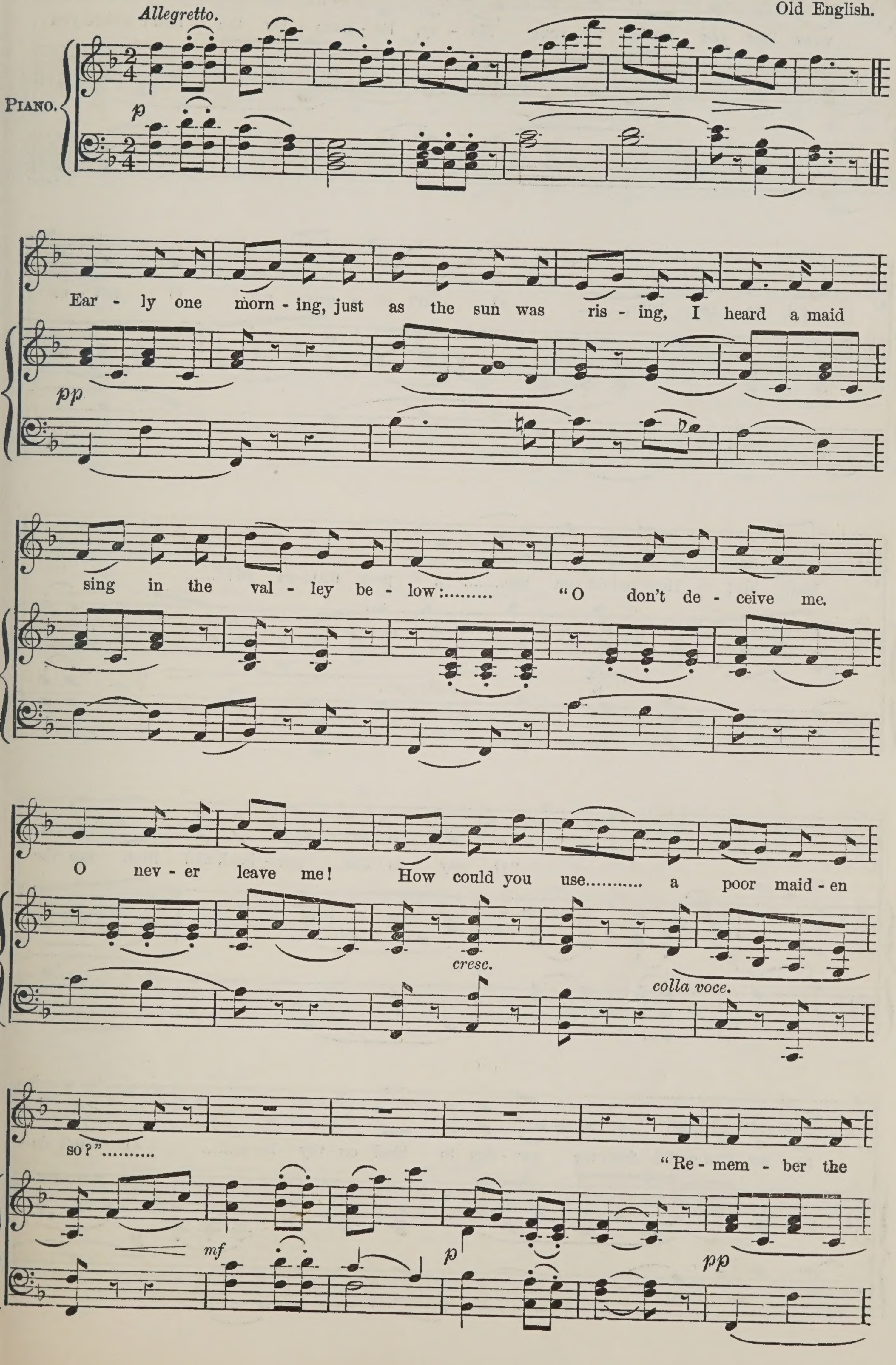

Piano.
p
f
cresc.
mf
pp
ff
I've been roaming, I've been roaming Where the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm coming, and I'm coming With its
p
pearls up-on my feet; I've been roaming, I've been roaming Where the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm
p
mf
com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its pearls up-on my feet.
mf

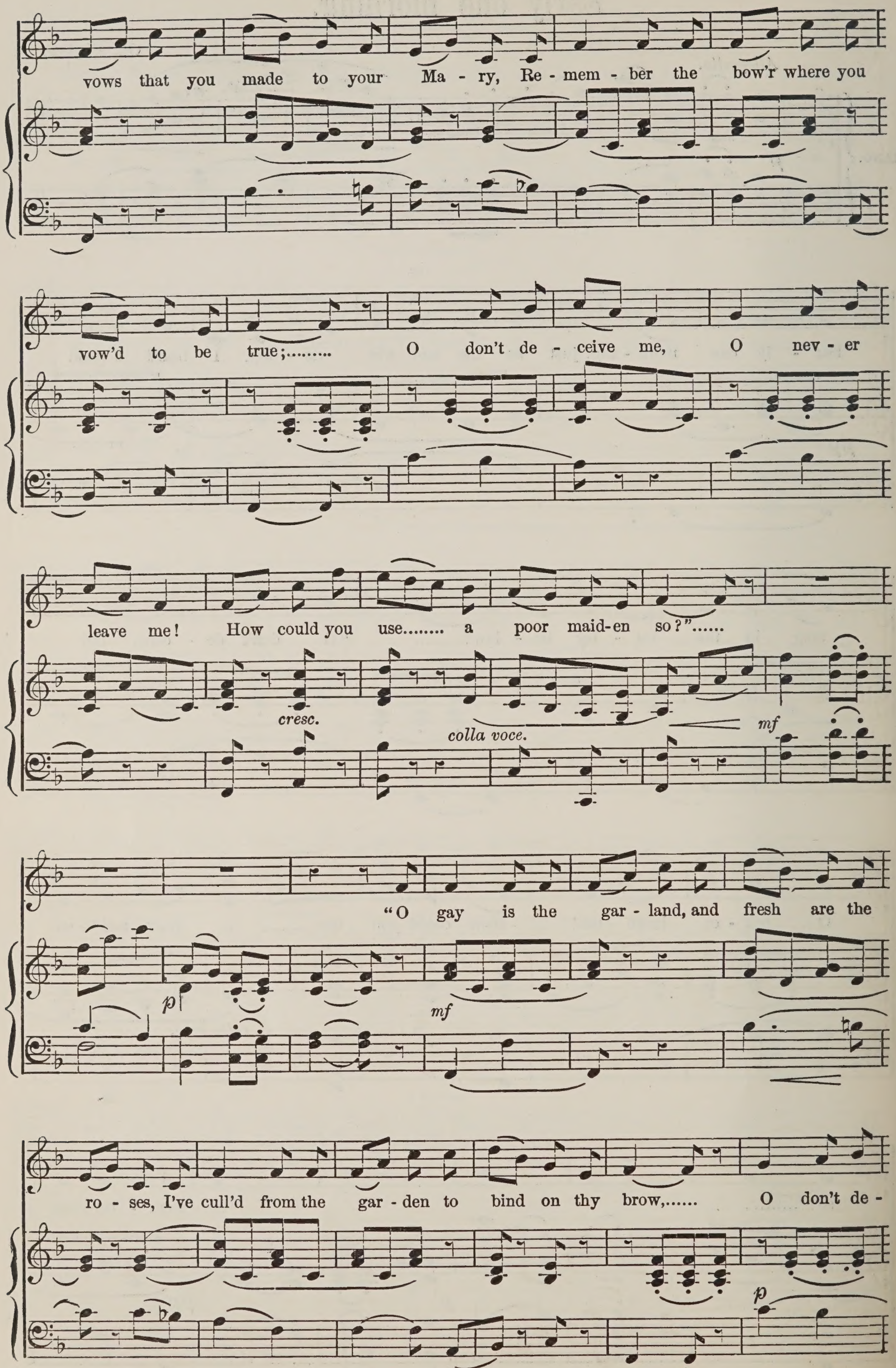

I've been roam-ing, I've been roaming O'er the rose and li - ly fair, And I'm
dim.
p
coming, and I'm coming With their blossoms in my hair; I've been roaming, I've been roaming Where the
p
meadow dew is sweet, And I'm com-ing, and I'm coming With its pearls up-on my feet.
colla voce.
mf
I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing Where the
dim.
p
rit.
ad lib.
a tempo.
hon-ey - suc-kle creeps, And I'm com-ing, and I'm coming With its kiss-es on my lips; I've been
ritard.
colla voce.
p tempo.

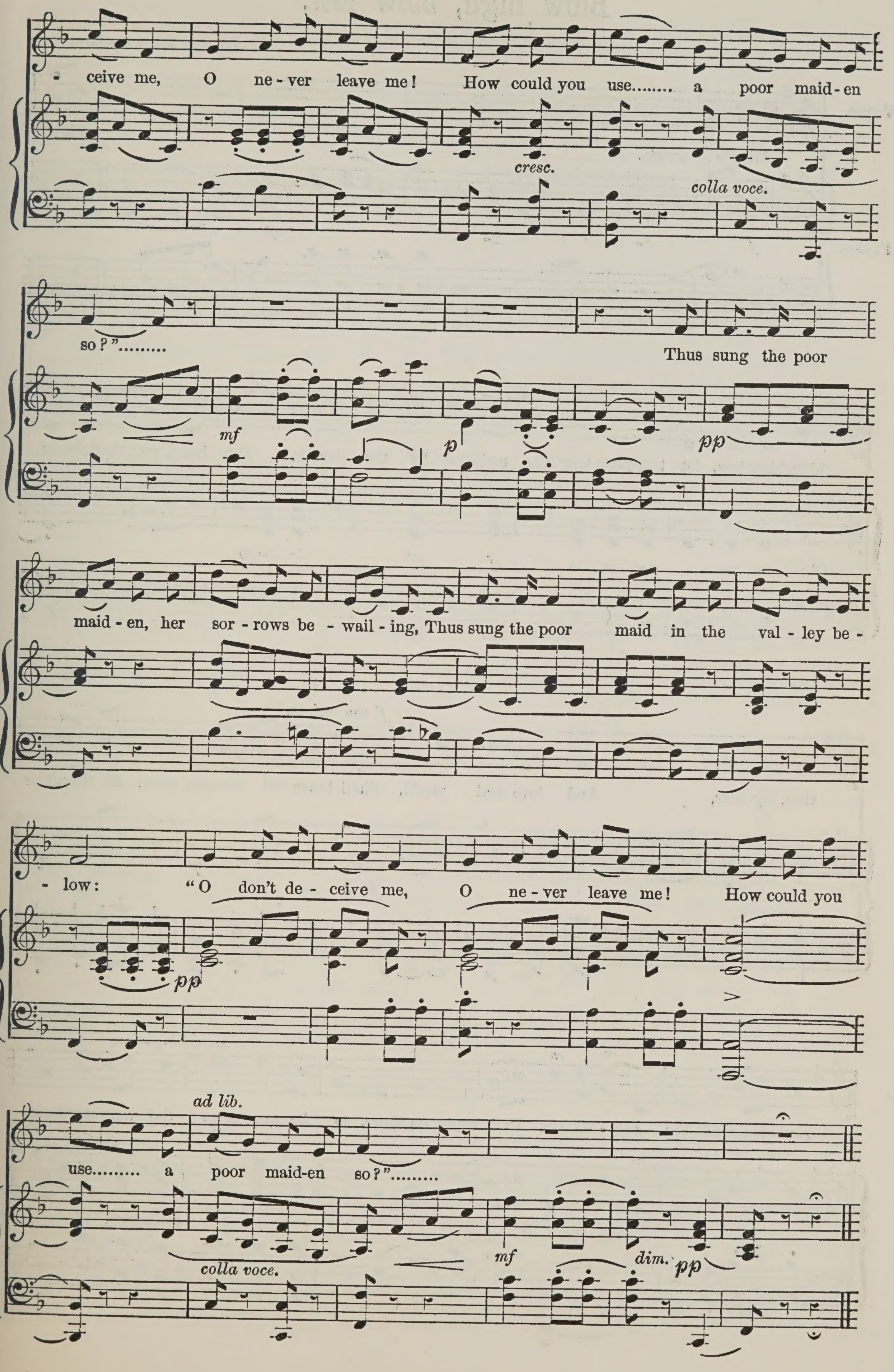

roaming, I've been roaming Where the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its
p
pearls up-on my feet; I've been roaming, I've been roaming O - ver hill and o - ver plain, And I'm
com-ing, and I'm com-ing To my bow-er back a- gain, O -ver hill and o - ver plain, To my
bow -er back a - gain, And I'm coming, and I'm com-ing To my bow-er back a - gain, To my
ad lib.
a tempo.
bow-er back a - gain, To my bow - er back a-gain.
colla voce.
a tempo.
f

Early one morning.

Old English.

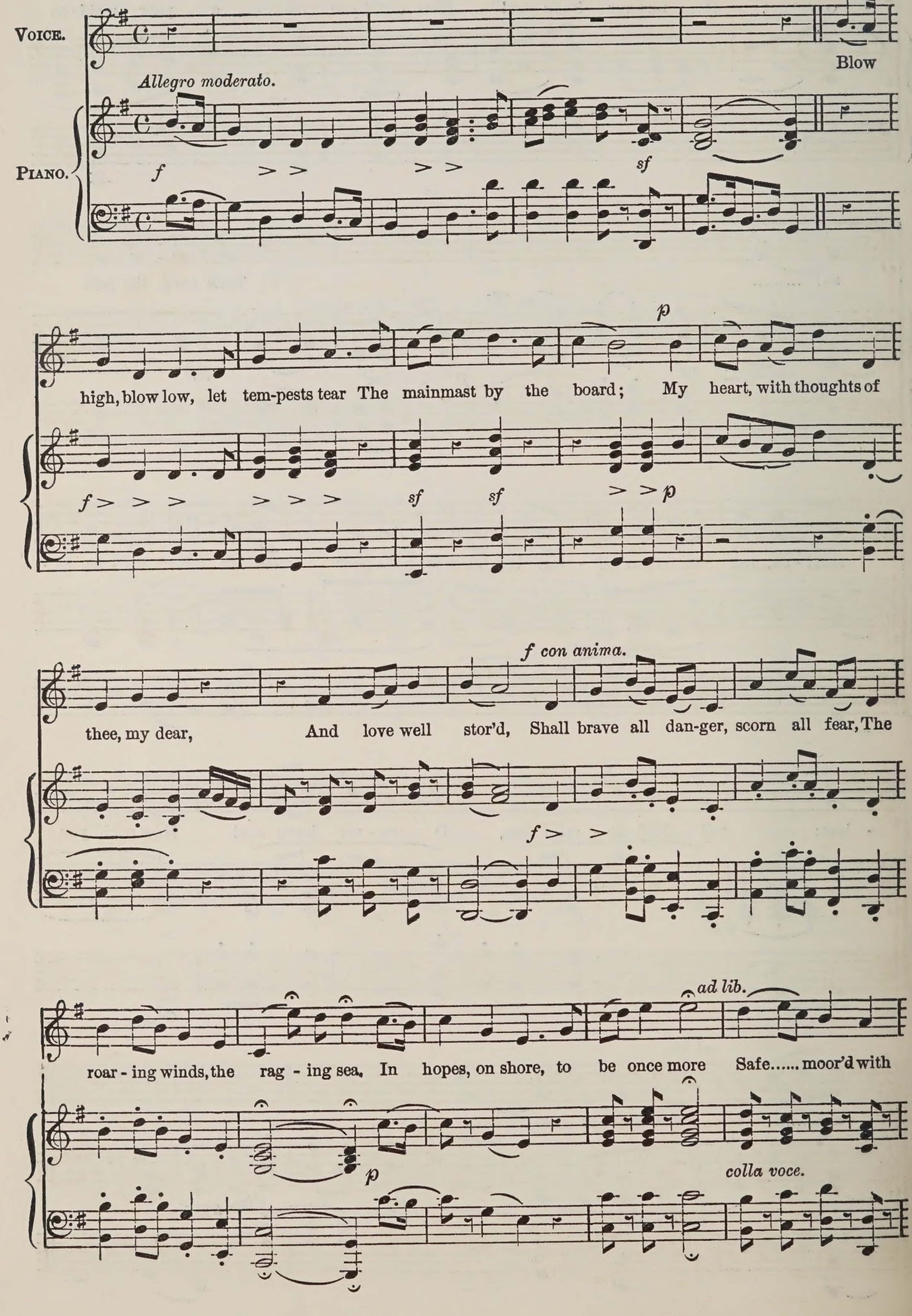

Allegretto.
PIANO.
p
pp
Ear - ly one morn - ing, just as the sun was ris - ing, I heard a maid
sing in the val - ley be - low:......... "O don't de - ceive me,
O nev - er leave me! How could you use........... a poor maid - en
cresc.
colla voce.
so?".........
mf
p
pp
"Re - mem - ber the

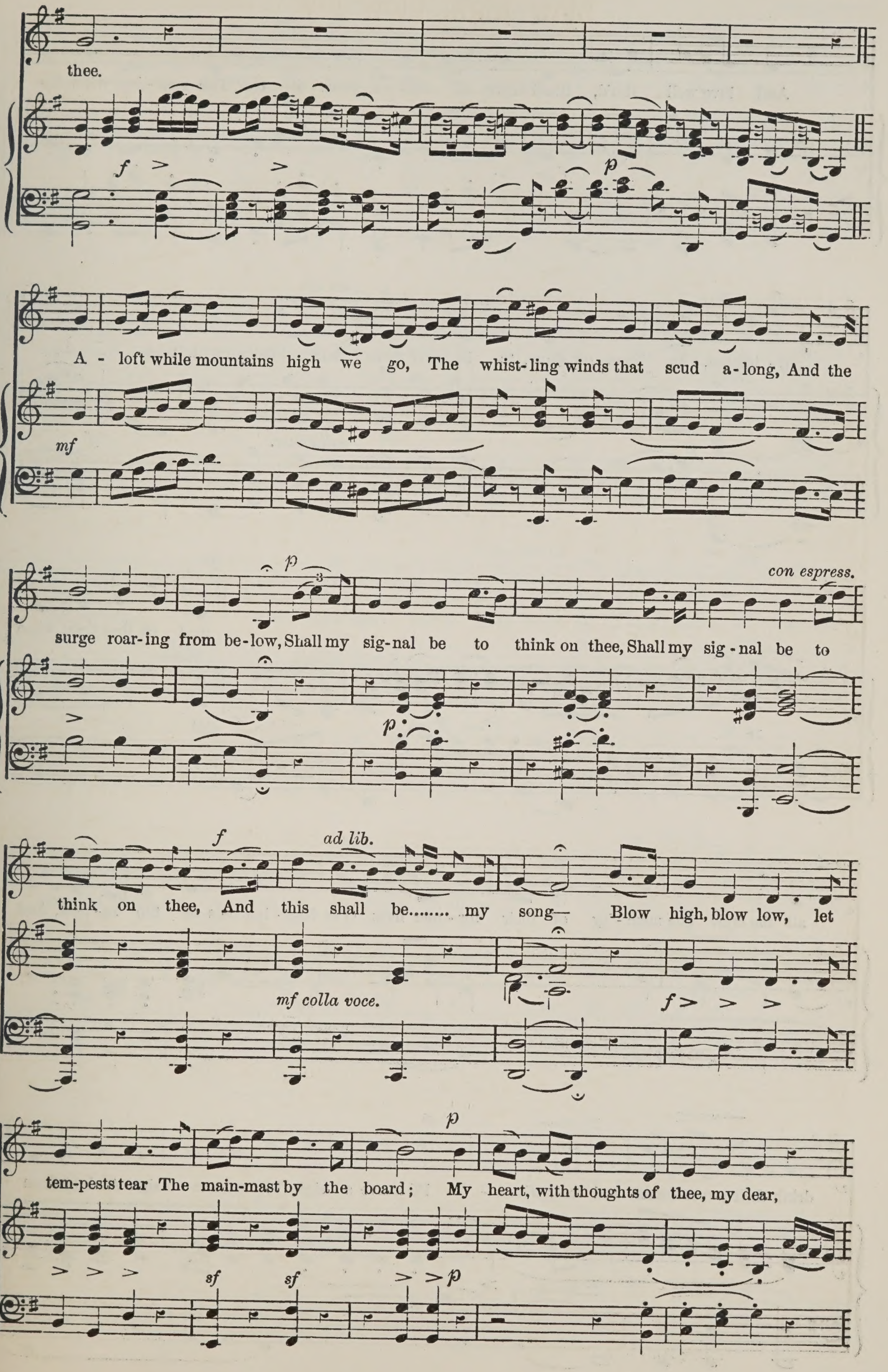

vows that you made to your Ma - ry, Re - mem - ber the bow'r where you
vow'd to be true;……… O don't de - ceive me, O nev - er
leave me! How could you use…….. a poor maid-en so?"……
cresc.
colla voce.
mf
"O gay is the gar - land, and fresh are the
p
mf
ro - ses, I've cull'd from the gar - den to bind on thy brow,…… O don't de -
p

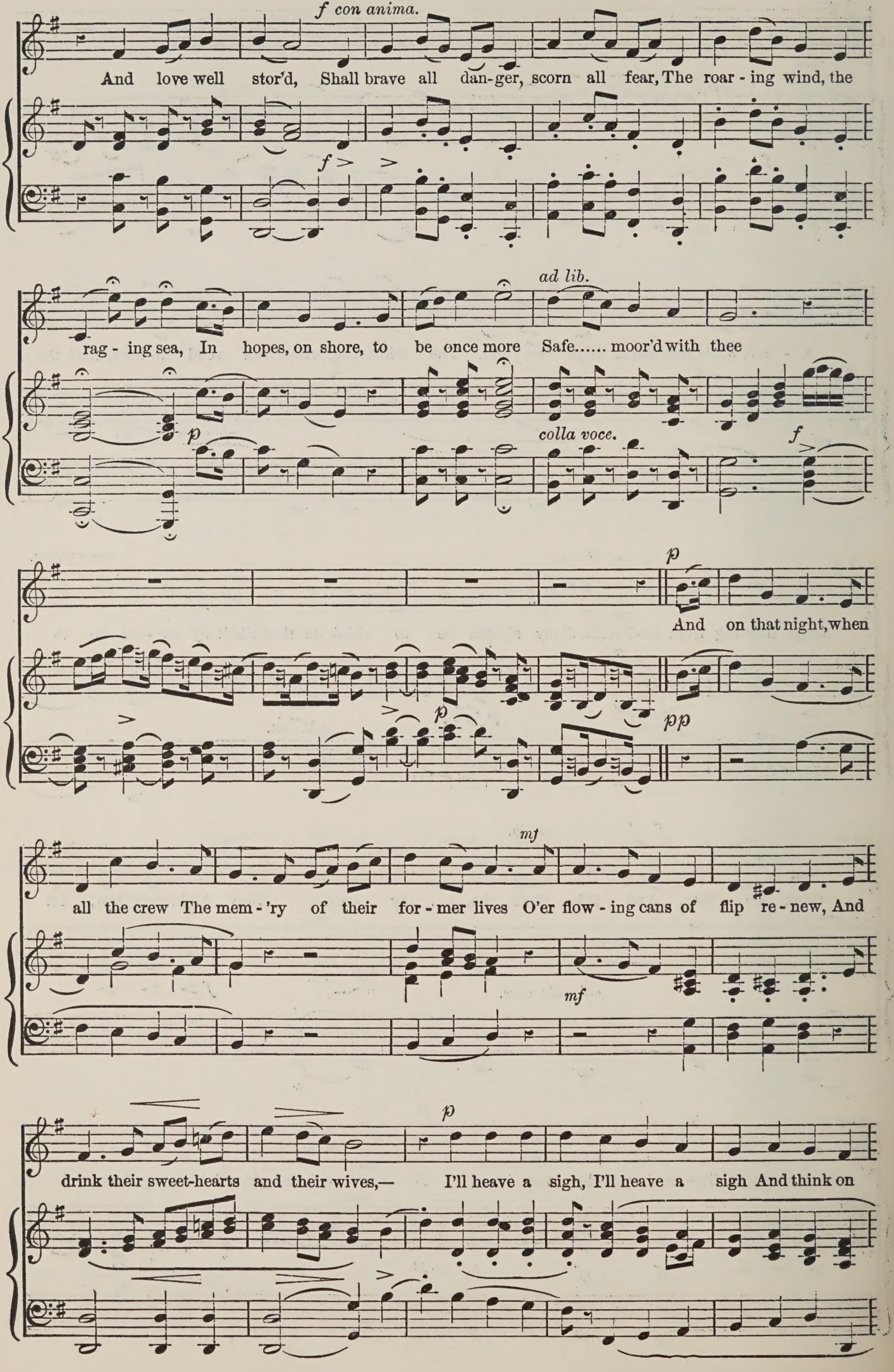

- ceive me, O ne - ver leave me! How could you use........ a poor maid - en
cresc.
colla voce.
so?".........
mf
p
pp
Thus sung the poor
maid - en, her sor - rows be - wail - ing, Thus sung the poor maid in the val - ley be -
- low: "O don't de - ceive me, O ne - ver leave me! How could you
pp
ad lib.
use......... a poor maid-en so?".........
colla voce.
mf
dim.
pp

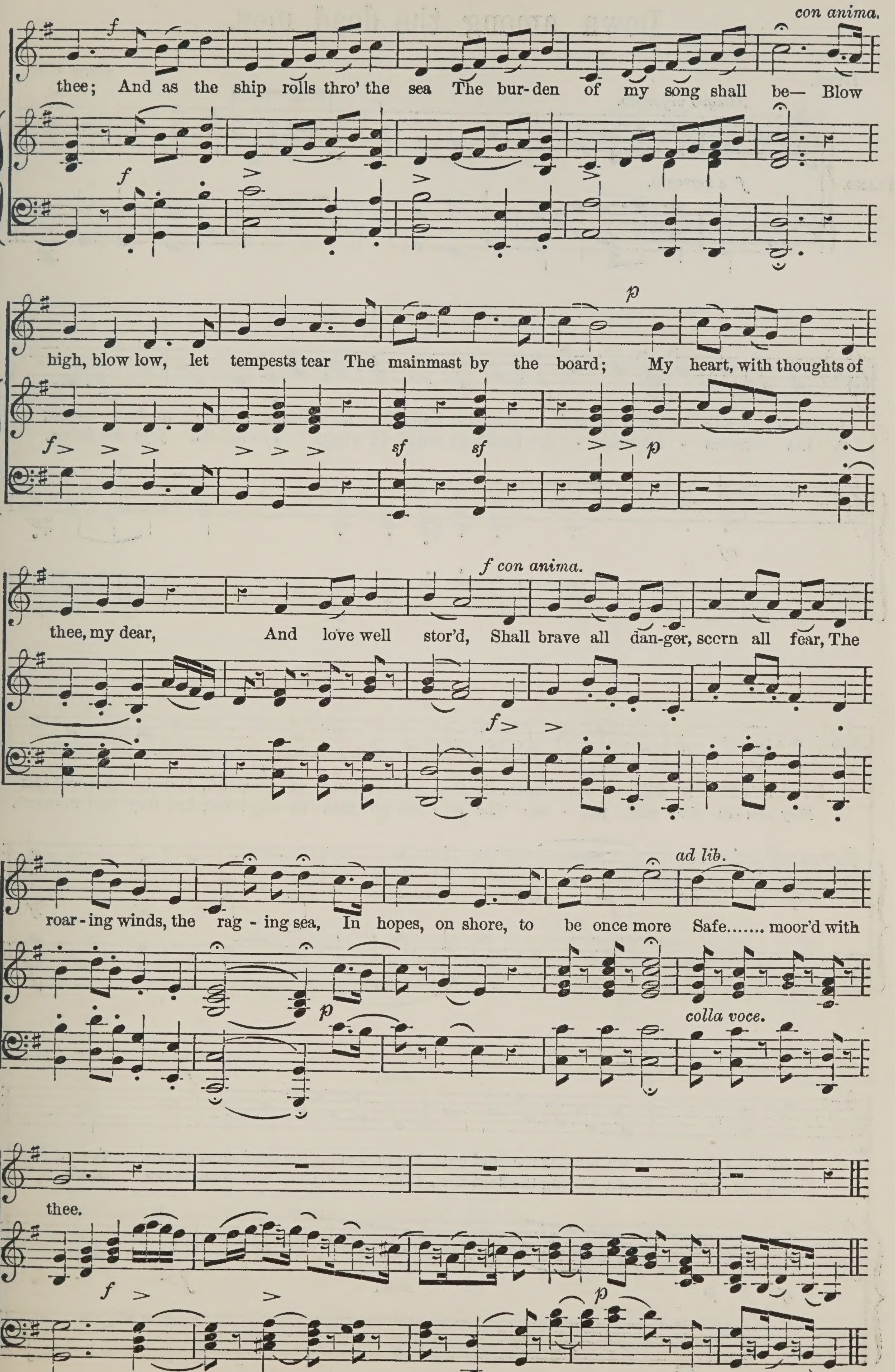
Blow high, blow low.

Words and Music by Dibdin.


Voice.
Piano.
Allegro moderato.
f
sf
p
Blow
high, blow low, let tem-pests tear The mainmast by the board; My heart, with thoughts of
thee, my dear, And love well stor'd,
f con anima.
Shall brave all dan-ger, scorn all fear, The
roar - ing winds, the rag - ing sea, In hopes, on shore, to be once more Safe...... moor'd with
ad lib.
colla voce.

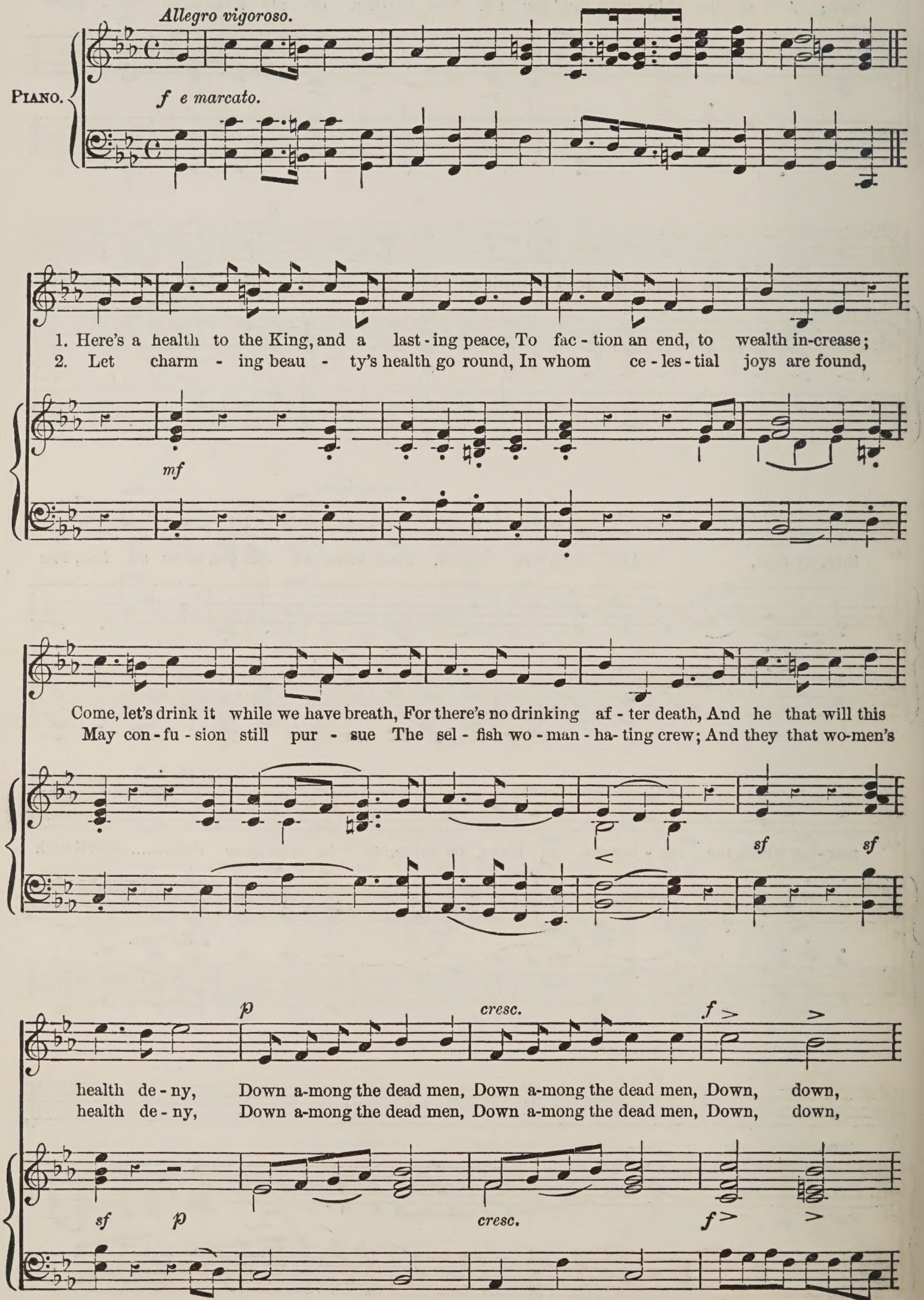

thee.
f
p
mf
A - loft while mountains high we go, The whist-ling winds that scud a-long, And the
p
con espress.
surge roar-ing from be-low, Shall my sig-nal be to think on thee, Shall my sig - nal be to
p
f
ad lib.
think on thee, And this shall be........ my song— Blow high, blow low, let
mf colla voce.
f
p
tem-pests tear The main-mast by the board; My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
sf
sf
p

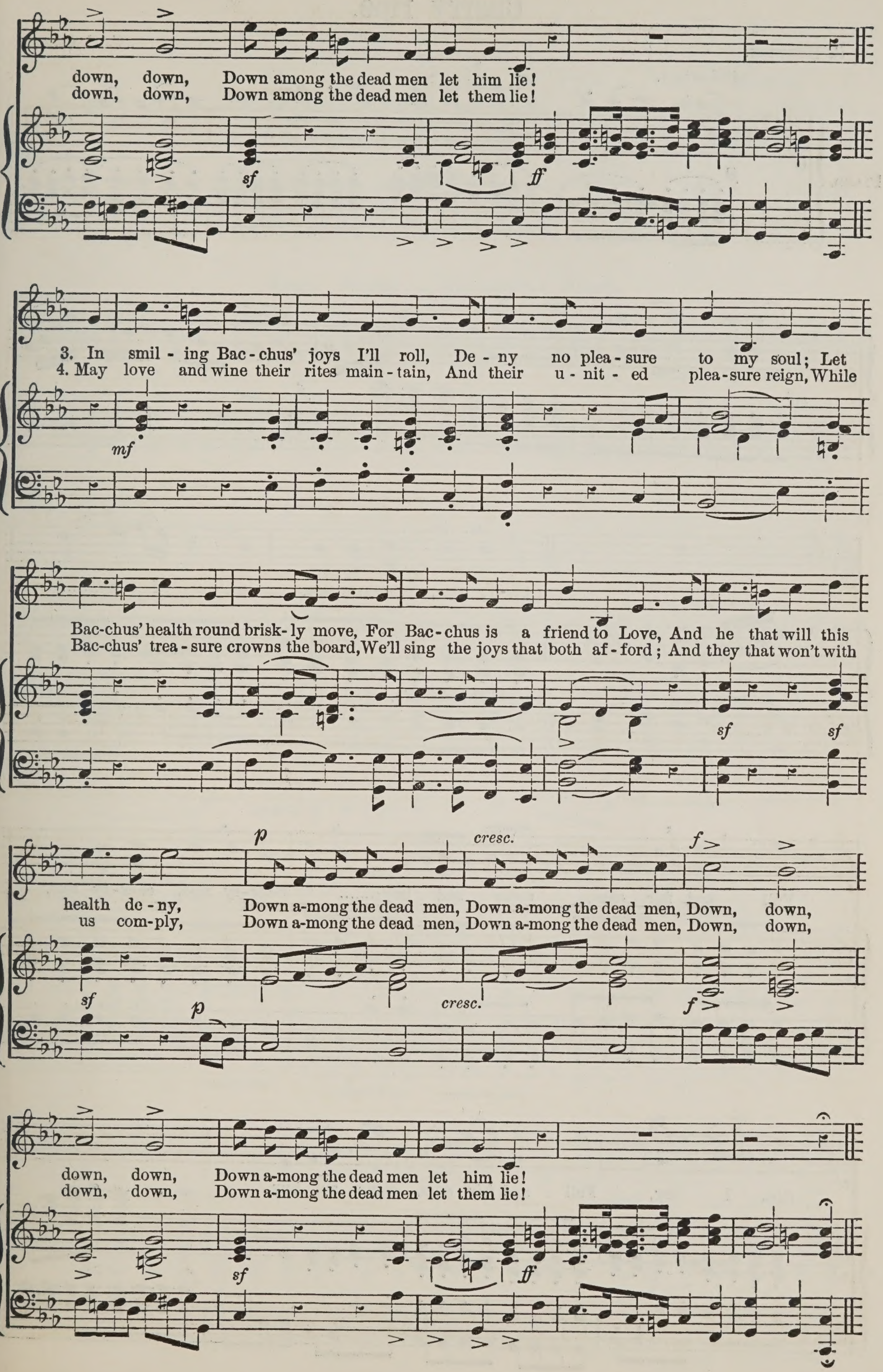

f con anima.
And love well stor'd, Shall brave all dan-ger, scorn all fear, The roar - ing wind, the
f > >
ad lib.
rag - ing sea, In hopes, on shore, to be once more Safe...... moor'd with thee
p
colla voce.
f >
p
And on that night, when
> > p
pp
mf
all the crew The mem - 'ry of their for - mer lives O'er flow - ing cans of flip re - new, And
mf
p
drink their sweet-hearts and their wives,— I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh And think on
>


con anima.
f
thee; And as the ship rolls thro' the sea The bur-den of my song shall be— Blow
f
high, blow low, let tempests tear The mainmast by the board; My heart, with thoughts of
p
f
sf
sf
p
thee, my dear, And love well stor'd, Shall brave all dan-ger, scorn all fear, The
f con anima.
f
roar-ing winds, the rag-ing sea, In hopes, on shore, to be once more Safe....... moor'd with
ad lib.
p
colla voce.
thee.
f
p

Down among the dead men.

Dyer. About 1700.

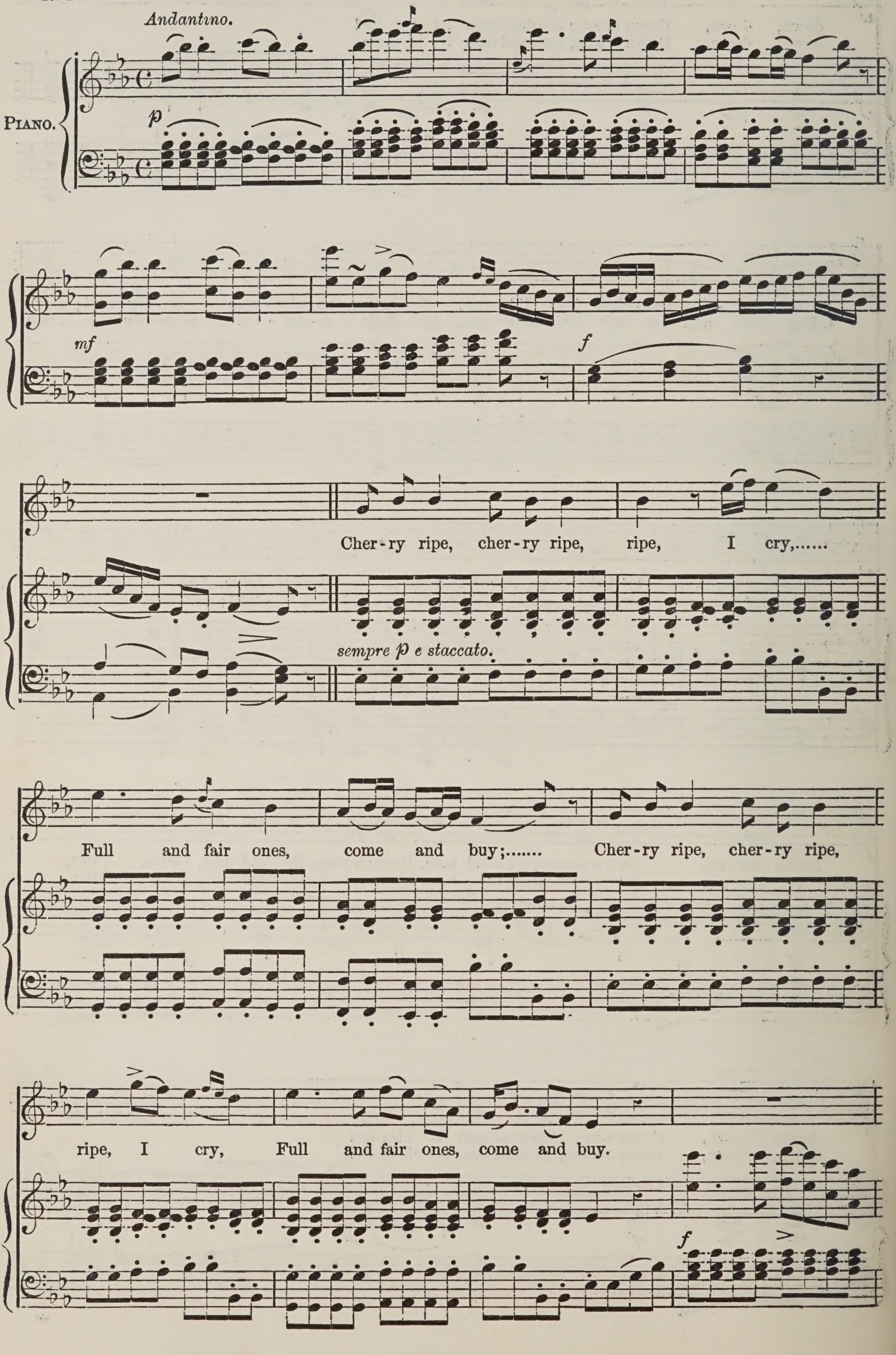

Allegro vigoroso.
Piano.
f e marcato.
1. Here's a health to the King, and a last-ing peace, To fac-tion an end, to wealth in-crease;
2. Let charm-ing beau-ty's health go round, In whom ce-les-tial joys are found,
mf
Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drinking af-ter death, And he that will this
May con-fu-sion still pur-sue The sel-fish wo-man-ha-ting crew; And they that wo-men's
sf
sf
p
cresc.
f >
>
health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,
health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,
sf
p
cresc.
f >
>

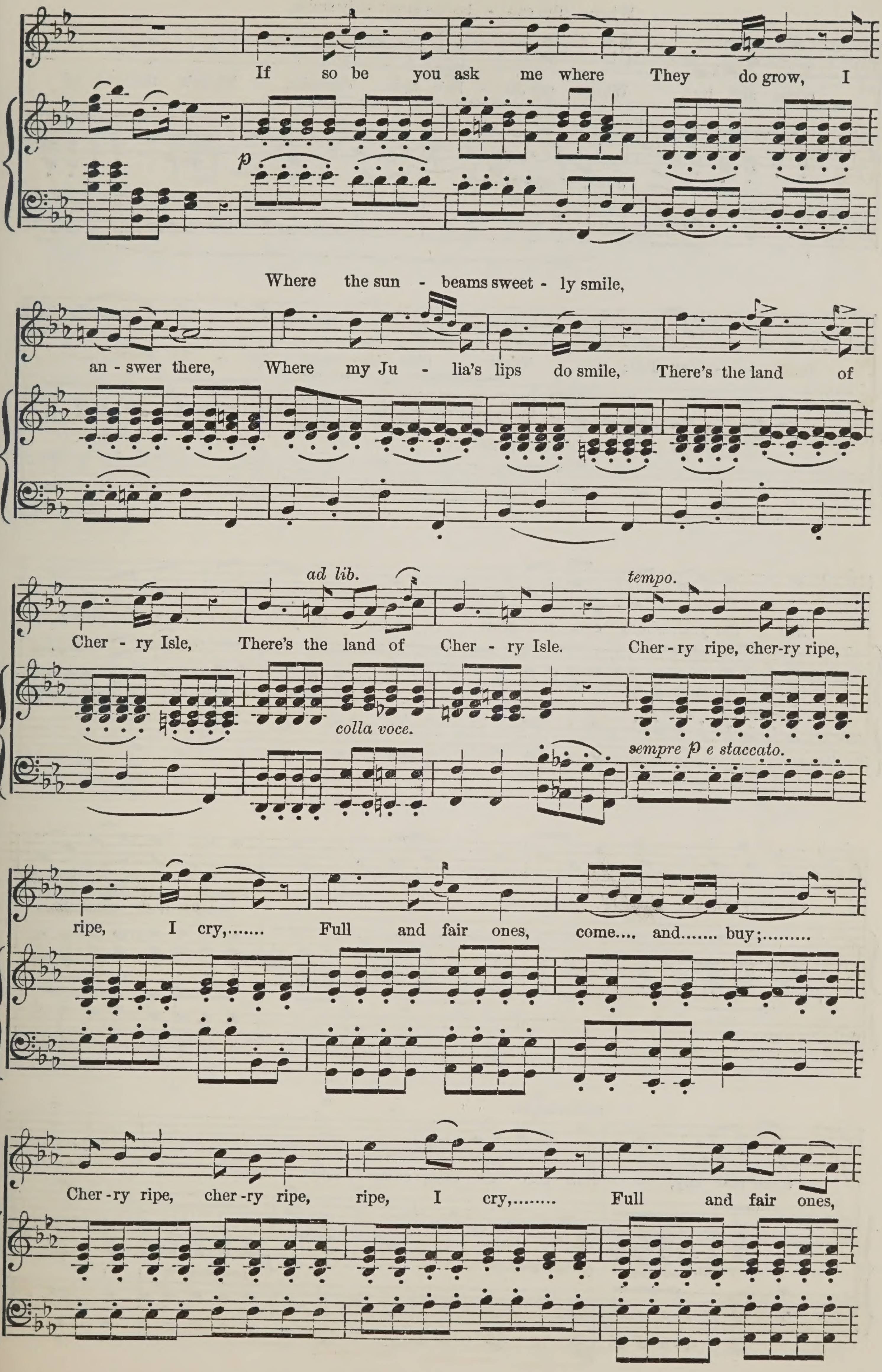

down, down, Down among the dead men let him lie!
down, down, Down among the dead men let them lie!
sf
ff
3. In smil - ing Bac - chus' joys I'll roll, De - ny no plea - sure to my soul; Let
4. May love and wine their rites main - tain, And their u - nit - ed plea - sure reign, While
mf
Bac-chus' health round brisk - ly move, For Bac - chus is a friend to Love, And he that will this
Bac-chus' trea - sure crowns the board, We'll sing the joys that both af - ford; And they that won't with
sf
sf
health de - ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,
us com-ply, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,
p
cresc.
f
sf
p
cresc.
f
down, down, Down a-mong the dead men let him lie!
down, down, Down a-mong the dead men let them lie!
sf
ff

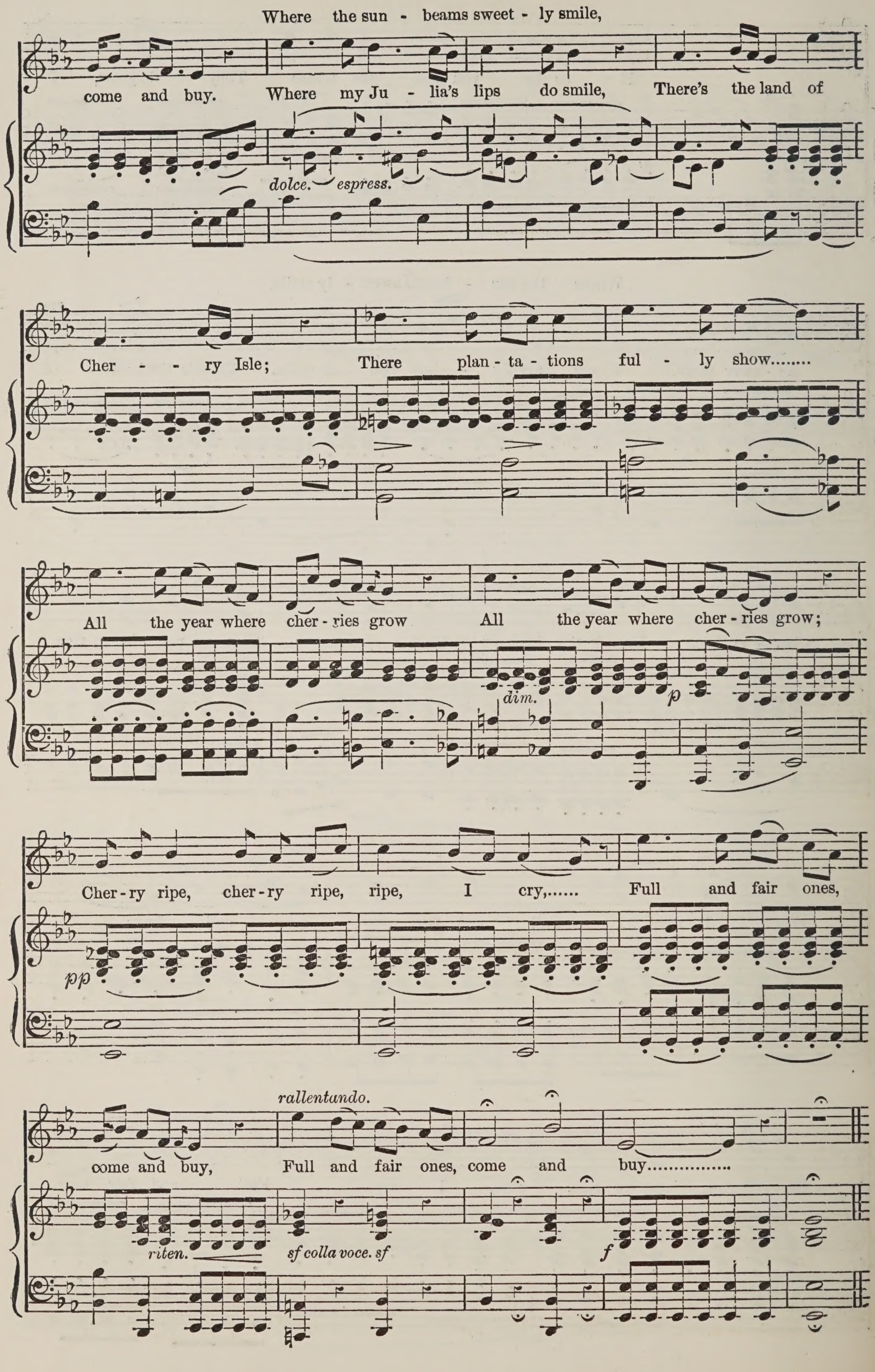
Cherry ripe.

R. Herrick.

C. E. Horn.


Andantino.
Piano.
p
mf
f
Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I cry,……
sempre p e staccato.
Full and fair ones, come and buy;……. Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe,
ripe, I cry, Full and fair ones, come and buy.
f

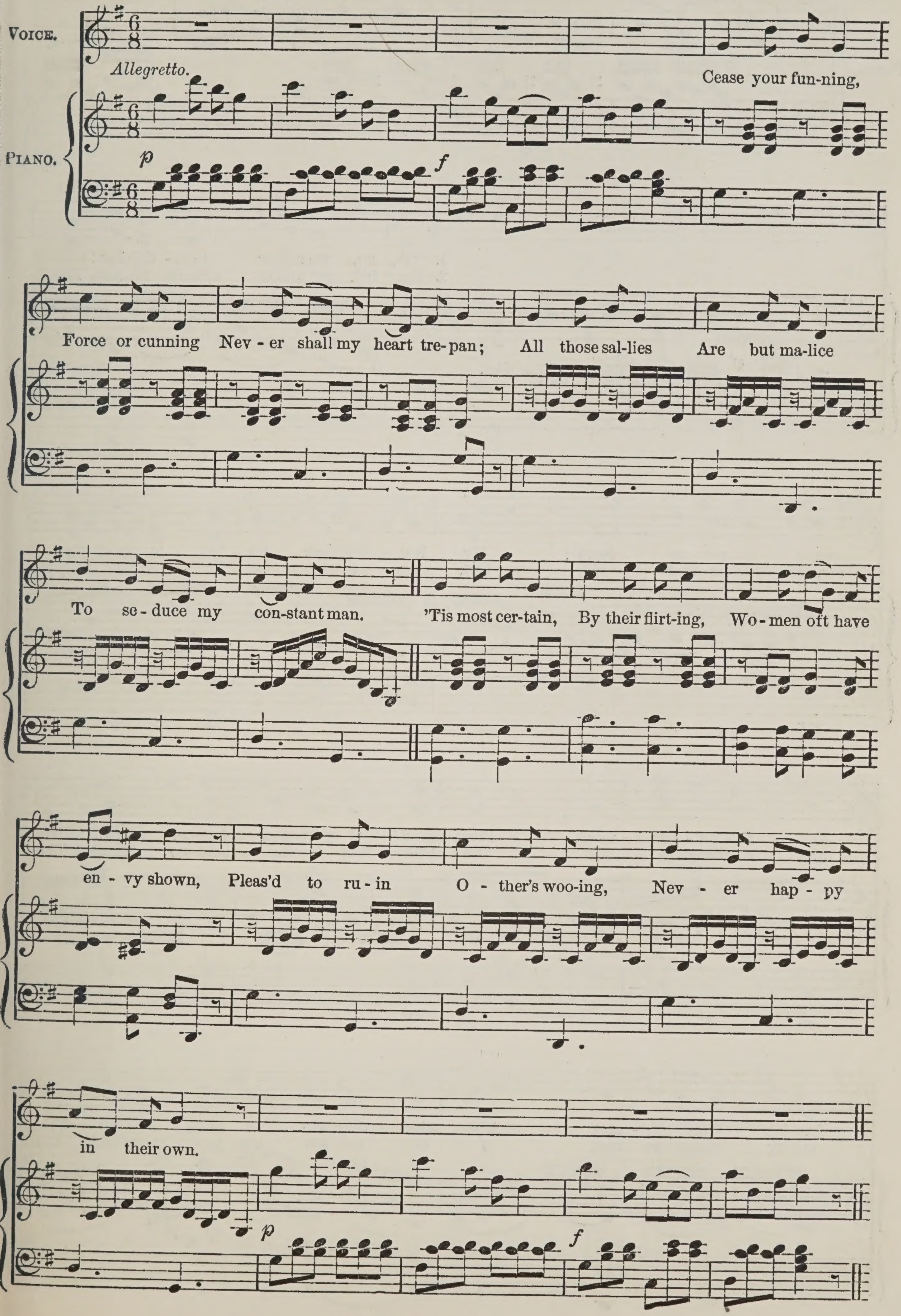

If so be you ask me where They do grow, I
p
Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile,
an - swer there, Where my Ju - lia's lips do smile, There's the land of
ad lib.
tempo.
Cher - ry Isle, There's the land of Cher - ry Isle. Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe,
colla voce.
sempre p e staccato.
ripe, I cry,........ Full and fair ones, come.... and....... buy;.........
Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, ripe, I cry,........ Full and fair ones,


Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile,
come and buy. Where my Ju - lia's lips do smile, There's the land of
dolce. espress.
Cher - - ry Isle; There plan - ta - tions ful - ly show........
All the year where cher - ries grow All the year where cher - ries grow;
dim.
p
Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, ripe, I cry,...... Full and fair ones,
pp
rallentando.
come and buy, Full and fair ones, come and buy................
riten.
sf colla voce. sf
f

Cease your funning.

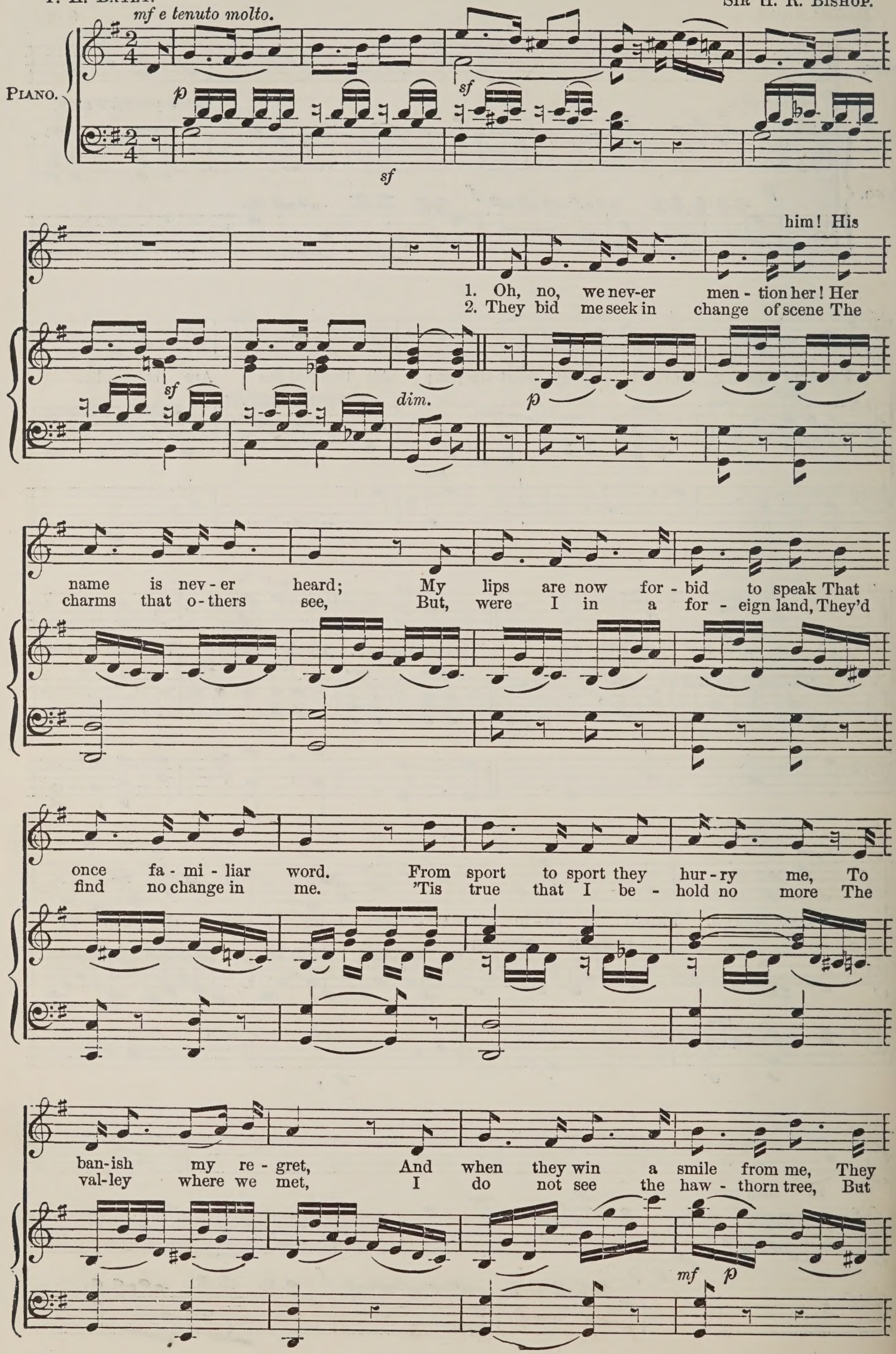
Ancient British.

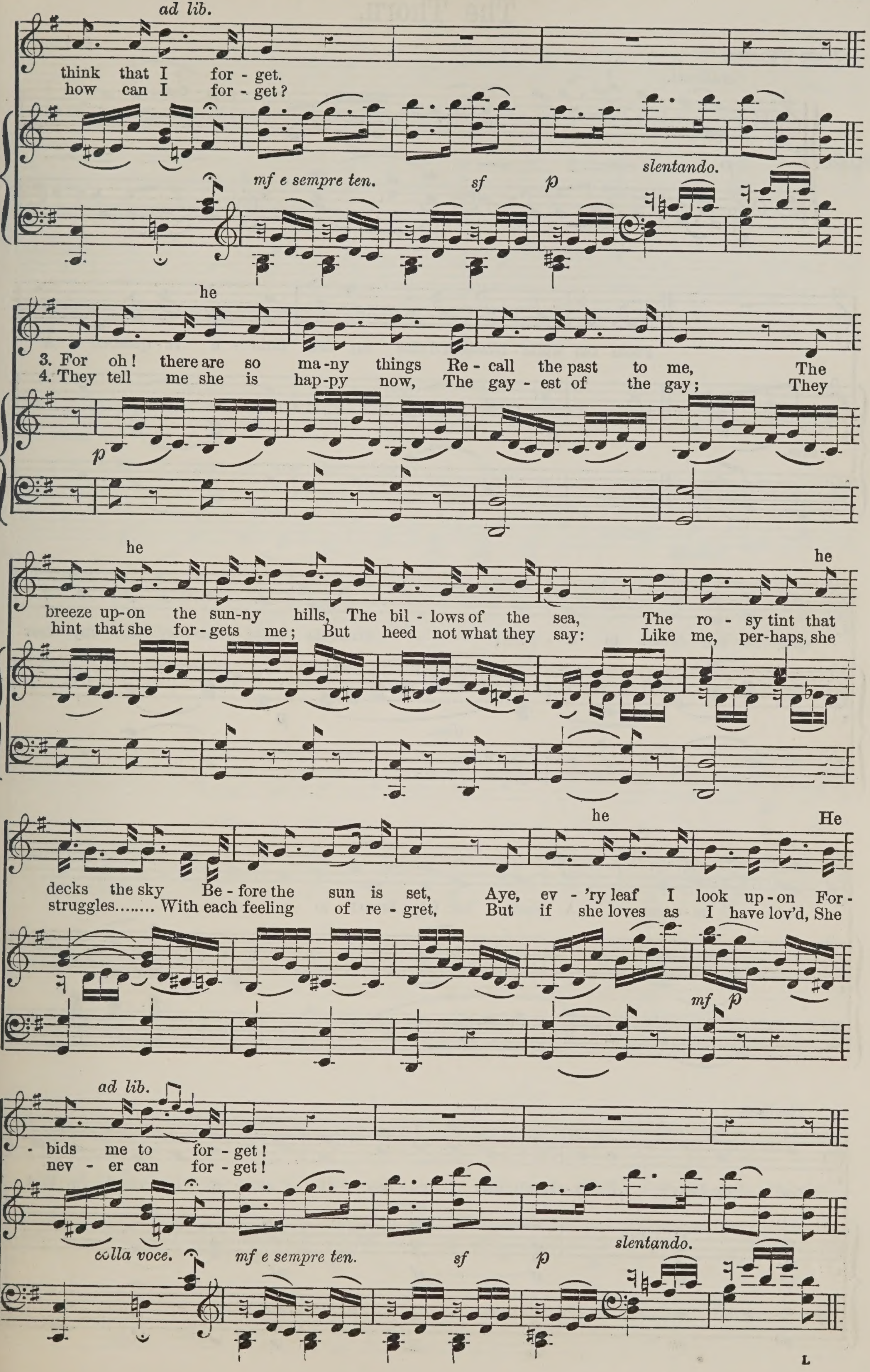
GAY.


Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
p
f
Cease your fun-ning,
Force or cunning
Nev-er shall my heart tre-pan;
All those sal-lies
Are but ma-lice
To se-duce my con-stant man.
'Tis most cer-tain,
By their flirt-ing,
Wo-men oft have
en-vy shown,
Pleas'd to ru-in
O-ther's woo-ing,
Nev-er hap-py
in their own.
p
f

Oh, no, we never mention her!

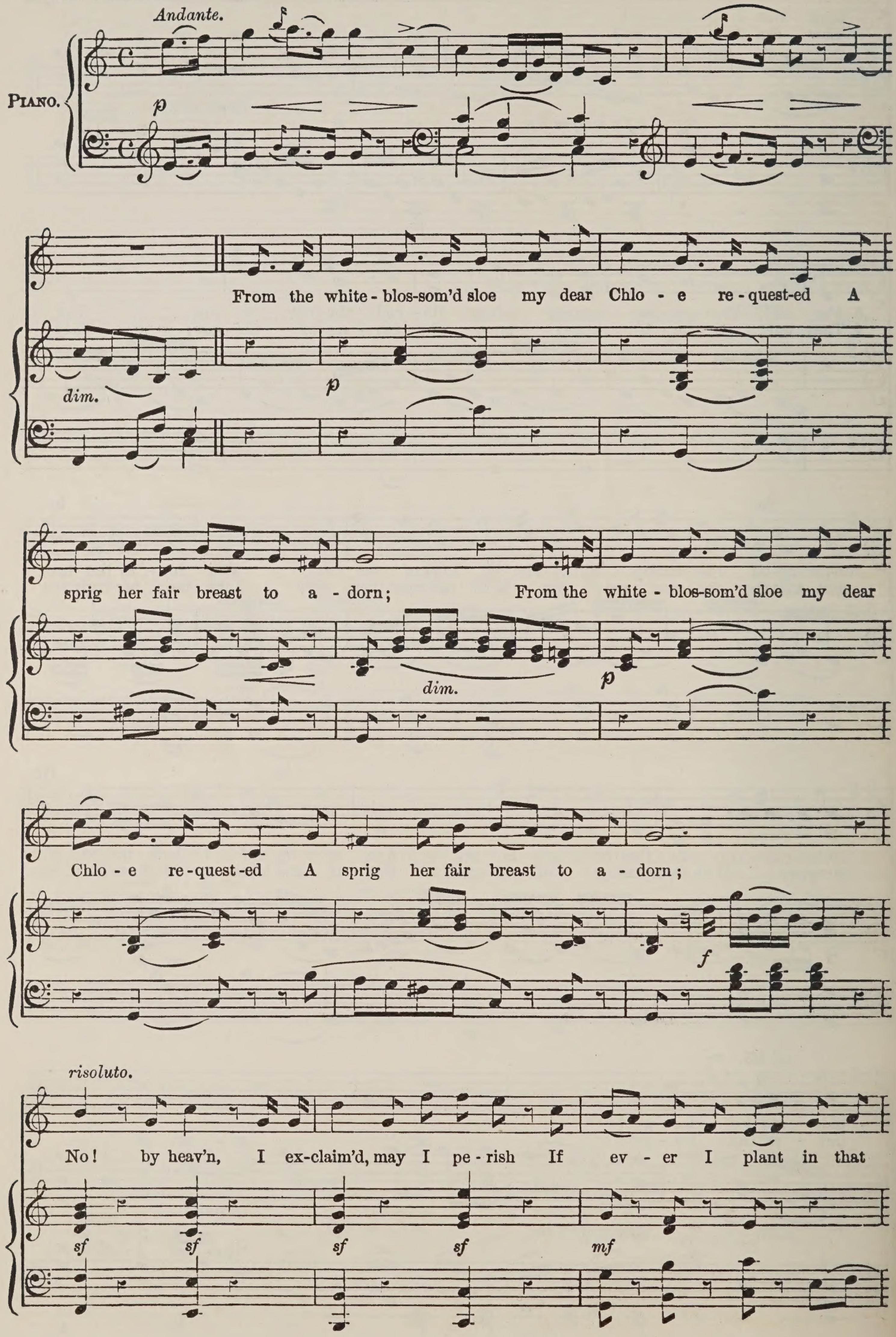
T. H. Bayly. Sir H. R. Bishop.

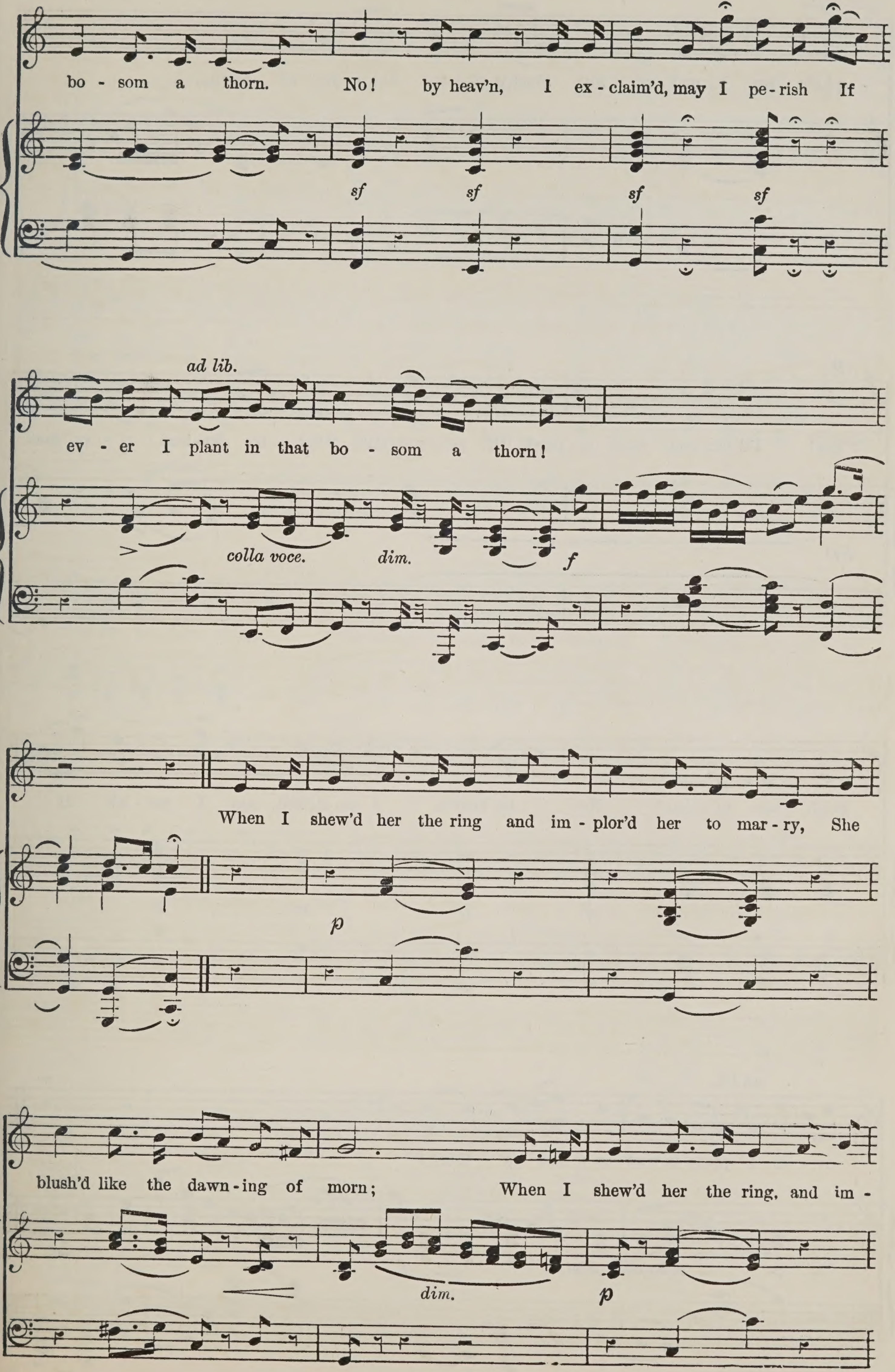

mf e tenuto molto.
Piano.
p
sf
sf
sf
dim.
p
him! His
1. Oh, no, we nev-er men - tion her! Her
2. They bid me seek in change of scene The
name is nev - er heard; My lips are now for - bid to speak That
charms that o - thers see, But, were I in a for - eign land, They'd
once fa - mi - liar word. From sport to sport they hur - ry me, To
find no change in me. 'Tis true that I be - hold no more The
ban-ish my re - gret, And when they win a smile from me, They
val-ley where we met, I do not see the haw - thorn tree, But
mf
p

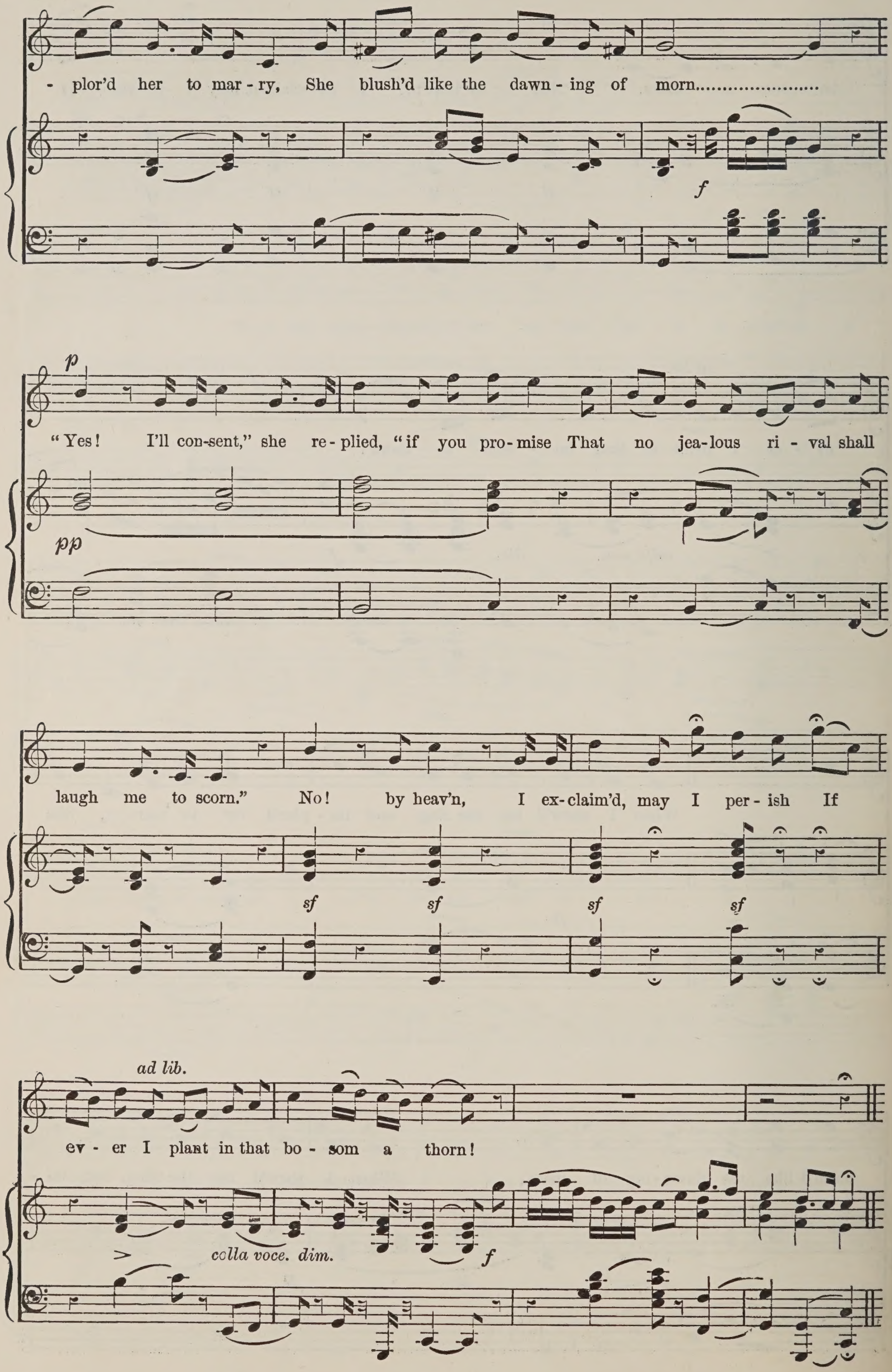

ad lib.
think that I for - get.
how can I for - get?
mf e sempre ten.
sf
p
slentando.
he
3. For oh! there are so ma-ny things Re-call the past to me, The
4. They tell me she is hap-py now, The gay-est of the gay; They
p
he
breeze up-on the sun-ny hills, The bil-lows of the sea, The ro-sy tint that
hint that she for-gets me; But heed not what they say: Like me, per-haps, she
he
he
decks the sky Be-fore the sun is set, Aye, ev-'ry leaf I look up-on For-
struggles........ With each feeling of re-gret, But if she loves as I have lov'd, She
He
mf
p
ad lib.
- bids me to for-get!
nev-er can for-get!
colla voce.
mf e sempre ten.
sf
p
slentando.

The Thorn.

JOHN O'KEEFE. SHIELD.


Andante.
PIANO.
p
From the white-blos-som'd sloe my dear Chlo-e re-quest-ed A
dim.
p
sprig her fair breast to a-dorn; From the white-blos-som'd sloe my dear
dim.
p
Chlo-e re-quest-ed A sprig her fair breast to a-dorn;
f
risoluto.
No! by heav'n, I ex-claim'd, may I pe-rish If ev-er I plant in that
sf
sf
sf
sf
mf

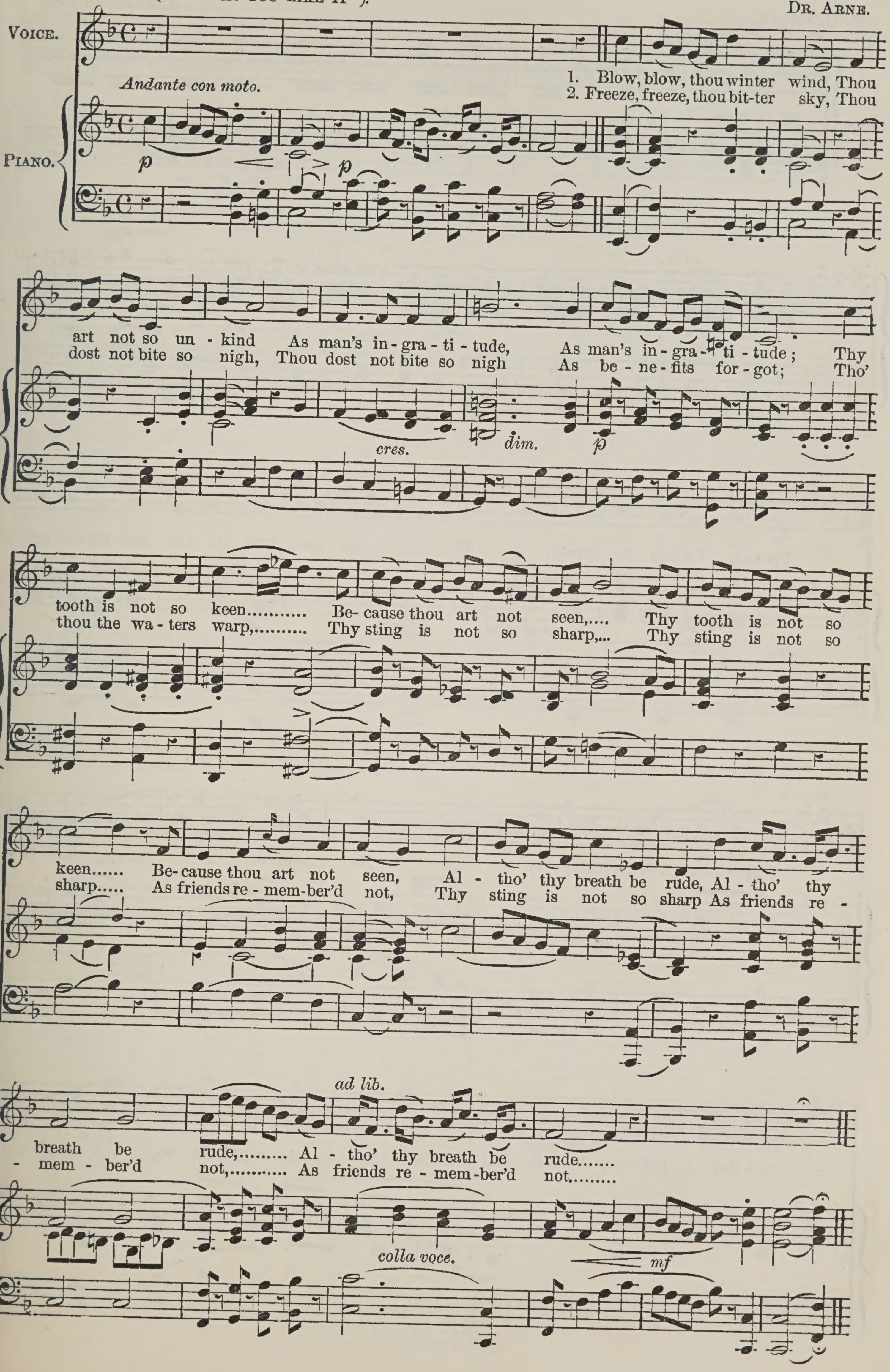

bo - som a thorn. No! by heav'n, I ex - claim'd, may I pe - rish If
sf
sf
sf
sf
ad lib.
ev - er I plant in that bo - som a thorn!
colla voce.
dim.
f
When I shew'd her the ring and im - plor'd her to mar - ry, She
p
blush'd like the dawn - ing of morn; When I shew'd her the ring, and im -
dim.
p


- plor'd her to mar - ry, She blush'd like the dawn - ing of morn......................
f
p
"Yes! I'll con-sent," she re - plied, "if you pro - mise That no jea-lous ri - val shall
pp
laugh me to scorn." No! by heav'n, I ex-claim'd, may I per - ish If
sf
sf
sf
sf
ad lib.
ev - er I plant in that bo - som a thorn!
colla voce. dim.
f

Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

Shakspeare (From "As you like it").

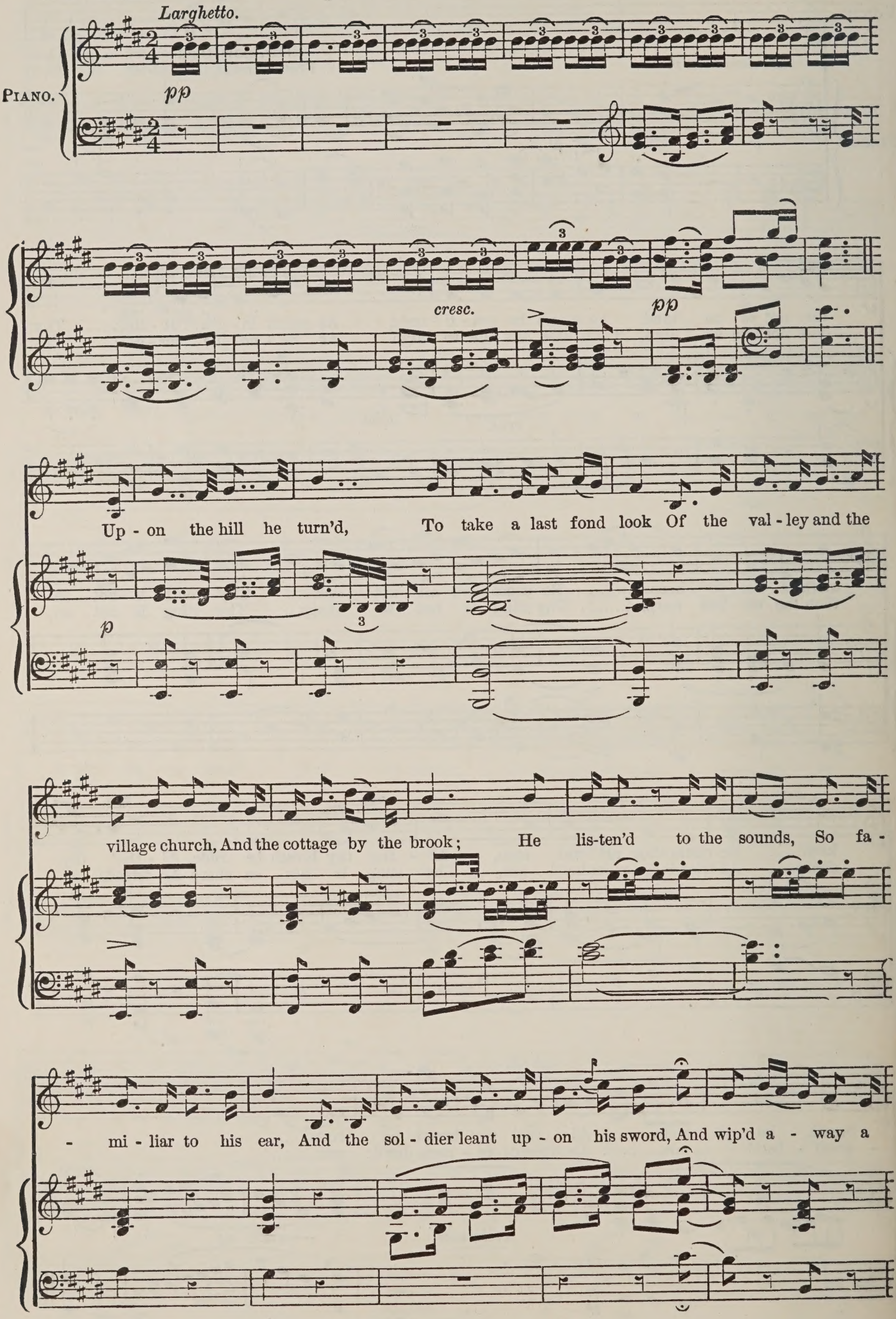
Dr. Arne.

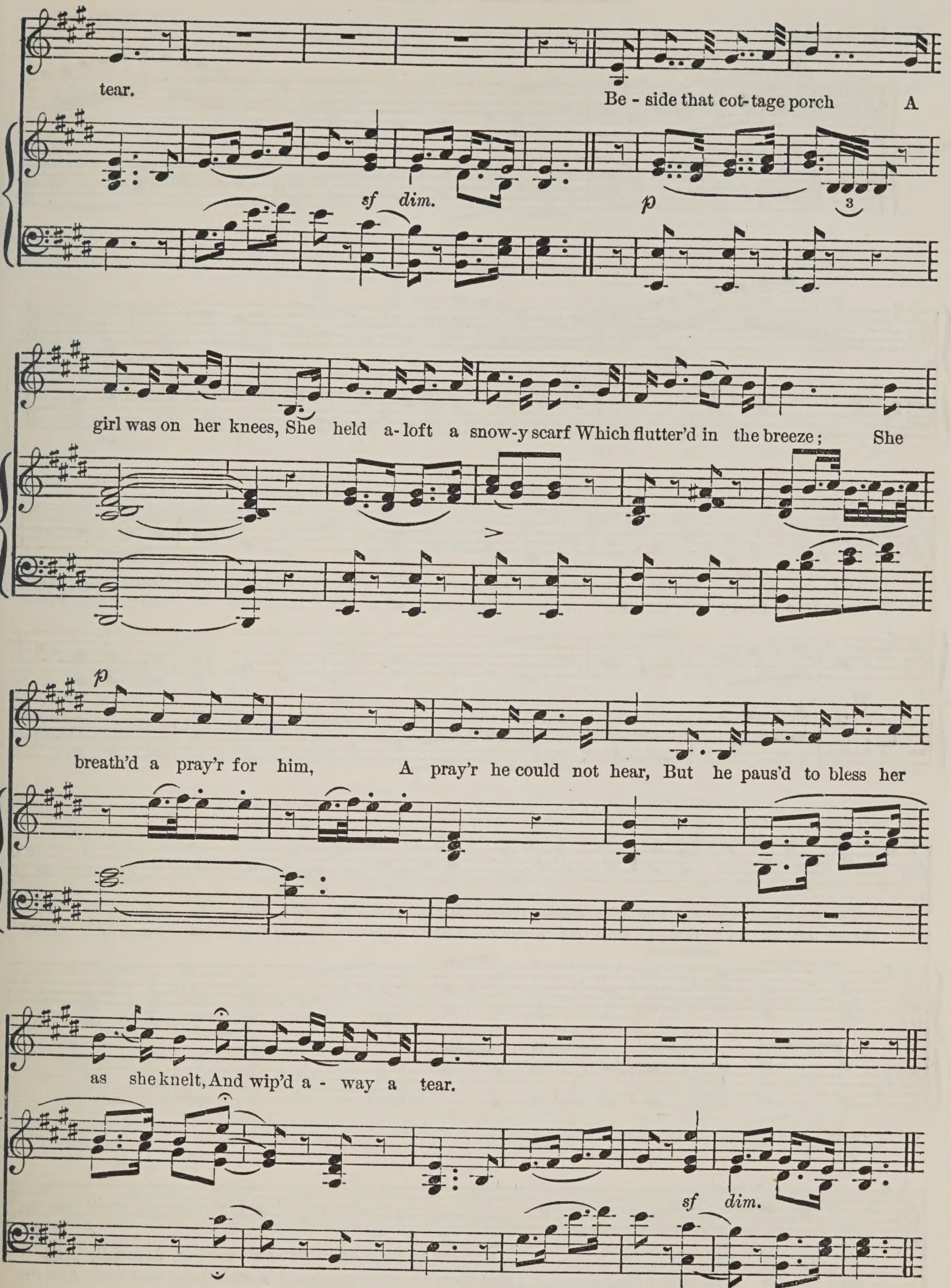

Voice.
Piano.
Andante con moto.
p
p
1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so un - kind As man's in - gra - ti - tude, As man's in - gra - ti - tude; Thy tooth is not so keen.......... Be - cause thou art not seen,.... Thy tooth is not so keen...... Be - cause thou art not seen, Al - tho' thy breath be rude, Al - tho' thy breath be rude,......... Al - tho' thy breath be rude.......
2. Freeze, freeze, thou bit - ter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh, Thou dost not bite so nigh As be - ne - fits for - got; Tho' thou the wa - ters warp,.......... Thy sting is not so sharp,... Thy sting is not so sharp..... As friends re - mem - ber'd not, Thy sting is not so sharp As friends re - mem - ber'd not,.......... As friends re - mem - ber'd not.........
cres.
dim.
p
ad lib.
colla voce.
mf

The Soldier's Tear.

T. H. Bayly.

Alexander Lee.


Larghetto.
Piano.
pp
cresc.
pp
p
Up - on the hill he turn'd, To take a last fond look Of the val - ley and the
village church, And the cottage by the brook; He lis-ten'd to the sounds, So fa -
- mi - liar to his ear, And the sol - dier leant up - on his sword, And wip'd a - way a


tear.
Be - side that cot-tage porch A
sf dim.
p
3
girl was on her knees, She held a-loft a snow-y scarf Which flutter'd in the breeze; She
p
breath'd a pray'r for him, A pray'r he could not hear, But he paus'd to bless her
as she knelt, And wip'd a - way a tear.
sf dim.

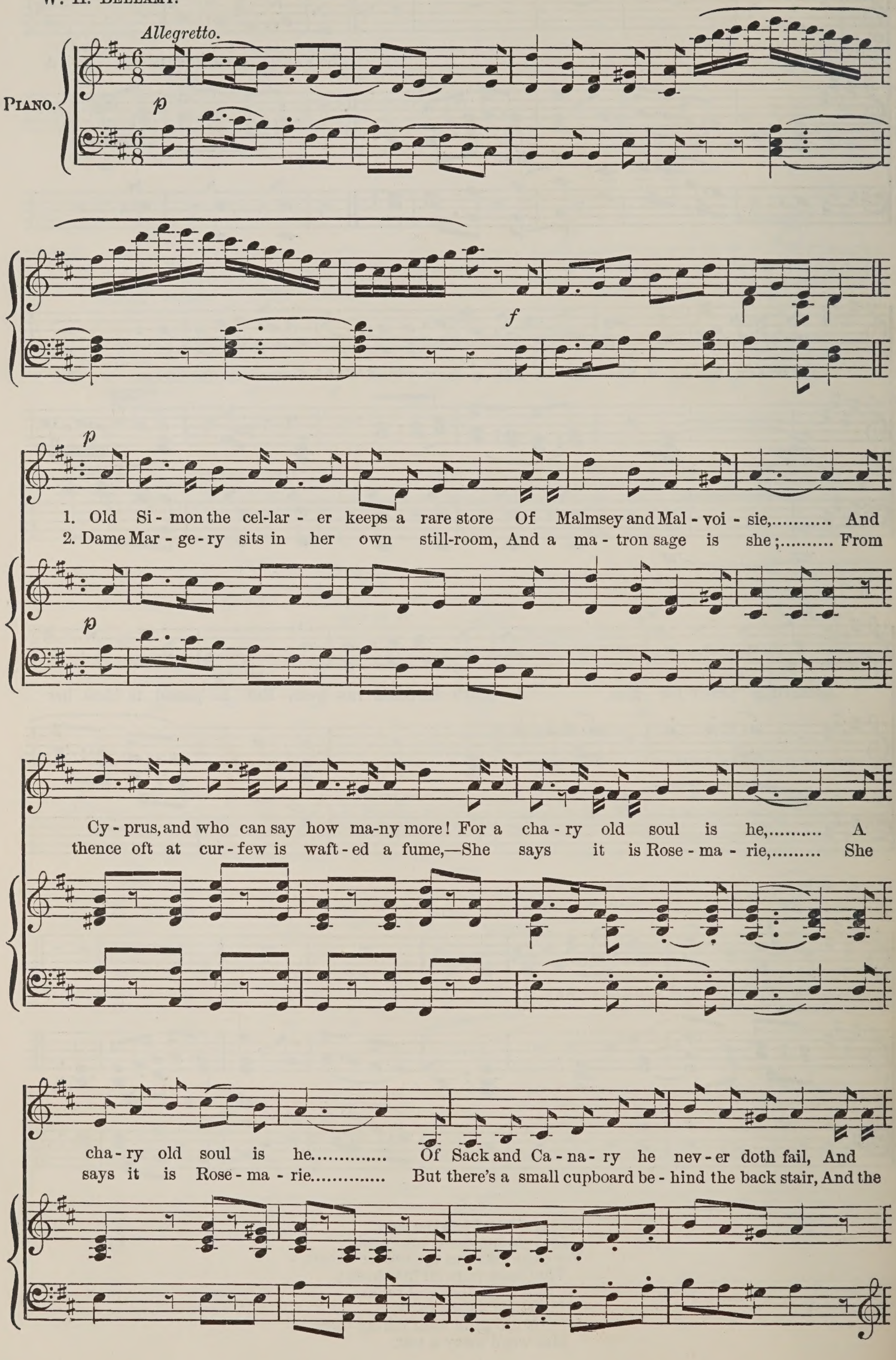
3.

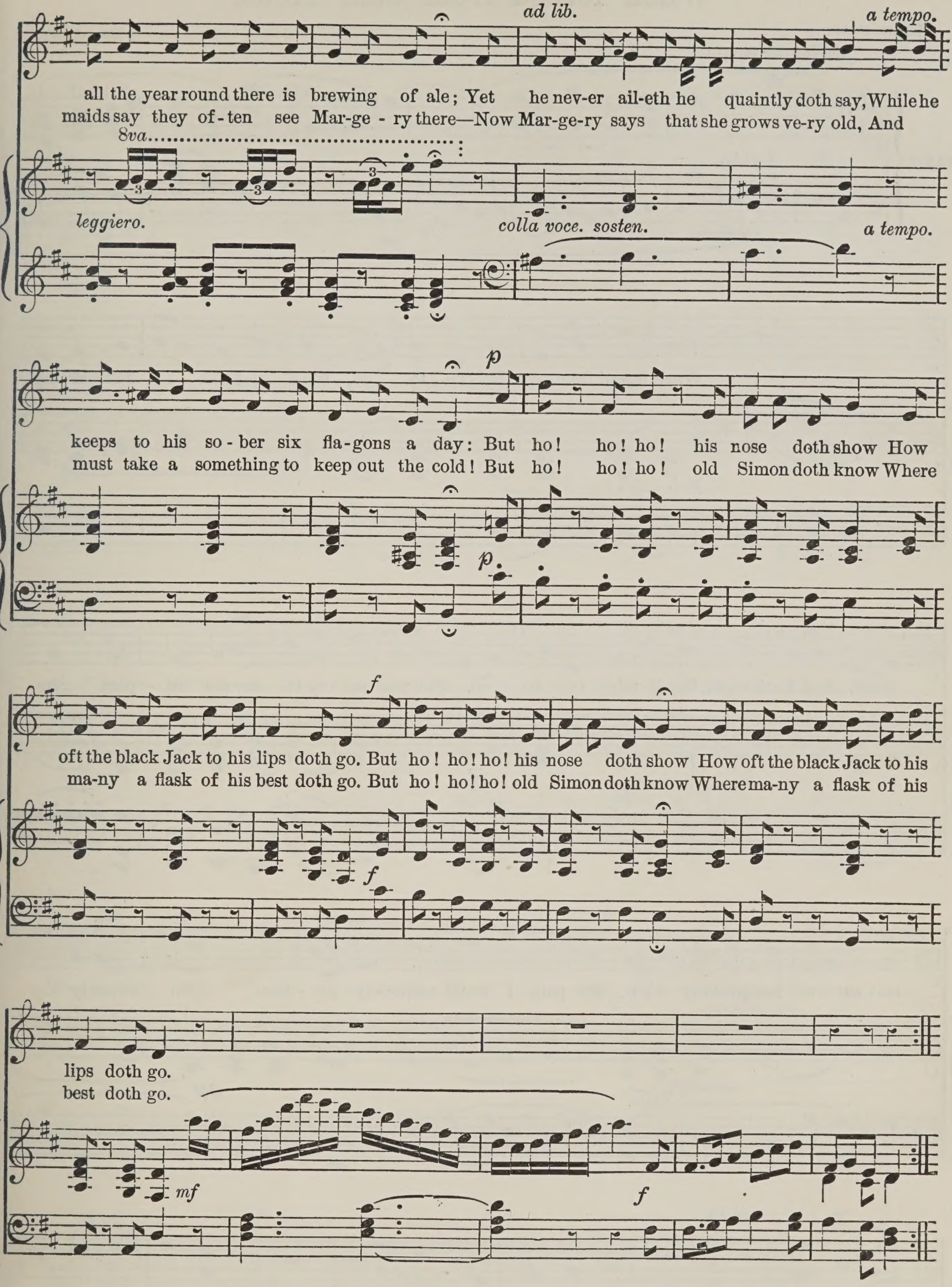
He turn'd and left the spot,
Oh! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Tho' tears were on his cheek;
Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wip'd away a tear.

Simon the Cellarer.

W. H. Bellamy.

J. L. Hatton.


Allegretto.
Piano.
p
f
p
p
1. Old Si - mon the cel-lar - er keeps a rare store Of Malmsey and Mal - voi - sie,........... And
2. Dame Mar - ge - ry sits in her own still-room, And a ma - tron sage is she ;.......... From
Cy - prus, and who can say how ma-ny more! For a cha - ry old soul is he,.......... A
thence oft at cur - few is waft - ed a fume,—She says it is Rose - ma - rie,......... She
cha - ry old soul is he............. Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And
says it is Rose - ma - rie.............. But there's a small cupboard be - hind the back stair, And the


ad lib.
a tempo.
all the year round there is brewing of ale; Yet he nev-er ail-eth he quaintly doth say, While he
maids say they of-ten see Mar-ge - ry there—Now Mar-ge-ry says that she grows ve-ry old, And
8va
3
leggiero.
colla voce. sosten.
a tempo.
p
keeps to his so-ber six fla-gons a day: But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show How
must take a something to keep out the cold! But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know Where
p
f
oft the black Jack to his lips doth go. But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his
ma-ny a flask of his best doth go. But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know Where ma-ny a flask of his
f
lips doth go.
best doth go.
mf
f

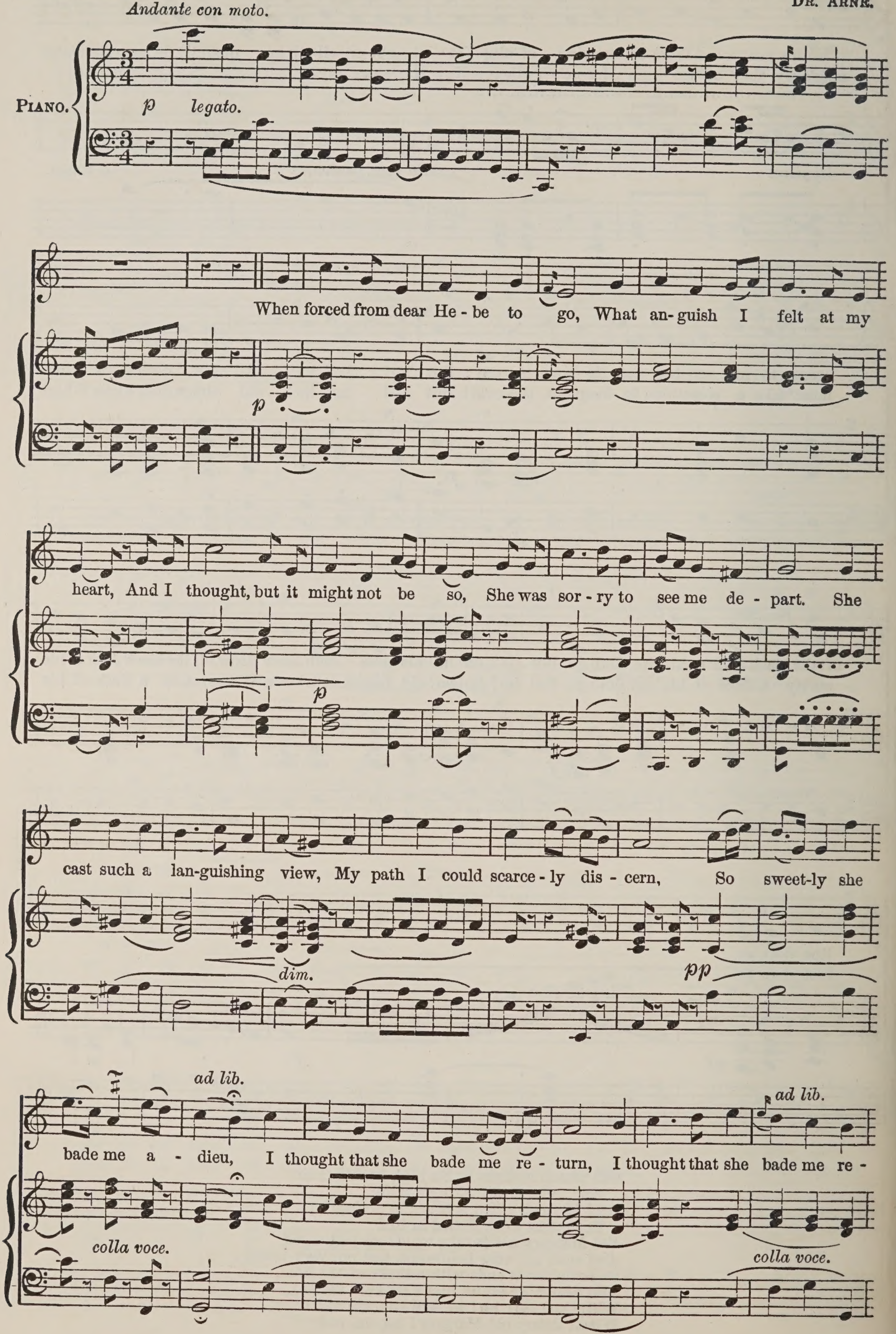
3.

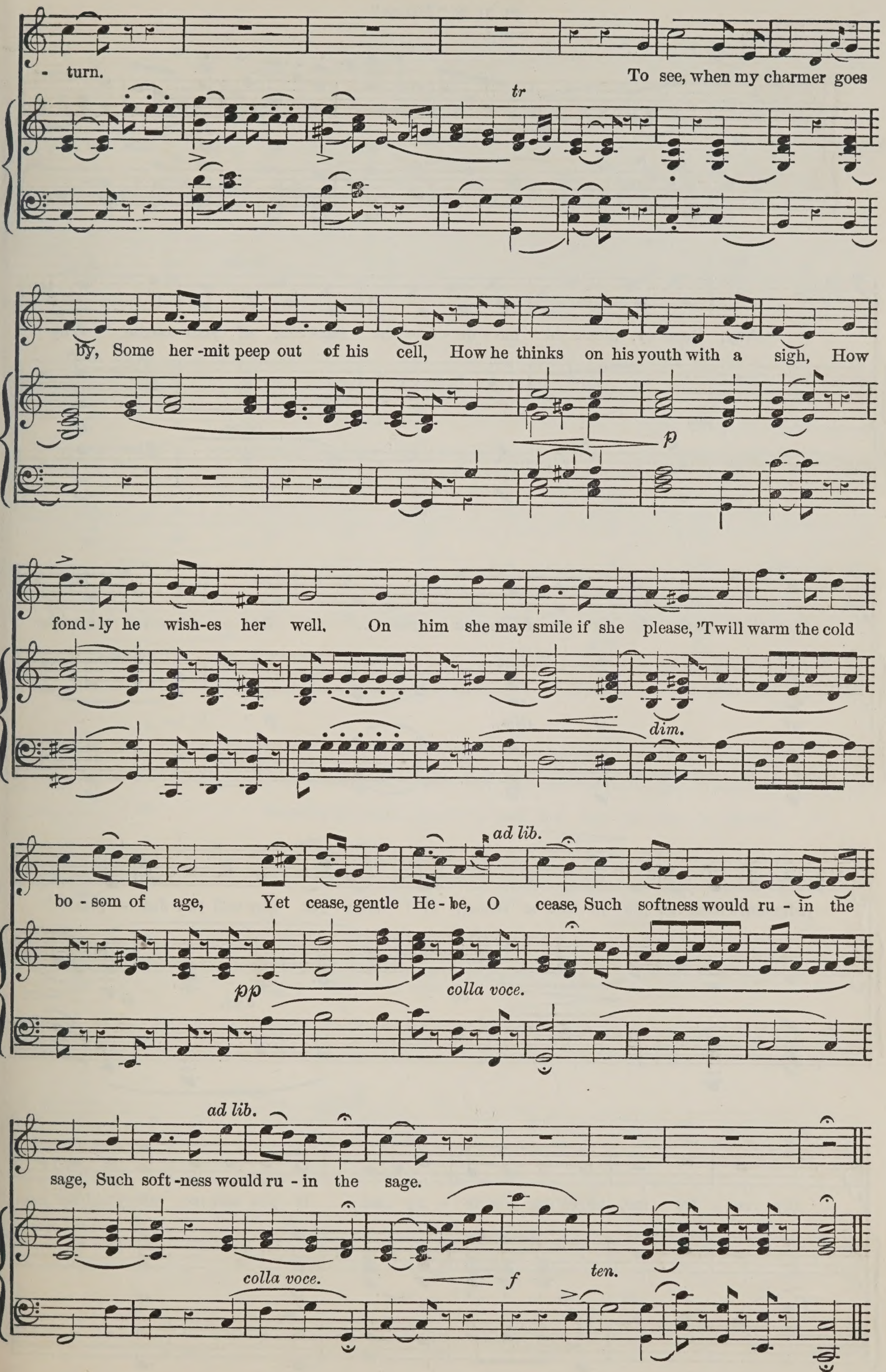
Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
  And talks about taking a wife;
And Margery often is heard to declare
  She ought to be settled in life.
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome, and not very young;
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead,—
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
What! marry old Margery! no, no, no!

When forced from dear Hebe.

Shenstone.

Dr. Arne.

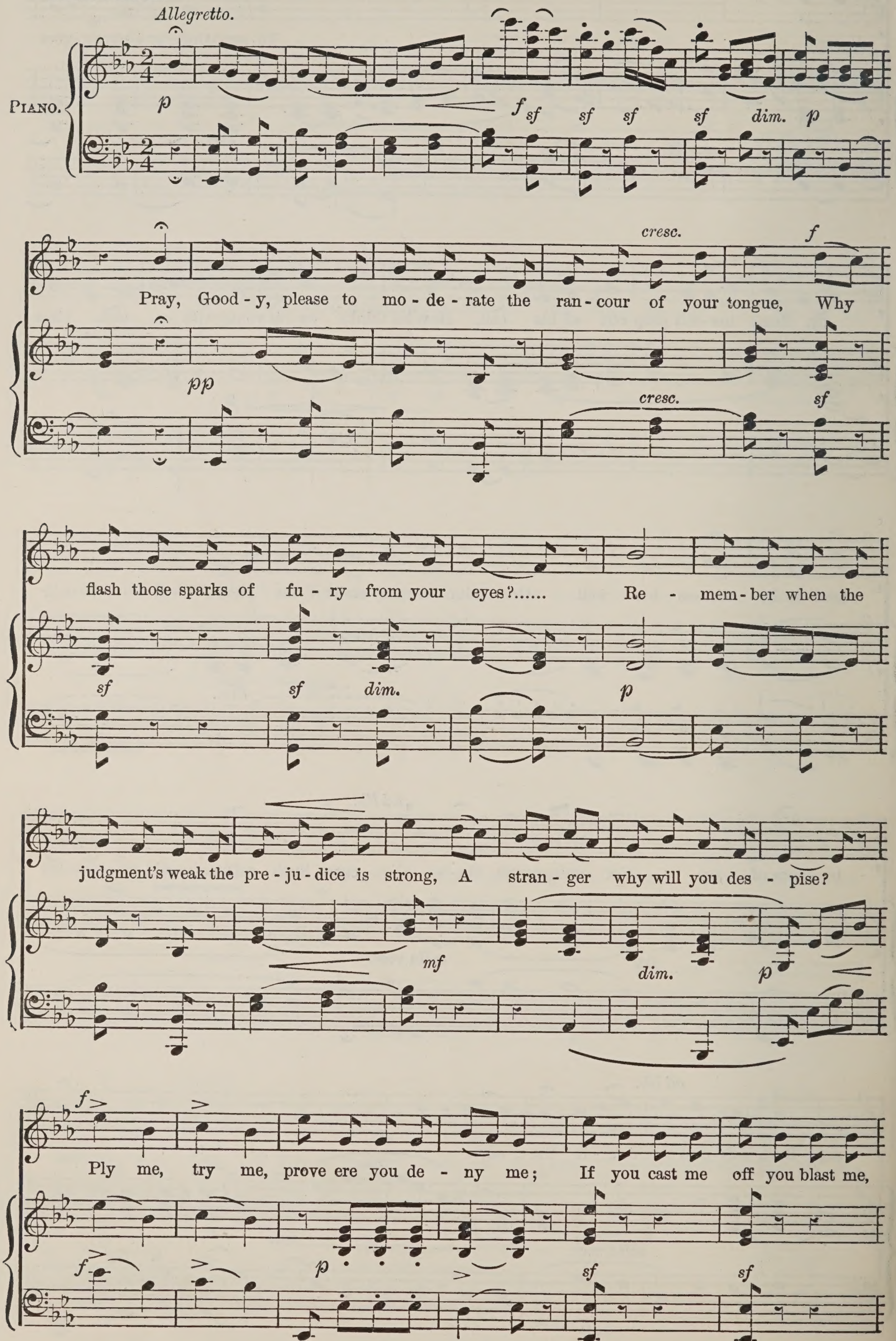

Andante con moto.
Piano.
p
legato.
p
When forced from dear He - be to go, What an- guish I felt at my heart, And I thought, but it might not be so, She was sor - ry to see me de - part. She cast such a lan-guishing view, My path I could scarce - ly dis - cern, So sweet-ly she bade me a - dieu, I thought that she bade me re - turn, I thought that she bade me re -
p
dim.
pp
ad lib.
ad lib.
colla voce.
colla voce.

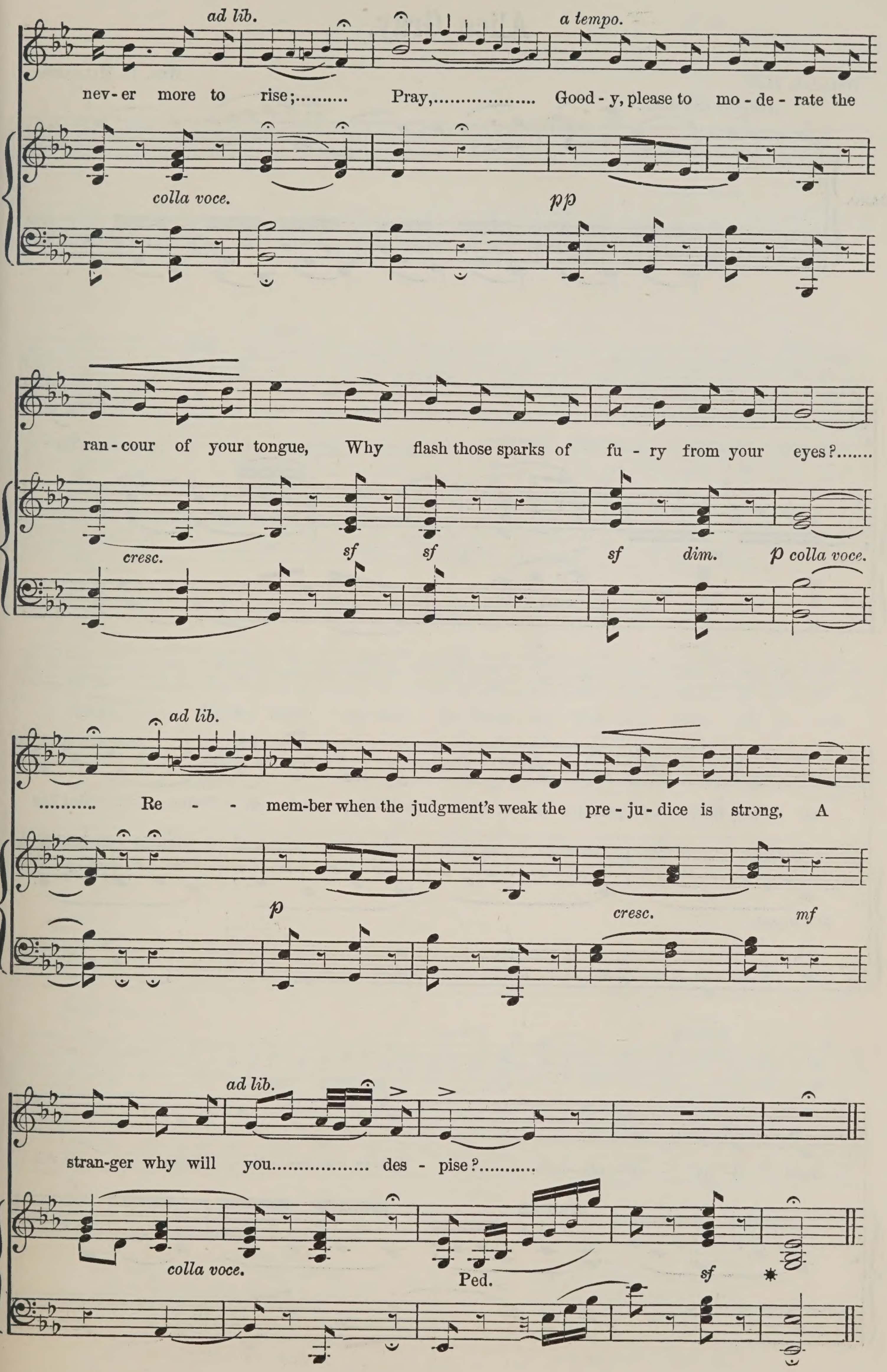

- turn. To see, when my charmer goes
tr
by, Some her-mit peep out of his cell, How he thinks on his youth with a sigh, How
p
fond-ly he wish-es her well. On him she may smile if she please, 'Twill warm the cold
dim.
ad lib.
bo-som of age, Yet cease, gentle He-be, O cease, Such softness would ru-in the
pp
colla voce.
ad lib.
sage, Such soft-ness would ru-in the sage.
colla voce.
f
ten.

Pray, Goody.

Sung in "Midas."

Kane O'Hara.

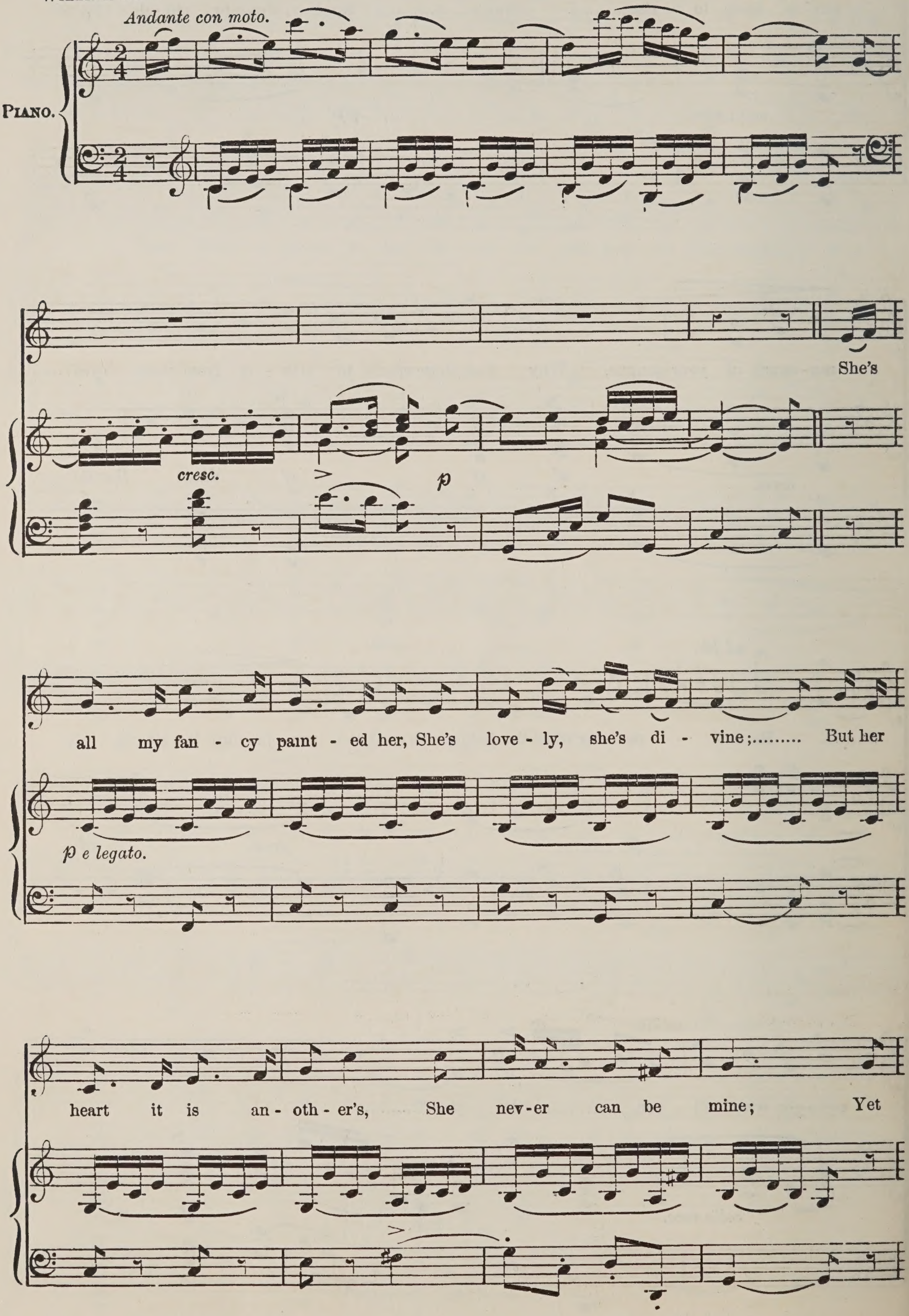

Allegretto.
Piano.
Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue, Why
flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?...... Re - member when the
judgment's weak the prejudice is strong, A stranger why will you despise?
Ply me, try me, prove ere you deny me; If you cast me off you blast me,

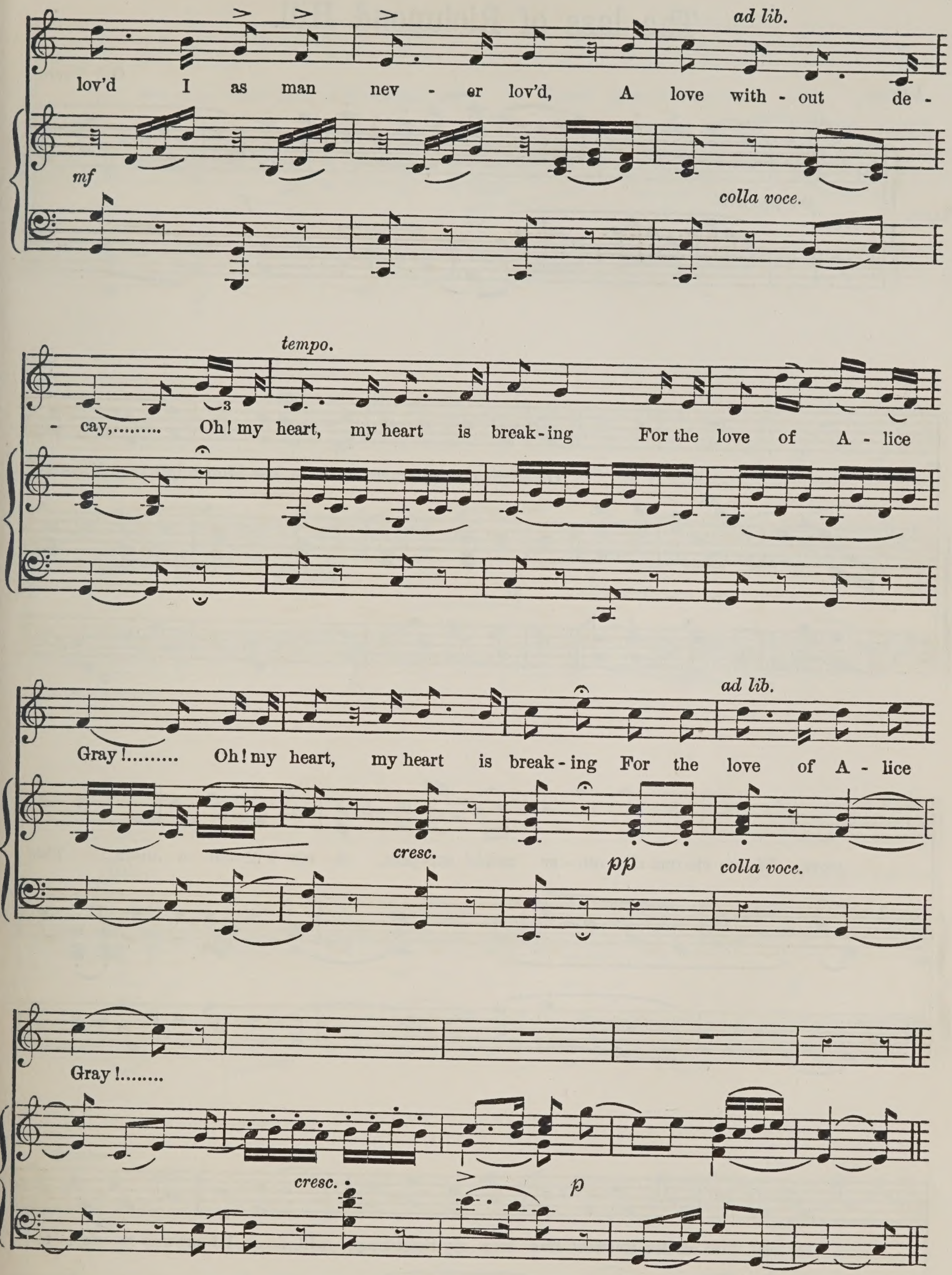

ad lib.
a tempo.
nev-er more to rise;.......... Pray,.................... Good-y, please to mo-de-rate the
colla voce.
pp
ran-cour of your tongue, Why flash those sparks of fu-ry from your eyes?.......
cresc.
sf
sf
sf
dim.
p colla voce.
ad lib.
.... Re - - mem-ber when the judgment's weak the pre-ju-dice is strong, A
p
cresc.
mf
ad lib.
stran-ger why will you.................. des - pise?..........
colla voce.
Ped.
sf
*

Alice Gray.

William Mee.

Mrs. P. Millard.


Andante con moto.
Piano.
cresc.
p
She's
all my fan - cy paint - ed her, She's love - ly, she's di - vine;......... But her
p e legato.
heart it is an - oth - er's, She nev - er can be mine; Yet


ad lib.
lov'd I as man nev - er lov'd, A love with - out de -
mf
colla voce.
tempo.
- cay,......... Oh! my heart, my heart is break - ing For the love of A - lice
3
ad lib.
Gray !......... Oh! my heart, my heart is break - ing For the love of A - lice
cresc.
pp
colla voce.
Gray !........
cresc.
p

2.

Her dark brown hair is braided
O'er a brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes,
Now flashes with delight:
Her hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away;
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

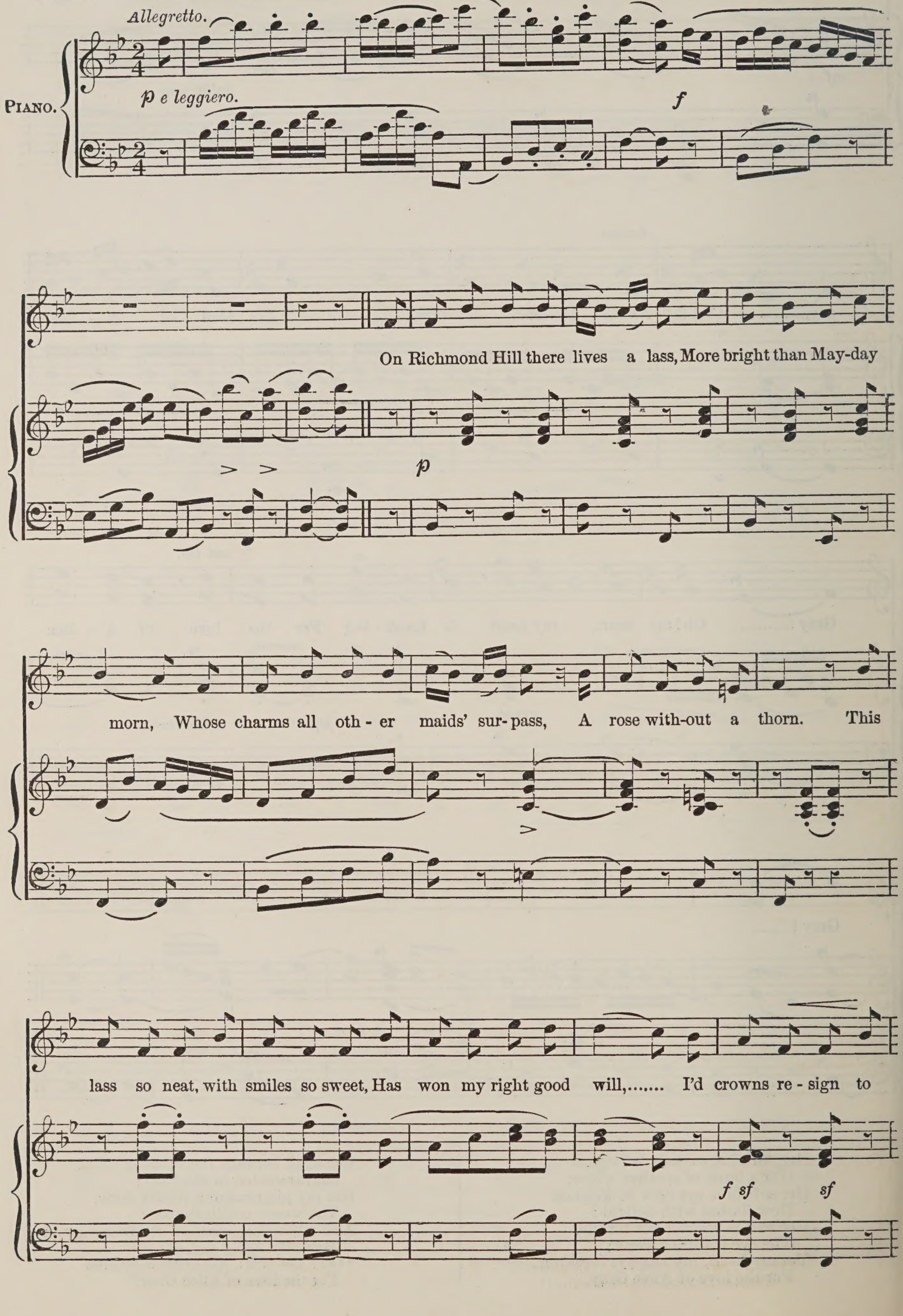
3.

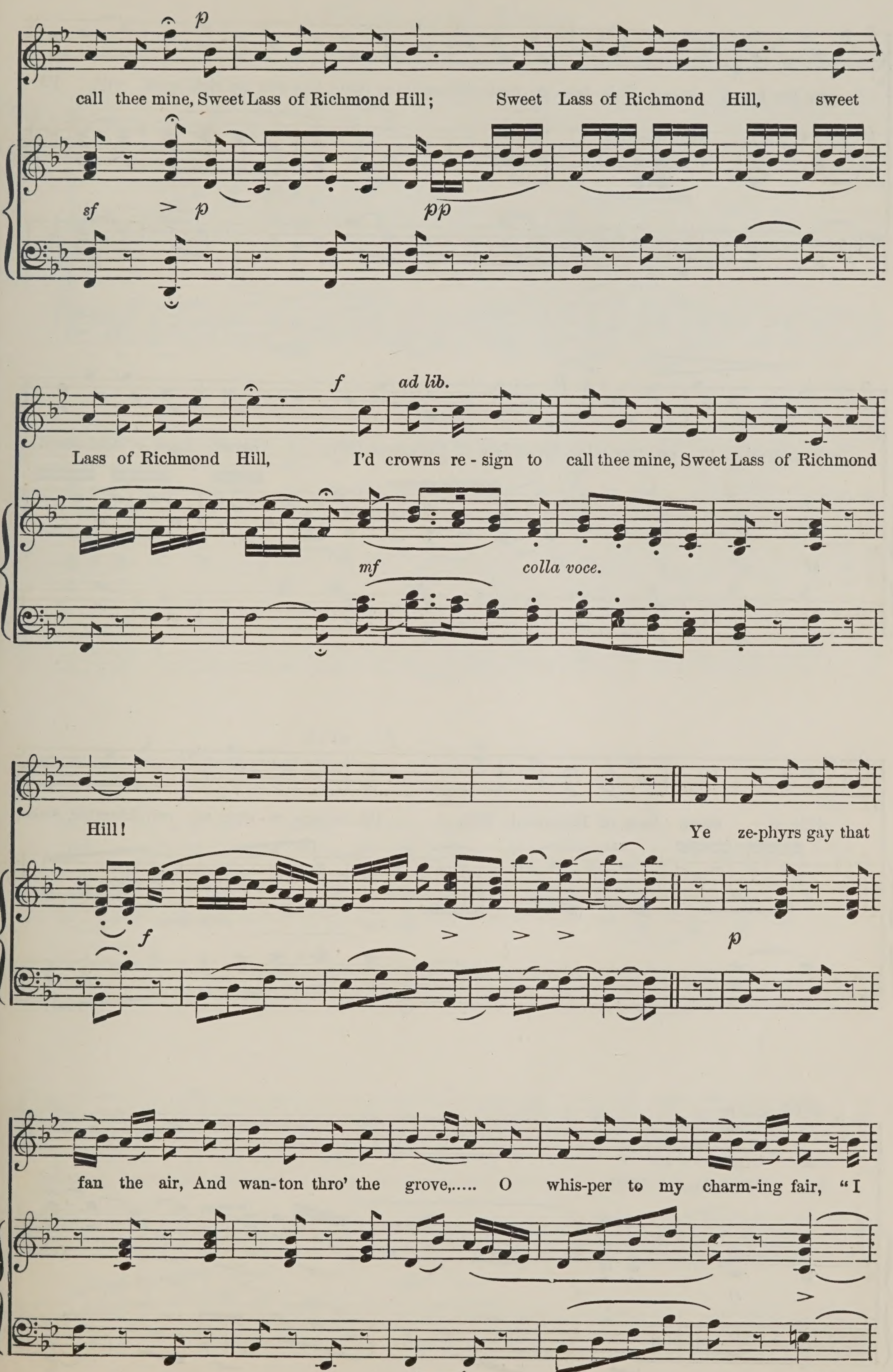
I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past:
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,—
"Oh! his heart, his heart is broken
For the love of Alice Gray."

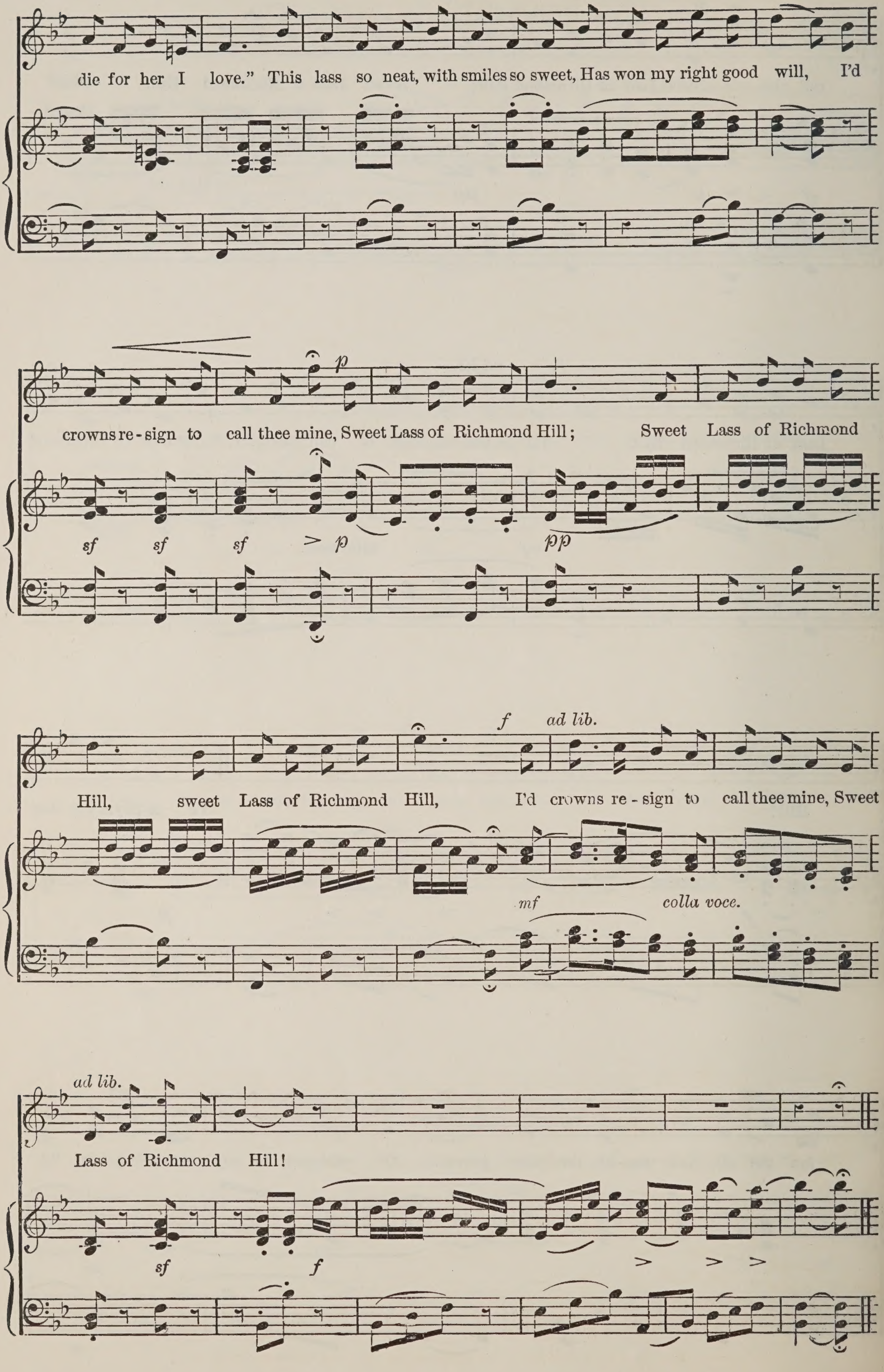
The lass of Richmond Hill.

Upton.

Old Tune.

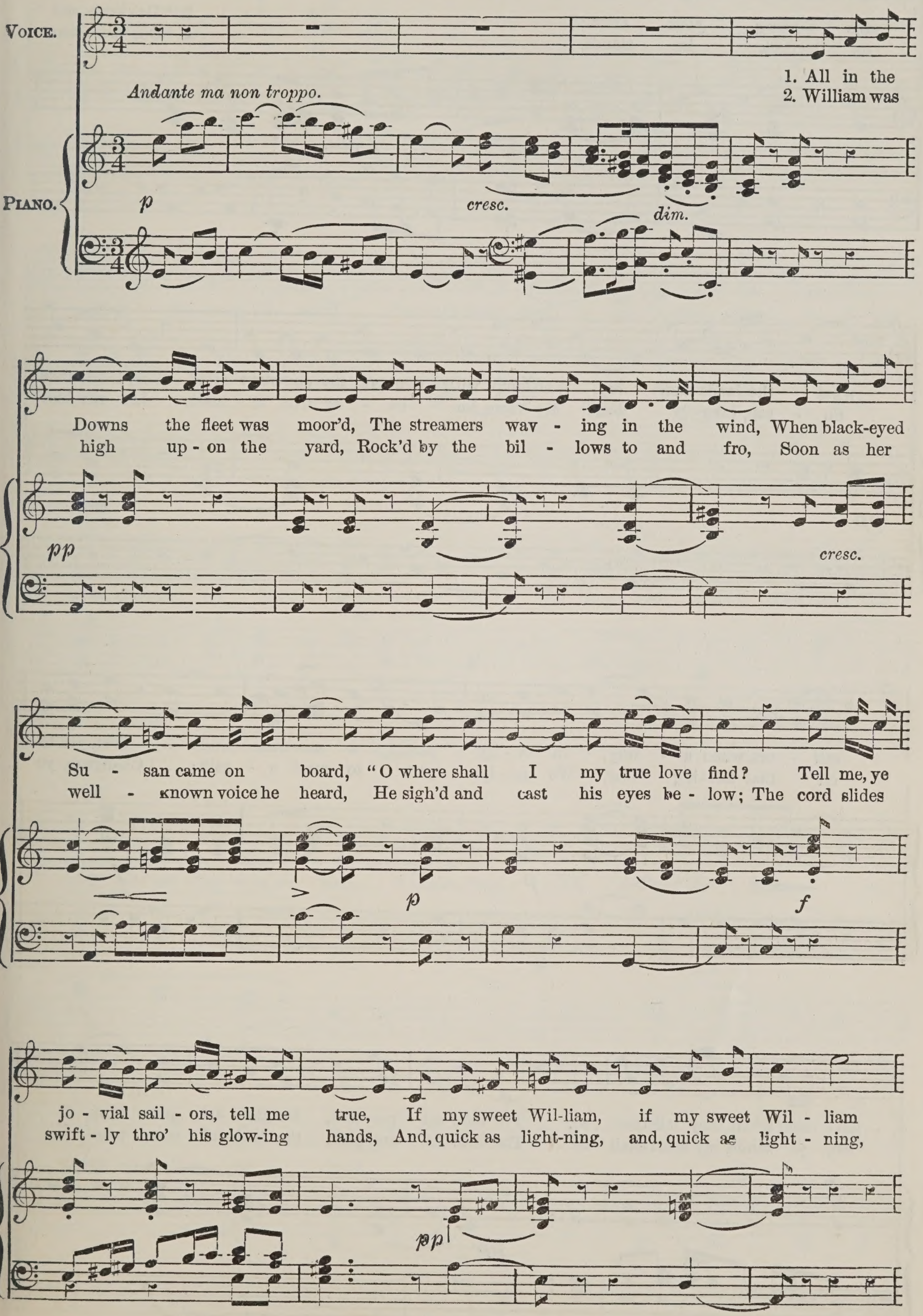

Allegretto.
Piano.
p e leggiero.
f
p
On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day
morn, Whose charms all oth - er maids' sur-pass, A rose with-out a thorn. This
lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will,....... I'd crowns re - sign to
f sf
sf


p
call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill; Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill, sweet
sf
>
p
pp
f
ad lib.
Lass of Richmond Hill, I'd crowns re - sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond
mf
colla voce.
Hill!
Ye ze-phyrs gay that
f
>
>
>
p
fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the grove,..... O whis-per to my charm-ing fair, "I
>

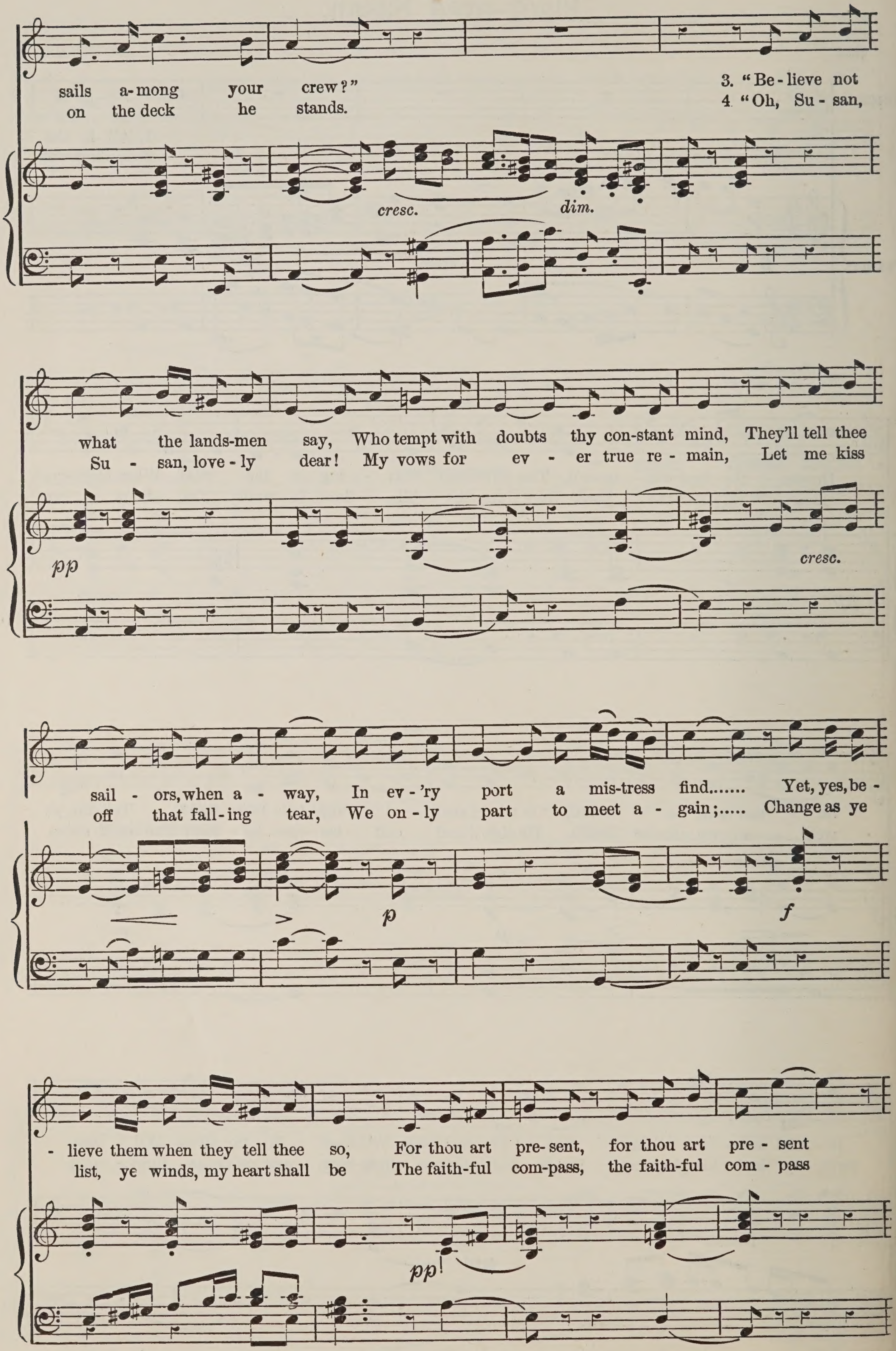

die for her I love." This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, I'd
crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill; Sweet Lass of Richmond
p
sf sf sf > p pp
Hill, sweet Lass of Richmond Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet
f ad lib.
mf colla voce.
ad lib.
Lass of Richmond Hill!
sf f > > >

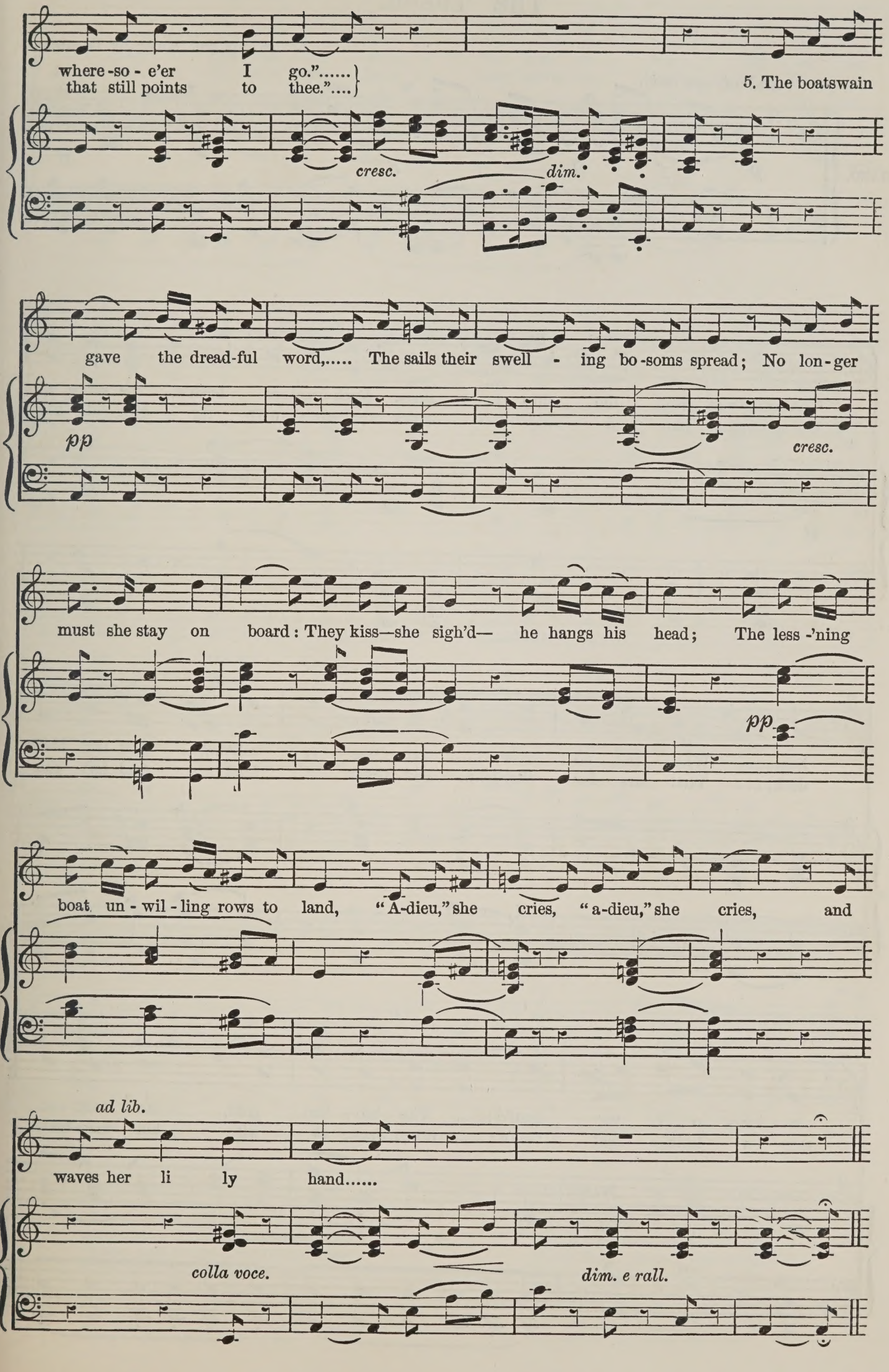
Black-eyed Susan.

Gay. **Leveridge.**


Voice.
Piano.
Andante ma non troppo.
p
cresc.
dim.
1. All in the
2. William was
pp
Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers wav - ing in the wind, When black-eyed
high up - on the yard, Rock'd by the bil - lows to and fro, Soon as her
cresc.
Su - san came on board, "O where shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye
well - known voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be - low; The cord slides
p
f
jo - vial sail - ors, tell me true, If my sweet Wil-liam, if my sweet Wil - liam
swift - ly thro' his glow-ing hands, And, quick as light-ning, and, quick as light - ning,
pp

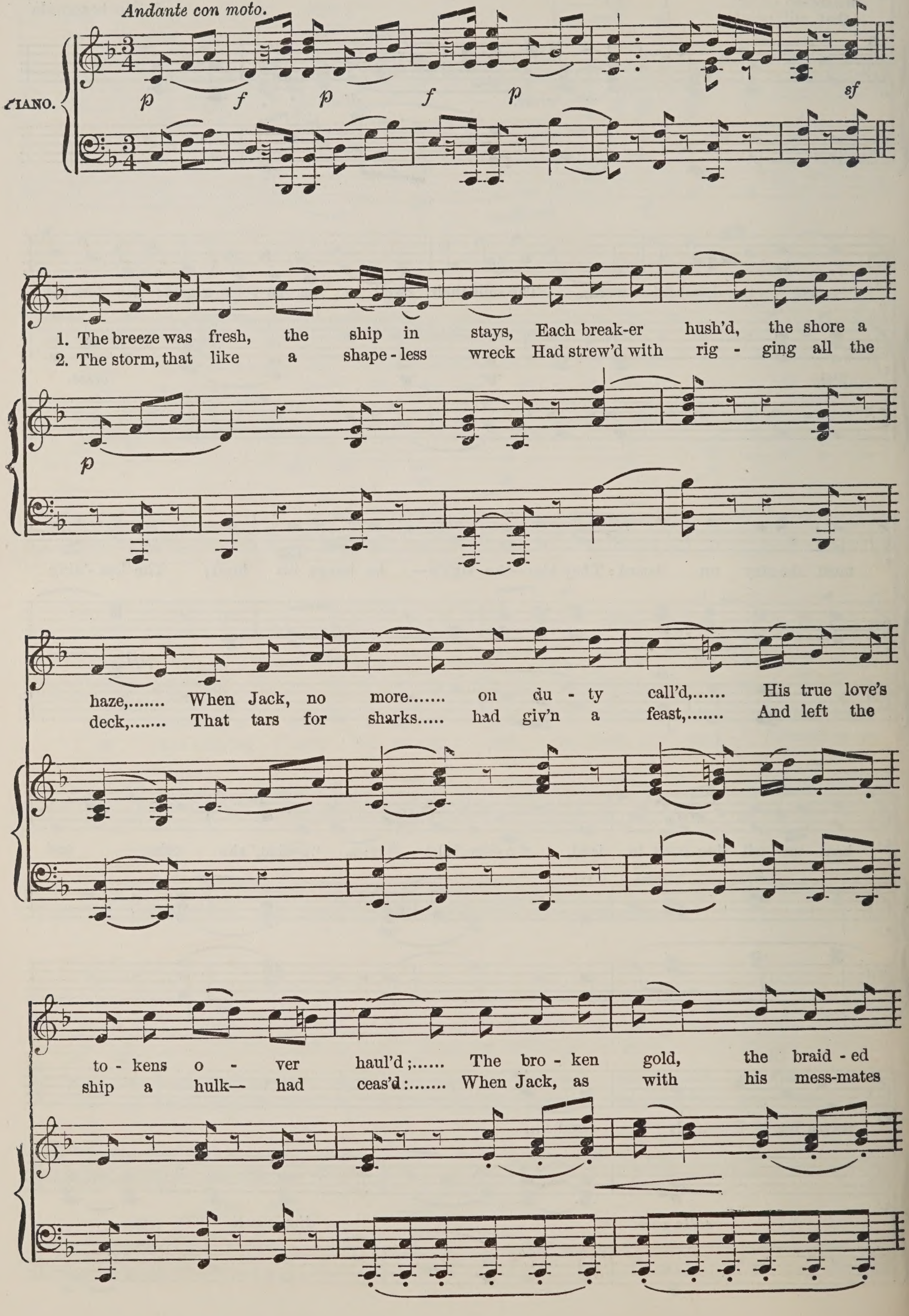
N.B.—According to the sentiment of the words, so must this accompaniment be played.

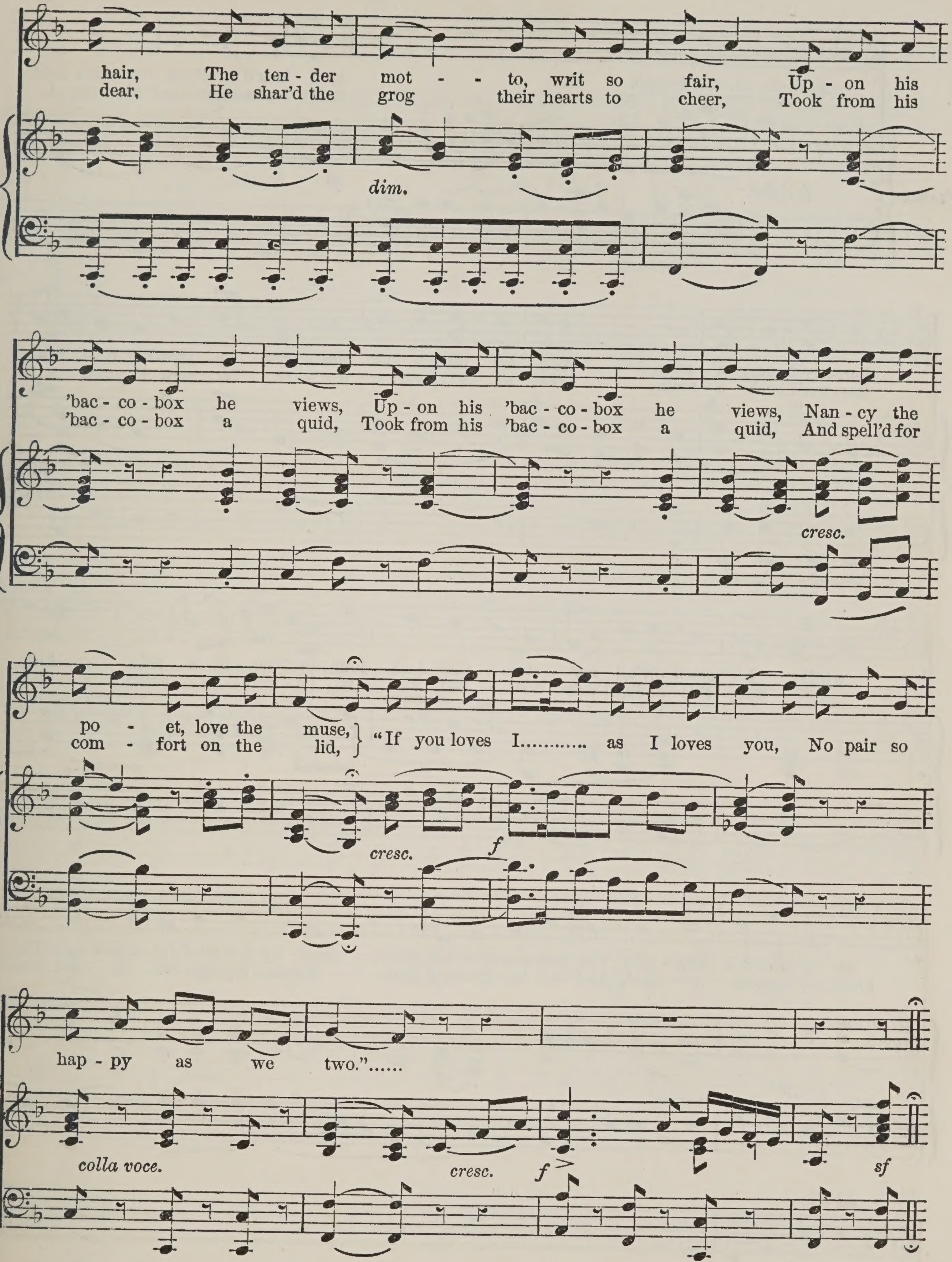

sails a-mong your crew?"
on the deck he stands.
3. "Be-lieve not
4. "Oh, Su-san,
cresc.
dim.
what the lands-men say, Who tempt with doubts thy con-stant mind, They'll tell thee
Su-san, love-ly dear! My vows for ev-er true re-main, Let me kiss
pp
cresc.
sail-ors, when a-way, In ev-'ry port a mis-tress find....... Yet, yes, be-
off that fall-ing tear, We on-ly part to meet a-gain;..... Change as ye
p
f
-lieve them when they tell thee so, For thou art pre-sent, for thou art pre-sent
list, ye winds, my heart shall be The faith-ful com-pass, the faith-ful com-pass
pp


where-so-e'er I go."......
that still points to thee."....
5. The boatswain
cresc.
dim.
gave the dread-ful word,..... The sails their swell-ing bo-soms spread; No lon-ger
pp
cresc.
must she stay on board: They kiss—she sigh'd— he hangs his head; The less-'ning
pp
boat un-wil-ling rows to land, "A-dieu," she cries, "a-dieu," she cries, and
ad lib.
waves her li ly hand......
colla voce.
dim. e rall.

The Token.

Words and Music by **Dibdin.**


Andante con moto.
PIANO.
p f p f p sf
p
1. The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays, Each break-er hush'd, the shore a
2. The storm, that like a shape-less wreck Had strew'd with rig - ging all the
haze,....... When Jack, no more....... on du - ty call'd,...... His true love's
deck,....... That tars for sharks..... had giv'n a feast,....... And left the
to - kens o - ver haul'd ;...... The bro - ken gold, the braid - ed
ship a hulk— had ceas'd :....... When Jack, as with his mess-mates


hair, The ten - der mot - - to, writ so fair, Up - on his
dear, He shar'd the grog their hearts to cheer, Took from his
dim.
'bac - co - box he views, Up - on his 'bac - co - box he views, Nan - cy the
'bac - co - box a quid, Took from his 'bac - co - box a quid, And spell'd for
cresc.
po - et, love the muse,
com - fort on the lid,
"If you loves I........... as I loves you, No pair so
cresc.
f
hap - py as we two."......
colla voce.
cresc.
f
sf

3.

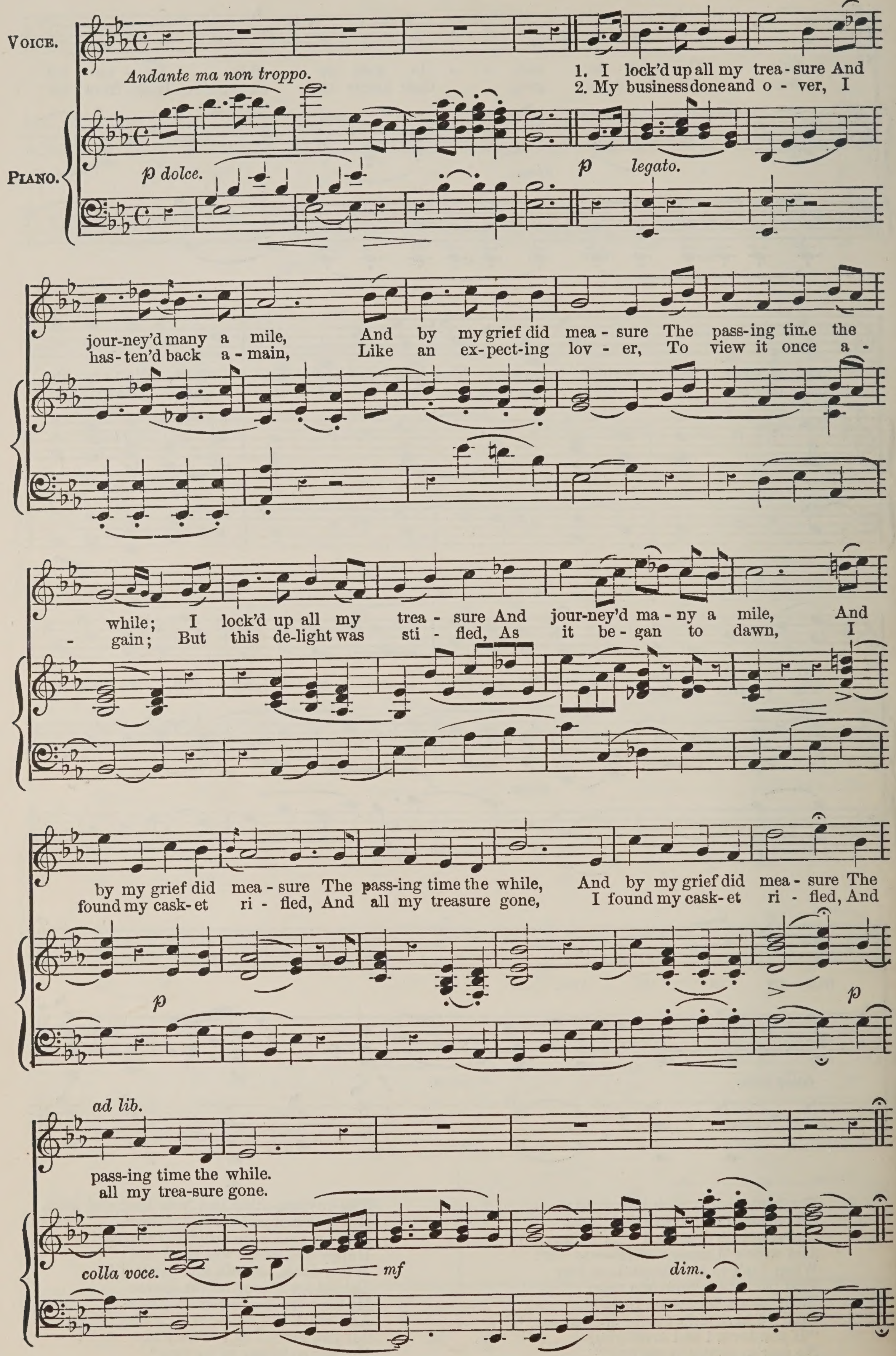
The battle,—that with horror grim
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had scuppers drenched with human gore
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er:
When Jack to his companions dear
First paid the tribute of a tear;
Then, as his 'bacco-box he held,
Restor'd his comfort as he spelled—
"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

4.

The voyage,—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
And brought each sailor to his friend
Happy and rich—was at an end :
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore :
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried, and seized the yielding maid,
"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

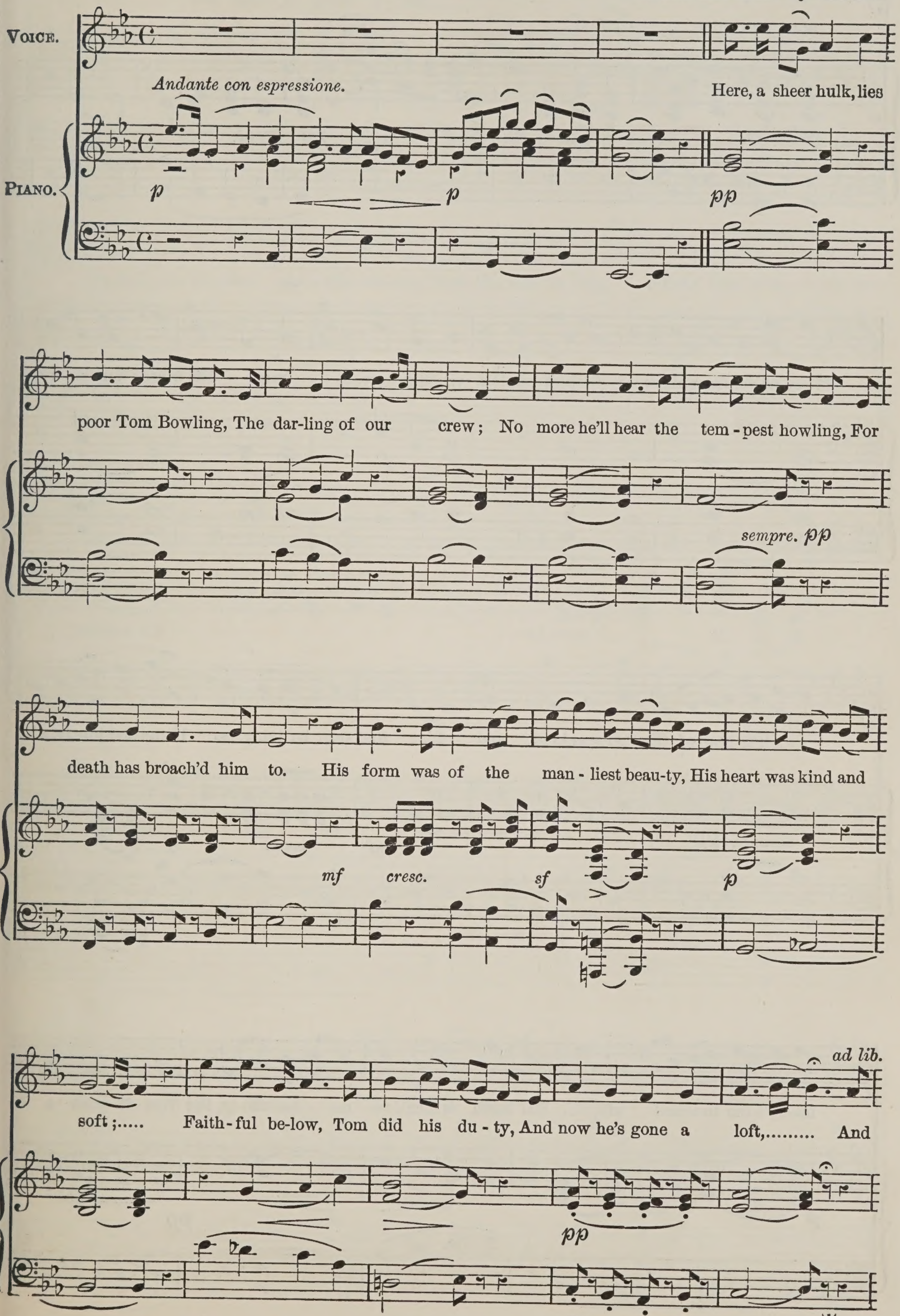
I locked up all my treasure

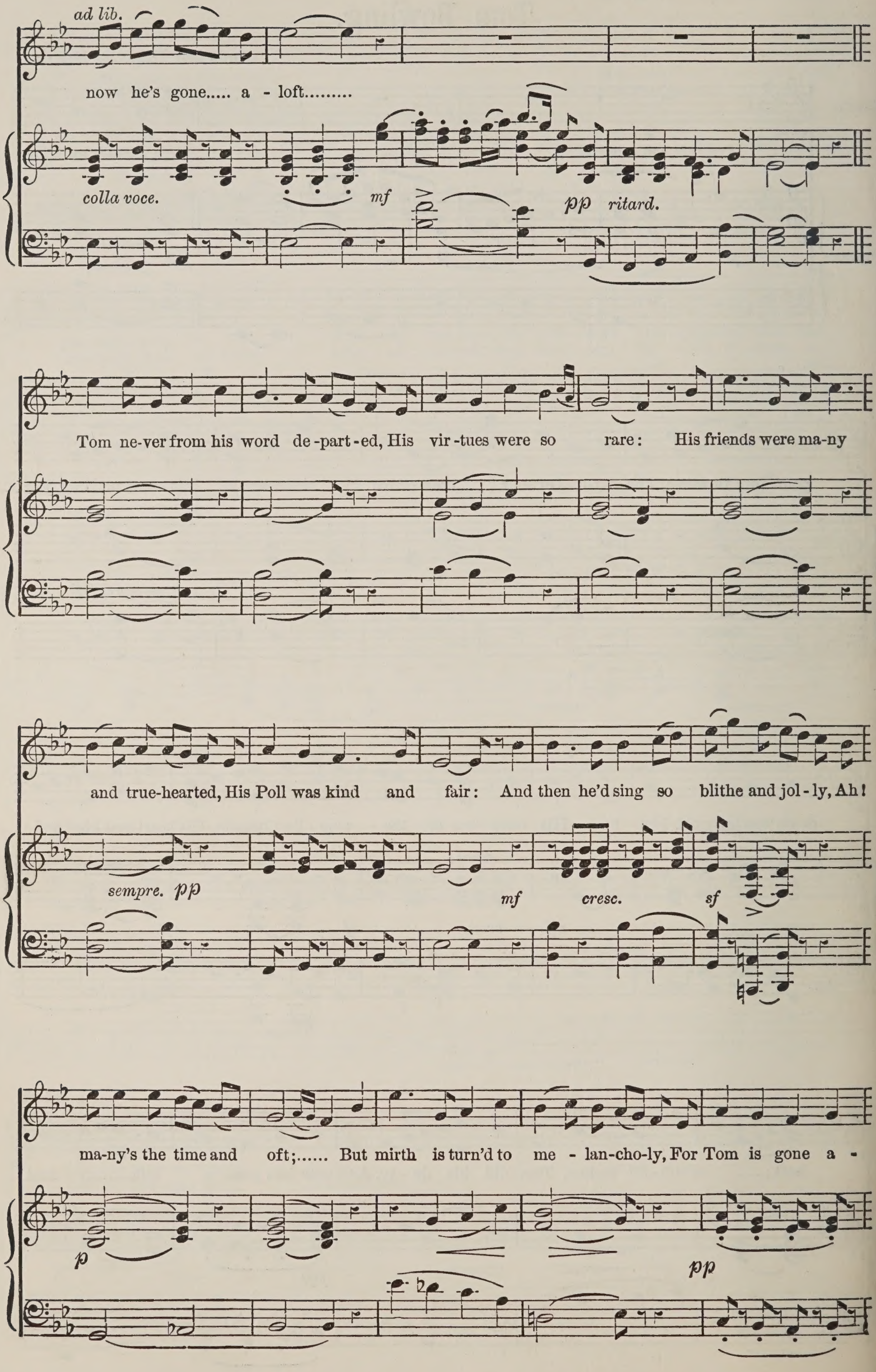
Words and Music by **Dibdin.**

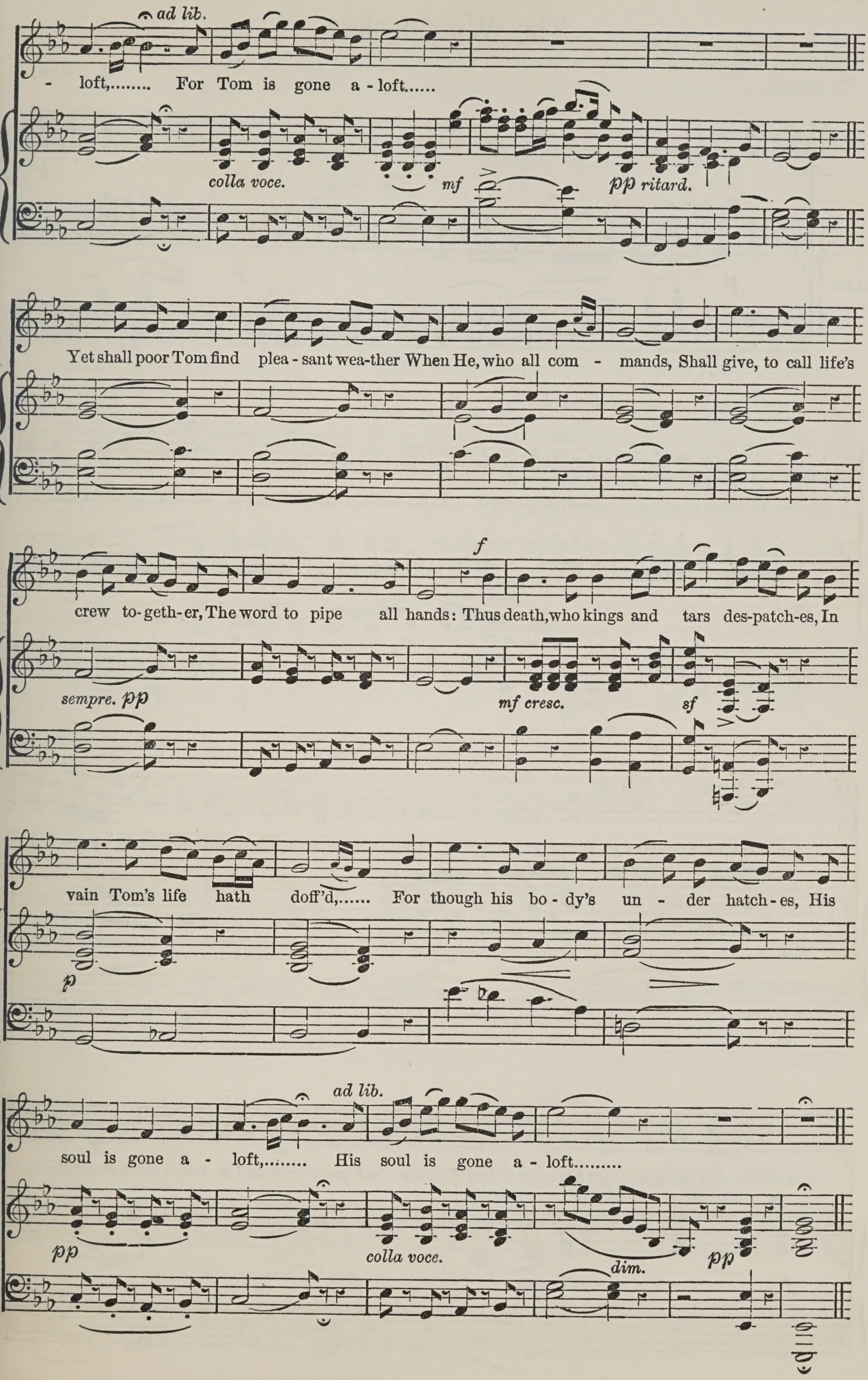

Voice.
Piano.
Andante ma non troppo.
p dolce.
p
legato.
1. I lock'd up all my trea-sure And jour-ney'd many a mile, And by my grief did mea-sure The pass-ing time the while; I lock'd up all my trea-sure And jour-ney'd ma-ny a mile, And by my grief did mea-sure The pass-ing time the while, And by my grief did mea-sure The pass-ing time the while.
2. My business done and o-ver, I has-ten'd back a-main, Like an ex-pect-ing lov-er, To view it once a-gain; But this de-light was sti-fled, As it be-gan to dawn, I found my cask-et ri-fled, And all my treasure gone, I found my cask-et ri-fled, And all my trea-sure gone.
p
p
ad lib.
colla voce.
mf
dim.

Tom Bowling.

Words and Music by DIBDIN.

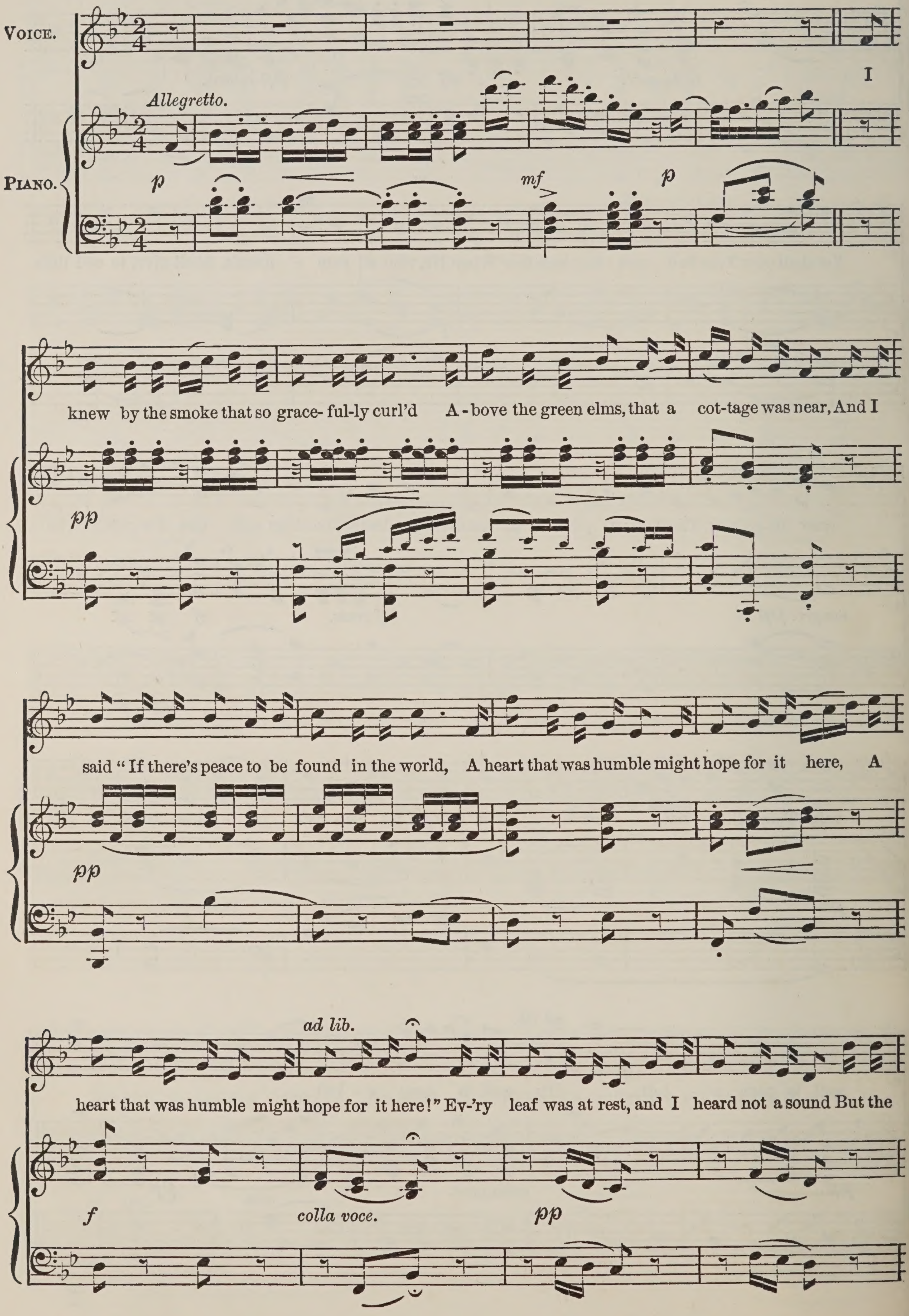

VOICE.
PIANO.
Andante con espressione.
p
p
pp
Here, a sheer hulk, lies
poor Tom Bowling, The dar-ling of our crew; No more he'll hear the tem-pest howling, For
sempre. pp
death has broach'd him to. His form was of the man-liest beau-ty, His heart was kind and
mf
cresc.
sf
p
soft;..... Faith-ful be-low, Tom did his du-ty, And now he's gone a loft,......... And
ad lib.
pp

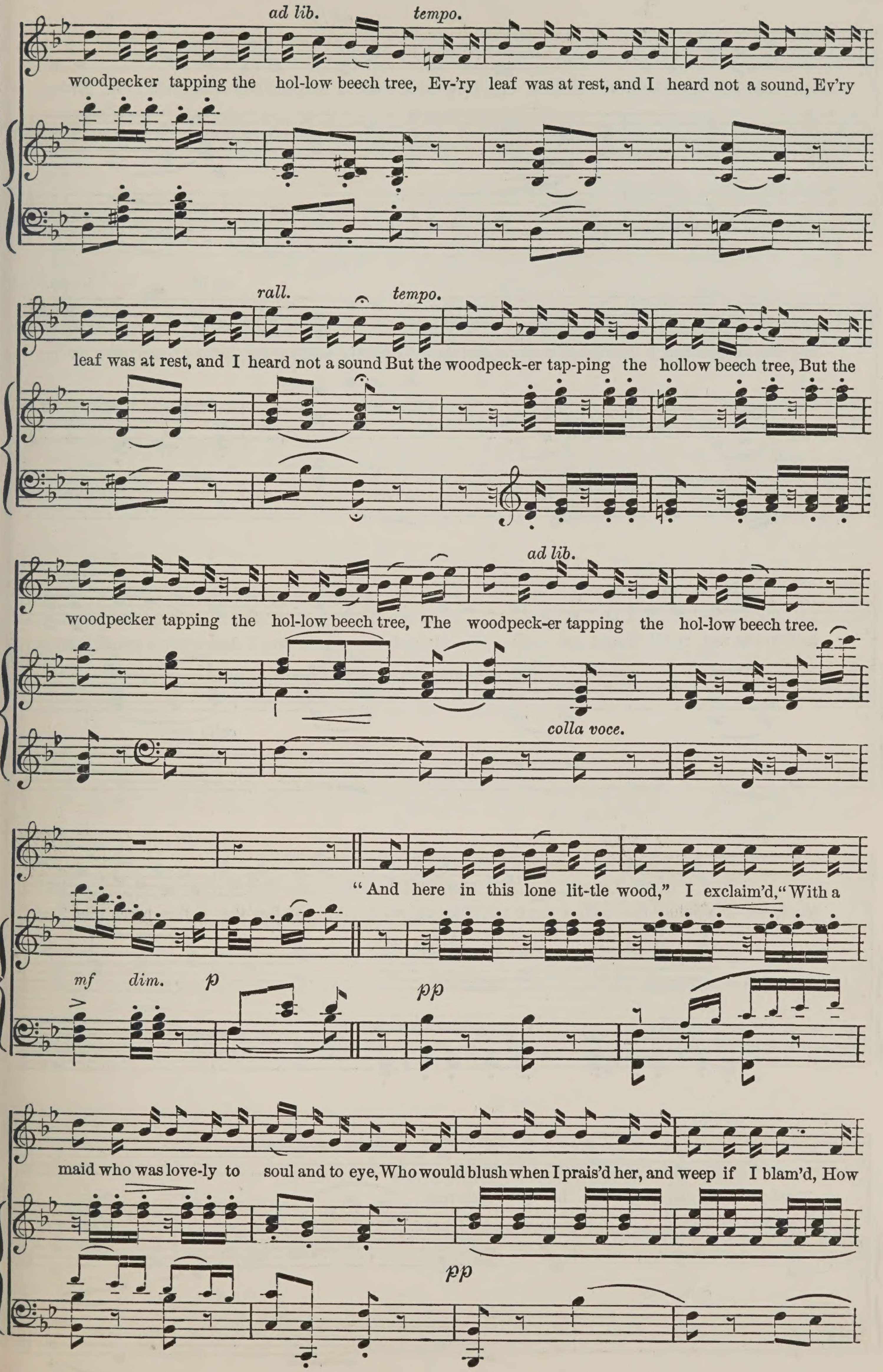

ad lib.
now he's gone..... a - loft.........
colla voce.
mf
pp ritard.
Tom ne-ver from his word de-part-ed, His vir-tues were so rare: His friends were ma-ny
and true-hearted, His Poll was kind and fair: And then he'd sing so blithe and jol-ly, Ah!
sempre. pp
mf
cresc.
sf
ma-ny's the time and oft;...... But mirth is turn'd to me - lan-cho-ly, For Tom is gone a -
p
pp

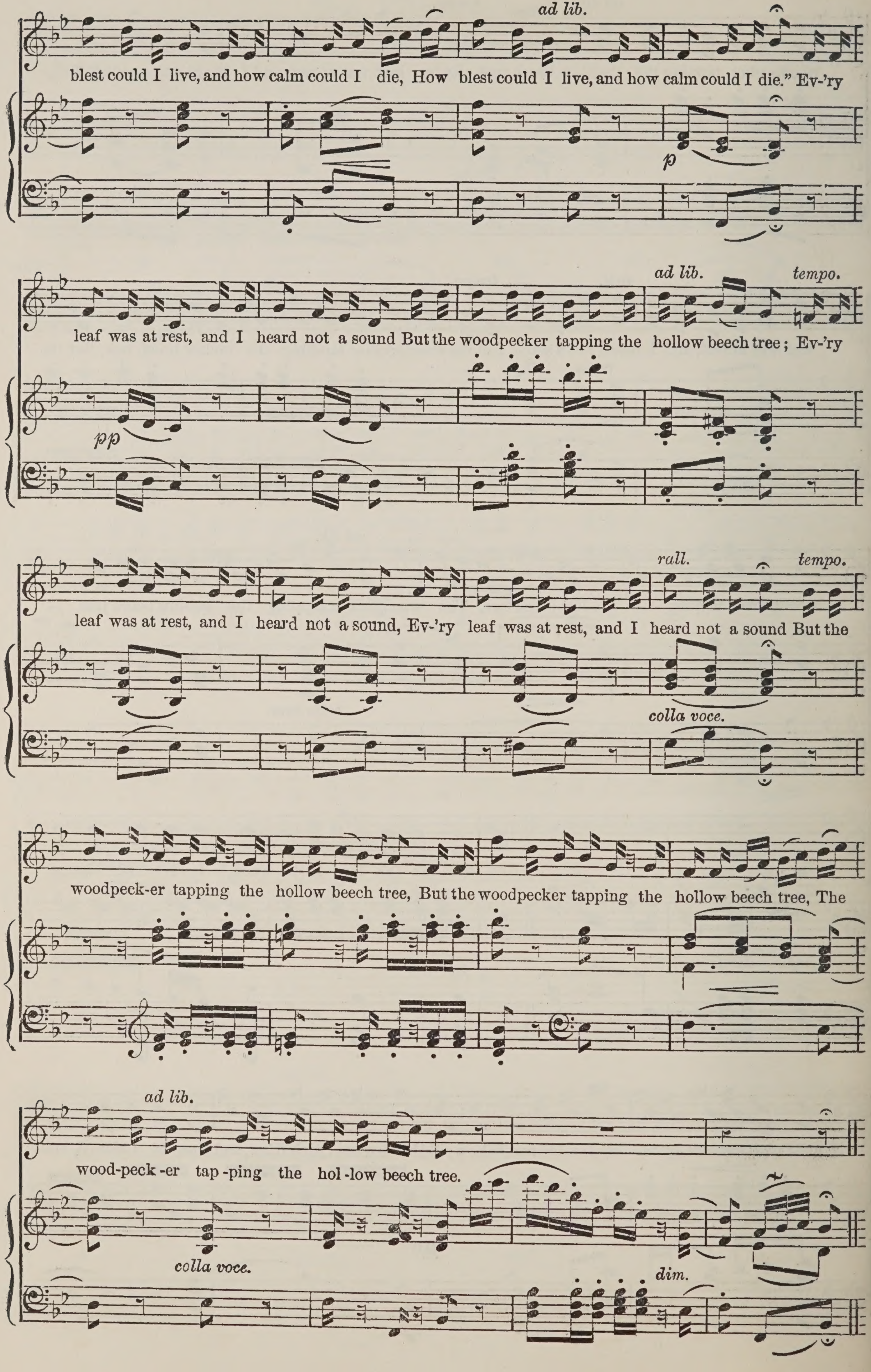

ad lib.
-loft,........ For Tom is gone a-loft......
colla voce.
mf
pp ritard.
Yet shall poor Tom find plea-sant wea-ther When He, who all com-mands, Shall give, to call life's
f
crew to-geth-er, The word to pipe all hands: Thus death, who kings and tars des-patch-es, In
sempre. pp
mf cresc.
sf
vain Tom's life hath doff'd,...... For though his bo-dy's un-der hatch-es, His
p
ad lib.
soul is gone a-loft,........ His soul is gone a-loft.........
pp
colla voce.
dim.
pp

The Woodpecker.

T. MOORE. M. KELLY.

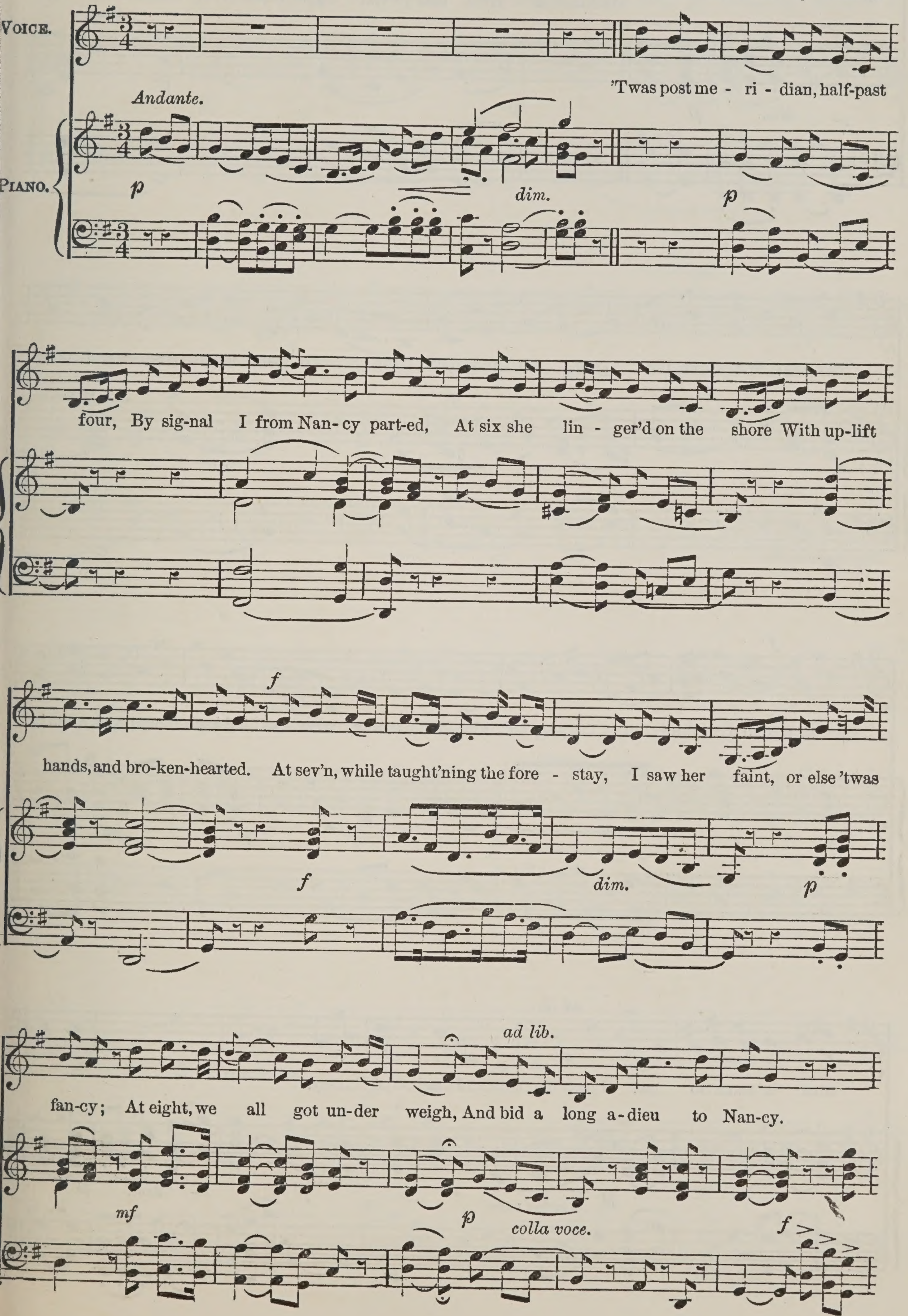

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto.
p
mf
p
I
knew by the smoke that so grace-ful-ly curl'd A-bove the green elms, that a cot-tage was near, And I
pp
said "If there's peace to be found in the world, A heart that was humble might hope for it here, A
pp
ad lib.
heart that was humble might hope for it here!" Ev-'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the
f
colla voce.
pp

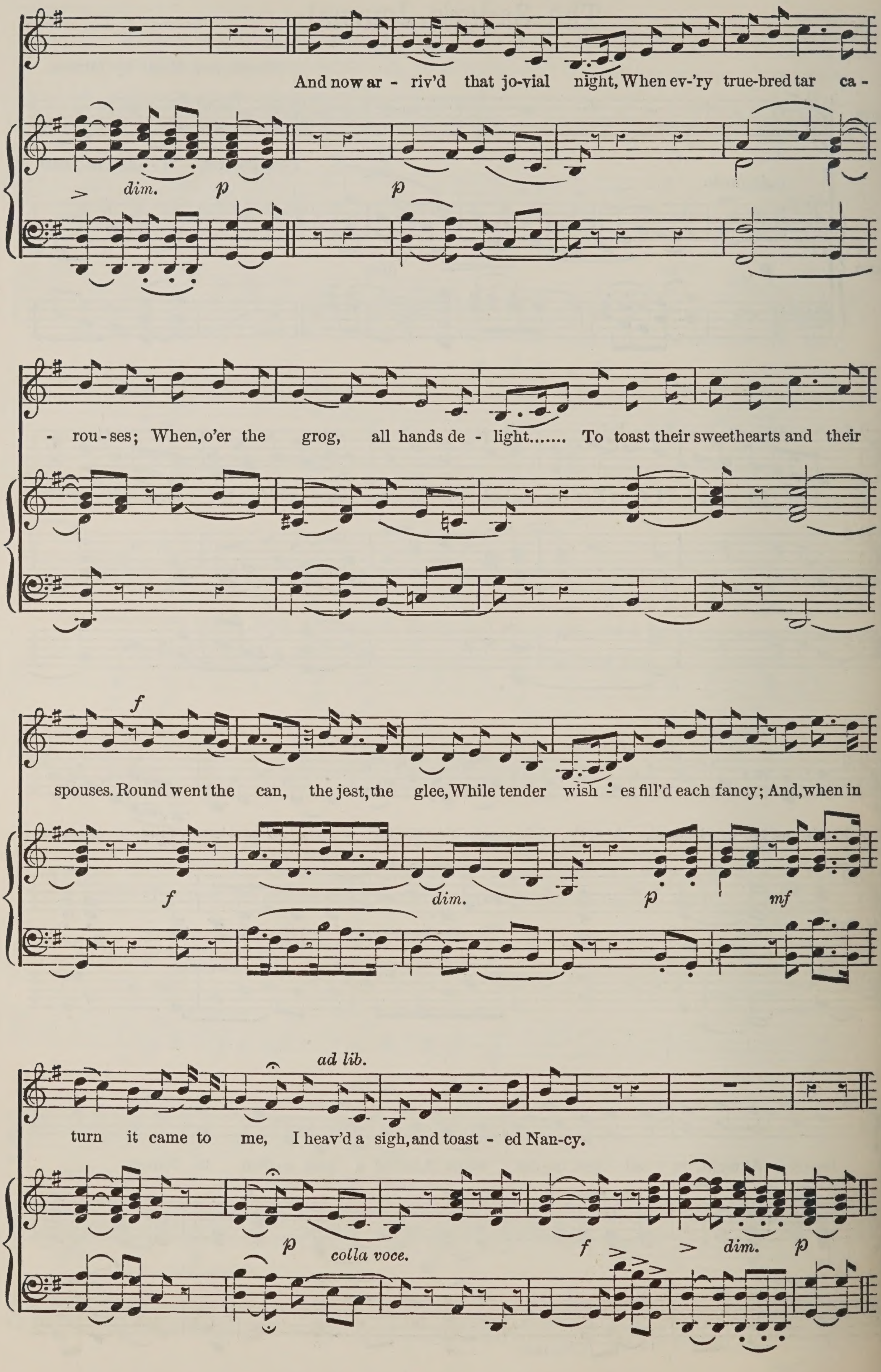

ad lib.
tempo.
woodpecker tapping the hol-low beech tree, Ev-'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, Ev'ry
rall.
tempo.
leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the woodpeck-er tap-ping the hollow beech tree, But the
ad lib.
woodpecker tapping the hol-low beech tree, The woodpeck-er tapping the hol-low beech tree.
colla voce.
mf
dim.
p
pp
"And here in this lone lit-tle wood," I exclaim'd, "With a
maid who was love-ly to soul and to eye, Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd, How
pp

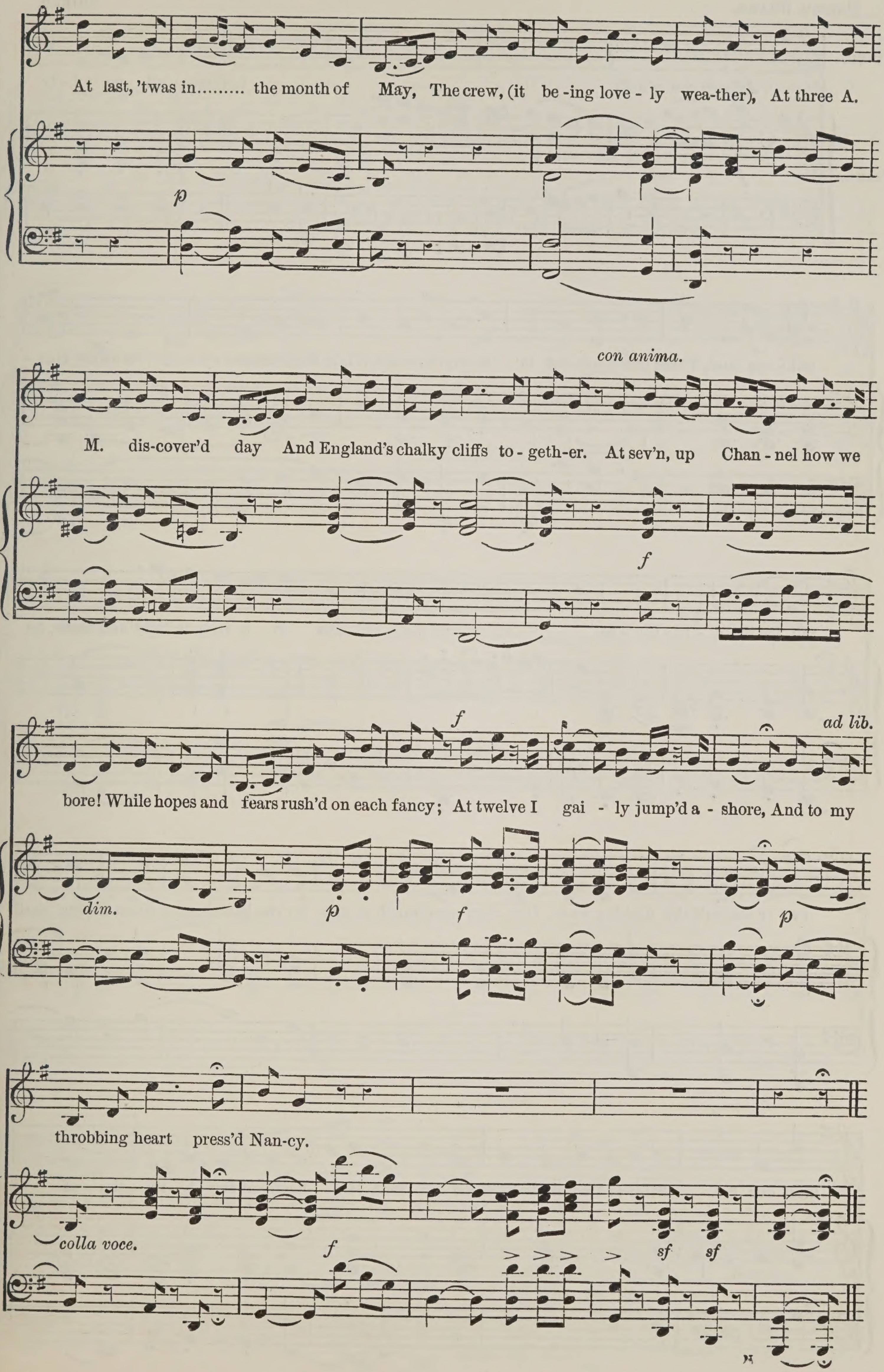

ad lib.
blest could I live, and how calm could I die, How blest could I live, and how calm could I die." Ev-'ry
p
ad lib.
tempo.
leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree; Ev-'ry
pp
rall.
tempo.
leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, Ev-'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound But the
colla voce.
woodpeck-er tapping the hollow beech tree, But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree, The
ad lib.
wood-peck-er tap-ping the hol-low beech tree.
colla voce.
dim.

The Sailor's Journal.

Words and Music by **Dibdin.**

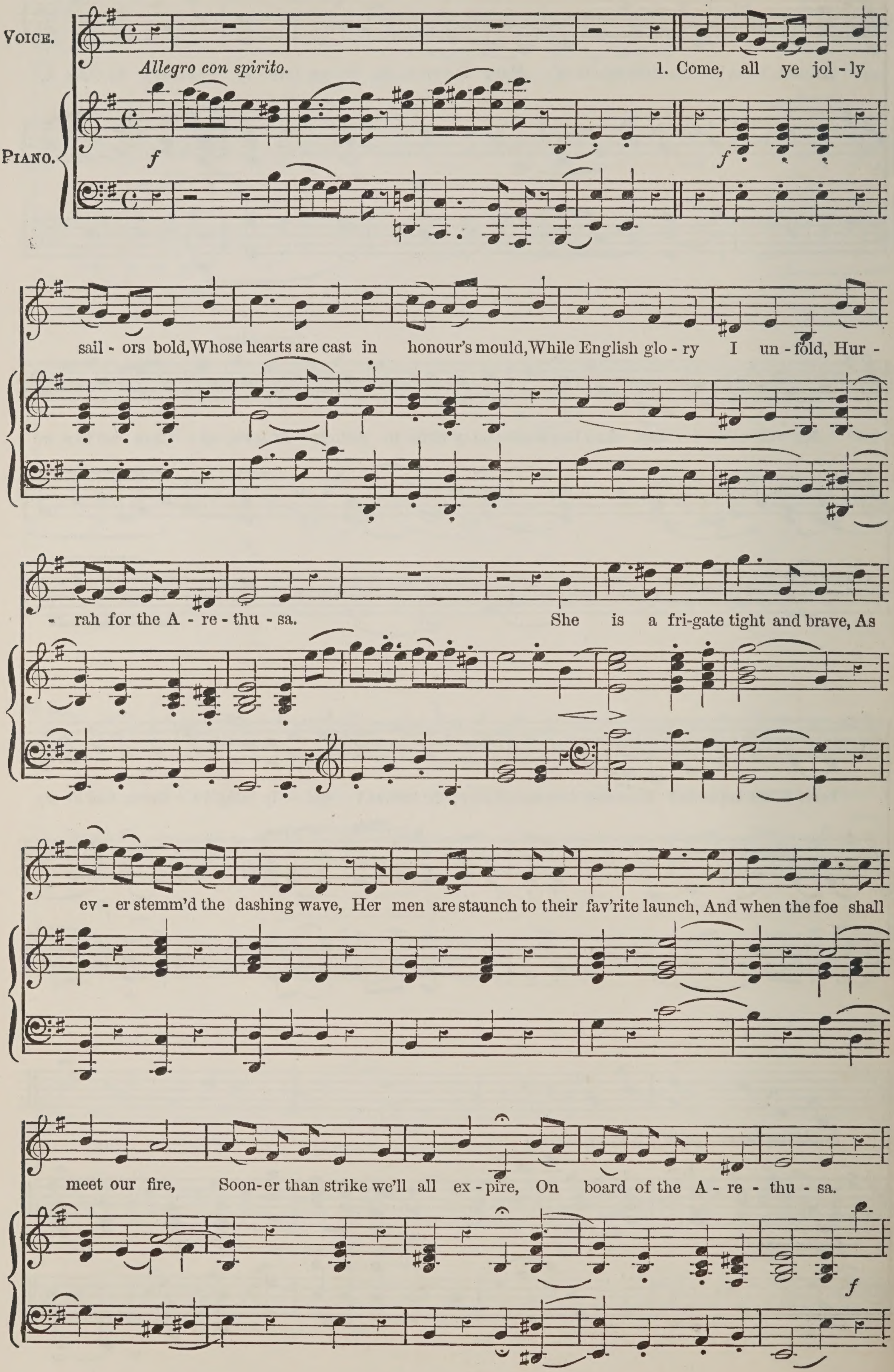

Voice.
Piano.
Andante.
p
dim.
p
'Twas post me - ri - dian, half-past
four, By sig-nal I from Nan-cy part-ed, At six she lin - ger'd on the shore With up-lift
hands, and bro-ken-hearted. At sev'n, while taught'ning the fore - stay, I saw her faint, or else 'twas
f
f
dim.
p
fan-cy; At eight, we all got un-der weigh, And bid a long a-dieu to Nan-cy.
ad lib.
mf
p
colla voce.
f

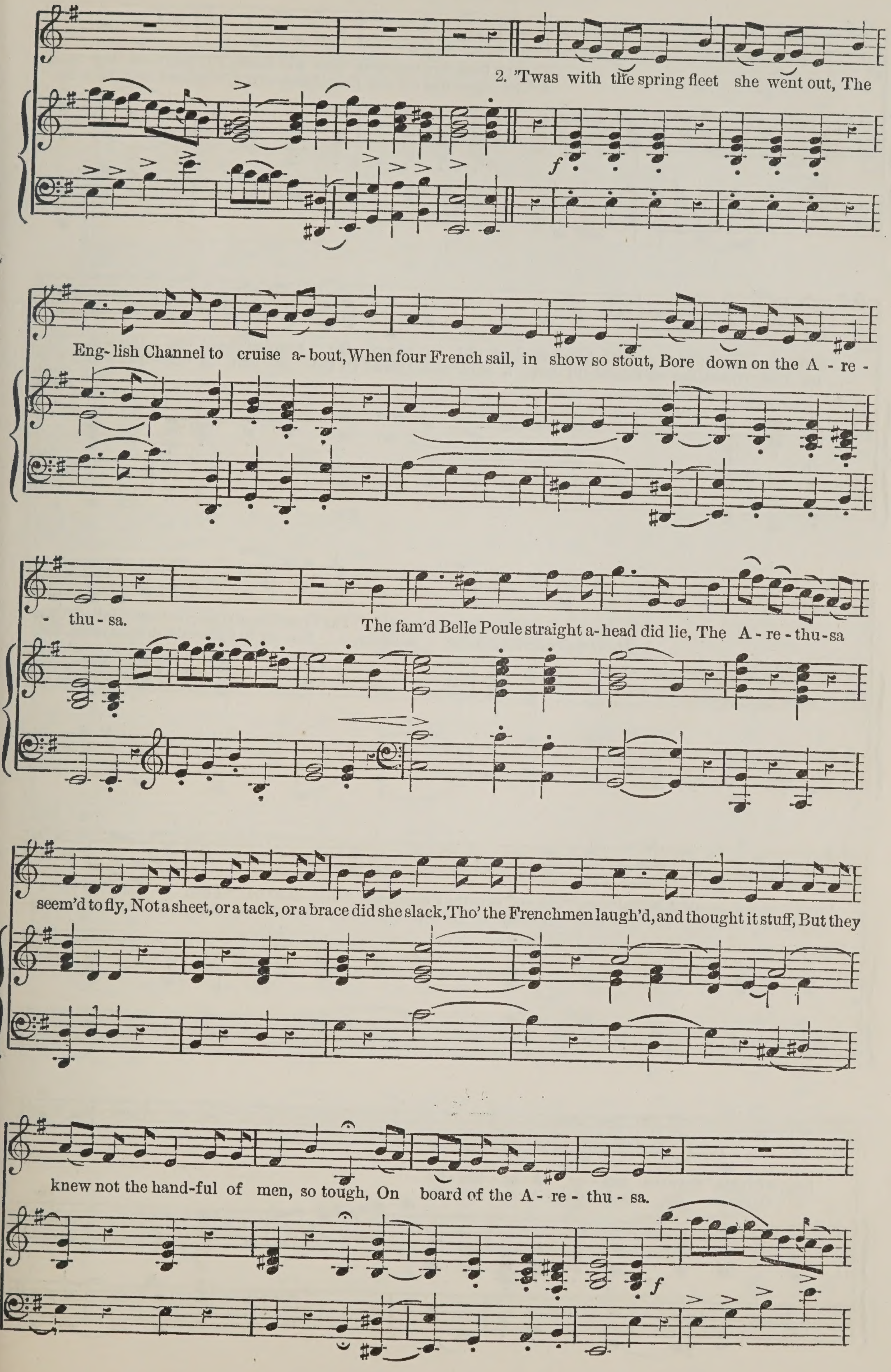

And now ar - riv'd that jo-vial night, When ev-'ry true-bred tar ca -
- rou - ses; When, o'er the grog, all hands de - light....... To toast their sweethearts and their
spouses. Round went the can, the jest, the glee, While tender wish - es fill'd each fancy; And, when in
turn it came to me, I heav'd a sigh, and toast - ed Nan-cy.
dim.
p
f
mf
ad lib.
colla voce.

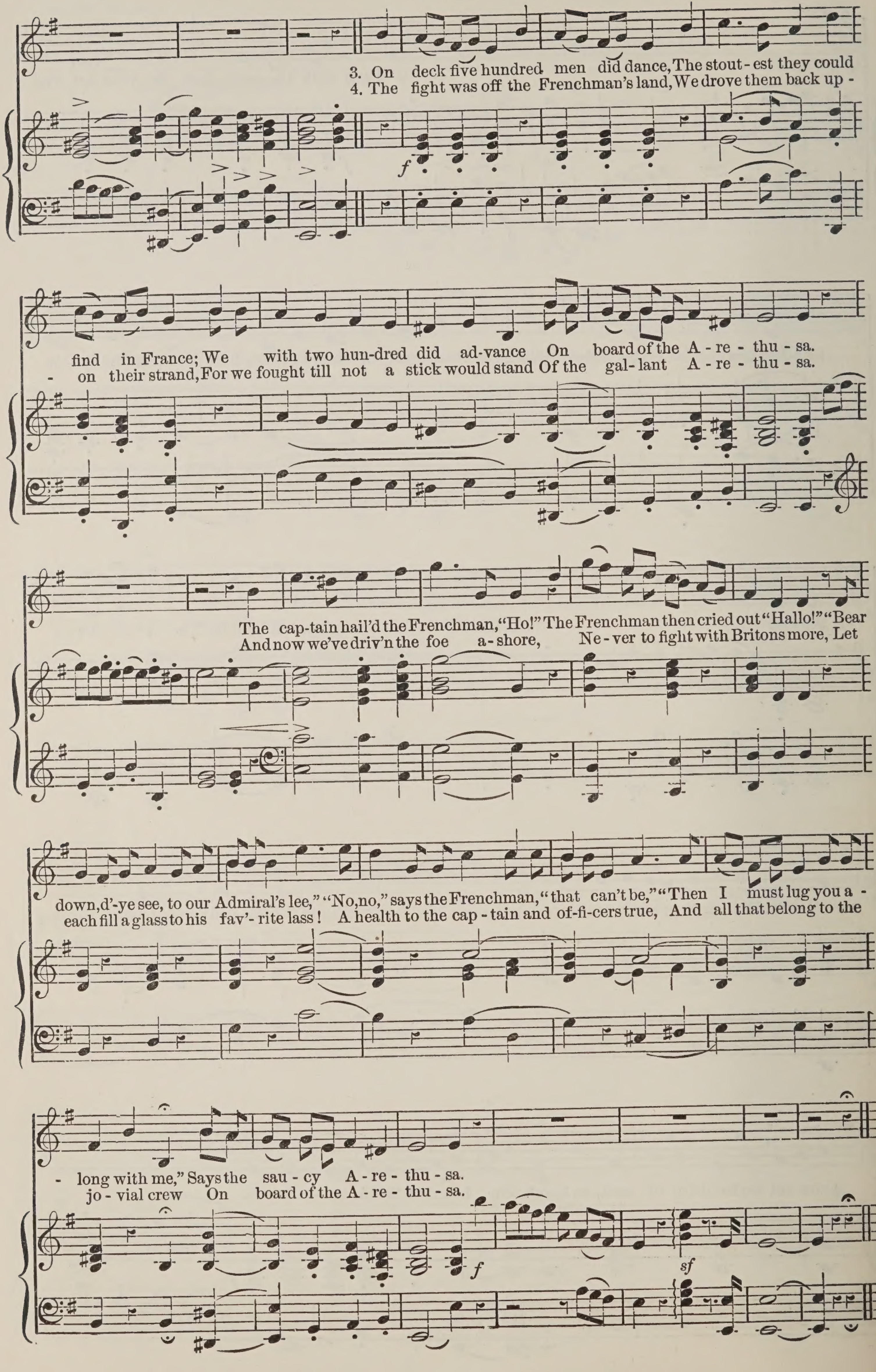

At last, 'twas in……… the month of May, The crew, (it be-ing love-ly wea-ther), At three A.
p
con anima.
M. dis-cover'd day And England's chalky cliffs to-geth-er. At sev'n, up Chan-nel how we
f
ad lib.
bore! While hopes and fears rush'd on each fancy; At twelve I gai-ly jump'd a-shore, And to my
dim.
p
f
f
p
throbbing heart press'd Nan-cy.
colla voce.
f
sf
sf

The Arethusa.

PRINCE HOARE. SHIELD.


VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegro con spirito.
f
1. Come, all ye jol - ly
sail - ors bold, Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould, While English glo - ry I un - fold, Hur -
- rah for the A - re - thu - sa. She is a fri-gate tight and brave, As
ev - er stemm'd the dashing wave, Her men are staunch to their fav'rite launch, And when the foe shall
meet our fire, Soon-er than strike we'll all ex - pire, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.

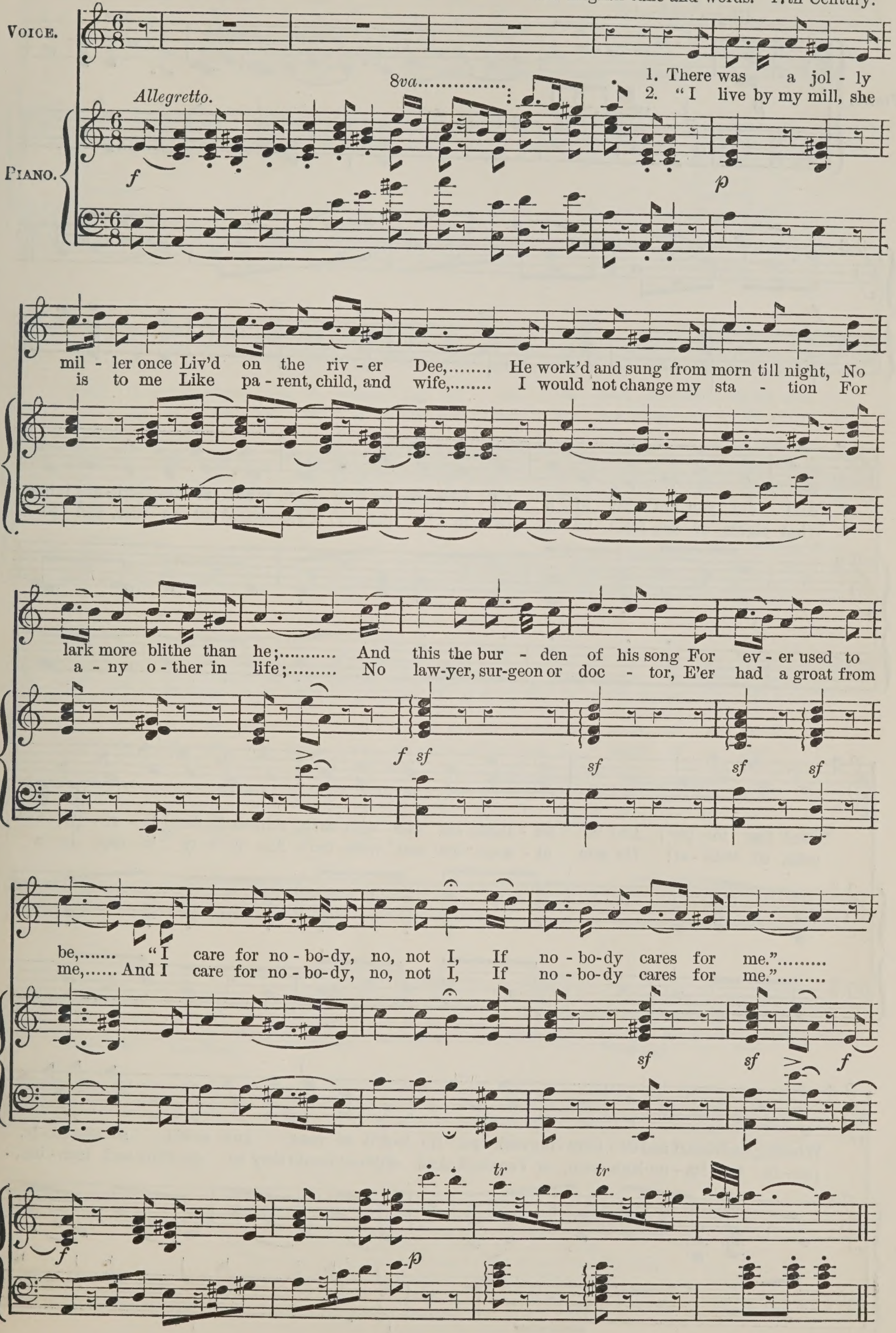

2. 'Twas with the spring fleet she went out, The
Eng-lish Channel to cruise a-bout, When four French sail, in show so stout, Bore down on the A-re-
thu-sa.
The fam'd Belle Poule straight a-head did lie, The A-re-thu-sa
seem'd to fly, Not a sheet, or a tack, or a brace did she slack, Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff, But they
knew not the hand-ful of men, so tough, On board of the A-re-thu-sa.
f
f


3. On deck five hundred men did dance, The stout - est they could
4. The fight was off the Frenchman's land, We drove them back up -
find in France; We with two hun-dred did ad-vance On board of the A - re - thu - sa.
- on their strand, For we fought till not a stick would stand Of the gal - lant A - re - thu - sa.
The cap-tain hail'd the Frenchman, "Ho!" The Frenchman then cried out "Hallo!" "Bear
And now we've driv'n the foe a - shore, Ne - ver to fight with Britons more, Let
down, d'-ye see, to our Admiral's lee," "No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be," "Then I must lug you a -
each fill a glass to his fav'- rite lass! A health to the cap - tain and of-fi-cers true, And all that belong to the
- long with me," Says the sau - cy A - re - thu - sa.
jo - vial crew On board of the A - re - thu - sa.
f
sf

There was a jolly Miller.

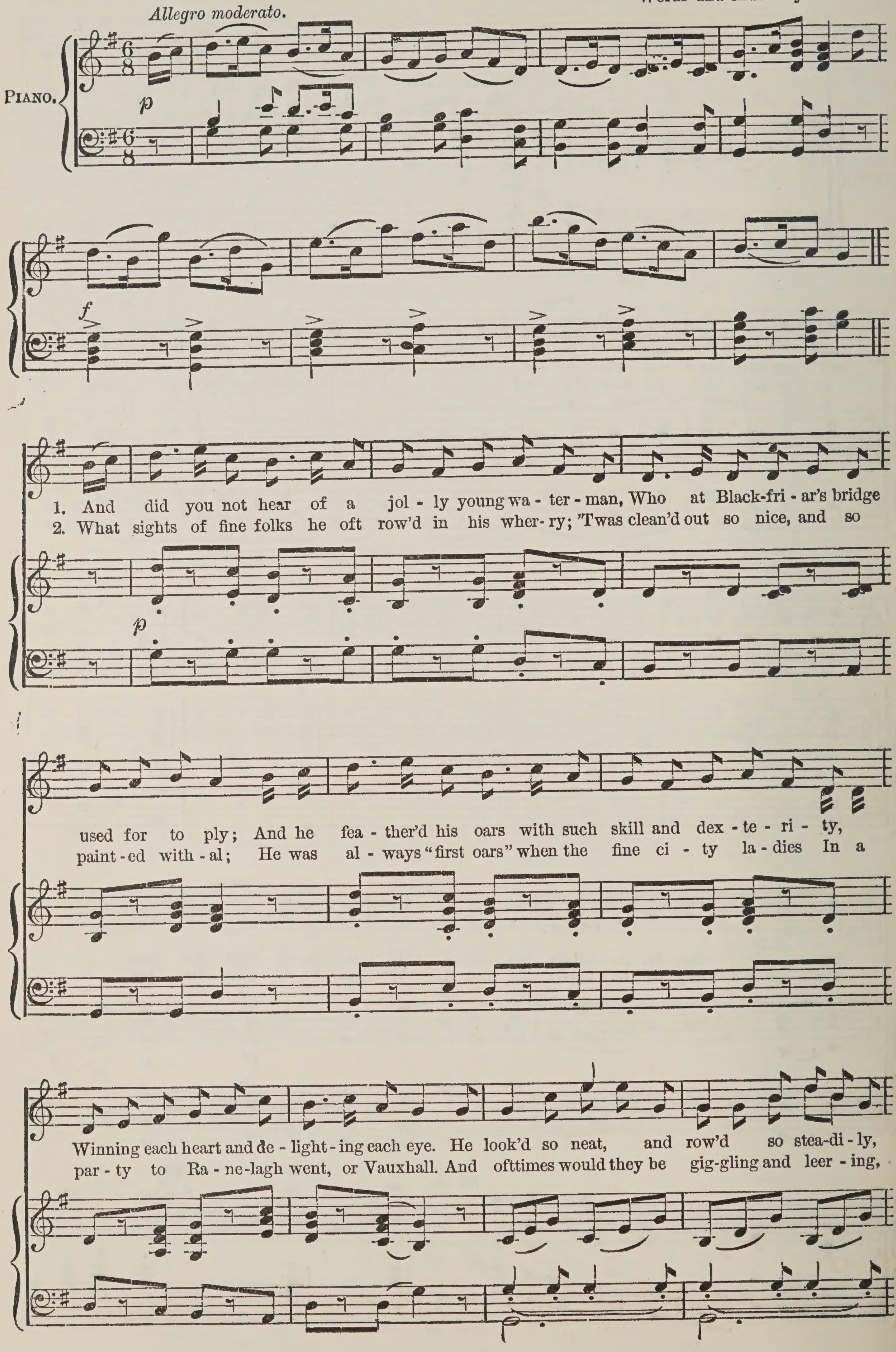
Sung in "Love in a Village."

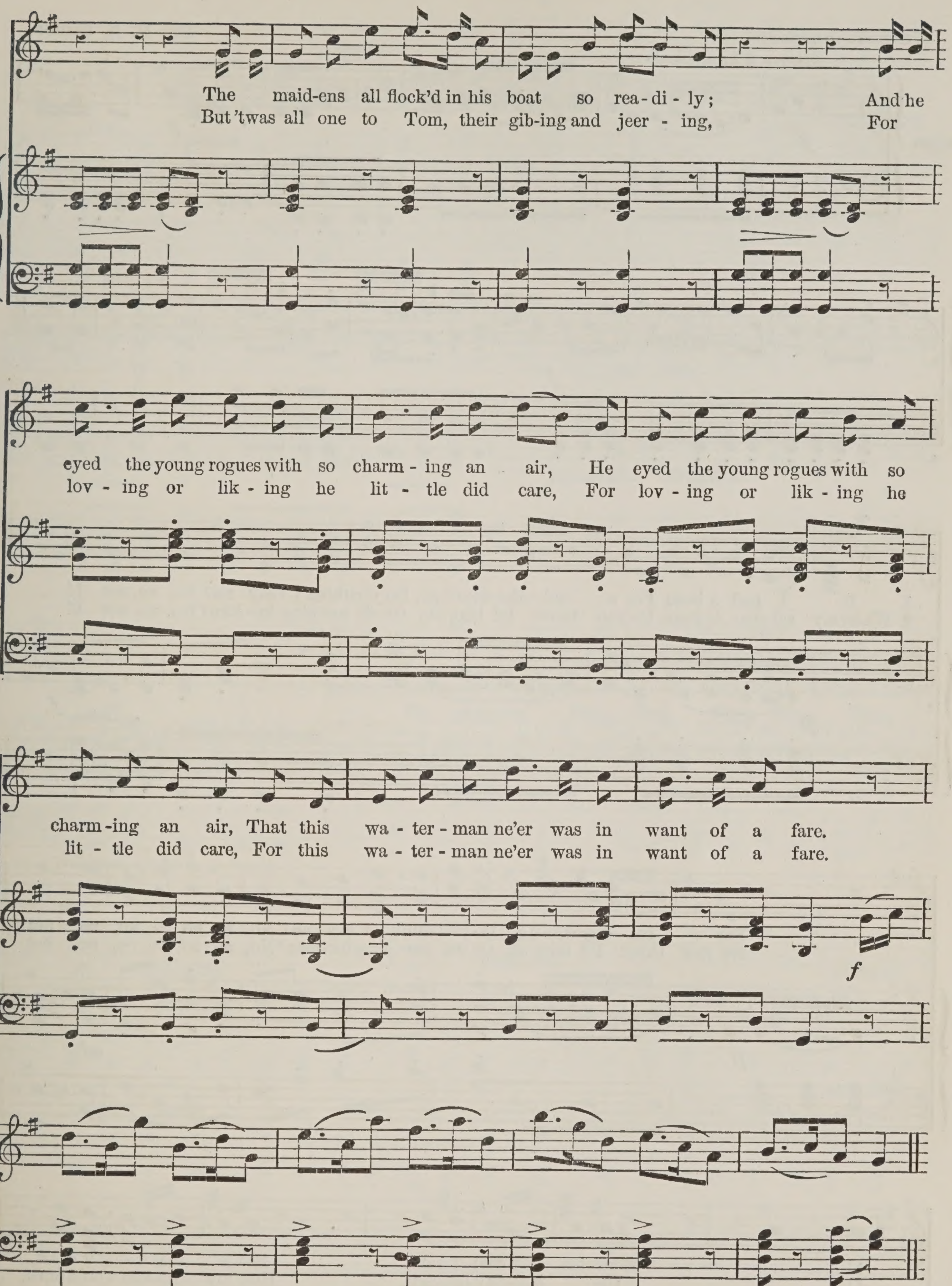
Old English tune and words. 17th Century.


Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
8va
f
p
1. There was a jol - ly
2. "I live by my mill, she
mil - ler once Liv'd on the riv - er Dee,........ He work'd and sung from morn till night, No
is to me Like pa - rent, child, and wife,........ I would not change my sta - tion For
lark more blithe than he;........... And this the bur - den of his song For ev - er used to
a - ny o - ther in life;......... No law-yer, sur-geon or doc - tor, E'er had a groat from
f sf
sf
sf
sf
be,....... "I care for no - bo - dy, no, not I, If no - bo - dy cares for me.".........
me,....... And I care for no - bo - dy, no, not I, If no - bo - dy cares for me.".........
sf
sf
f
f
p
tr
tr

The jolly young Waterman.

Words and Music by DIBDIN.


Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
p
f
p
1. And did you not hear of a jol - ly young wa - ter - man, Who at Black-fri - ar's bridge
2. What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wher- ry; 'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so
used for to ply; And he fea - ther'd his oars with such skill and dex - te - ri - ty,
paint - ed with - al; He was al - ways "first oars" when the fine ci - ty la - dies In a
Winning each heart and de - light - ing each eye. He look'd so neat, and row'd so stea - di - ly,
par - ty to Ra - ne - lagh went, or Vauxhall. And ofttimes would they be gig - gling and leer - ing,

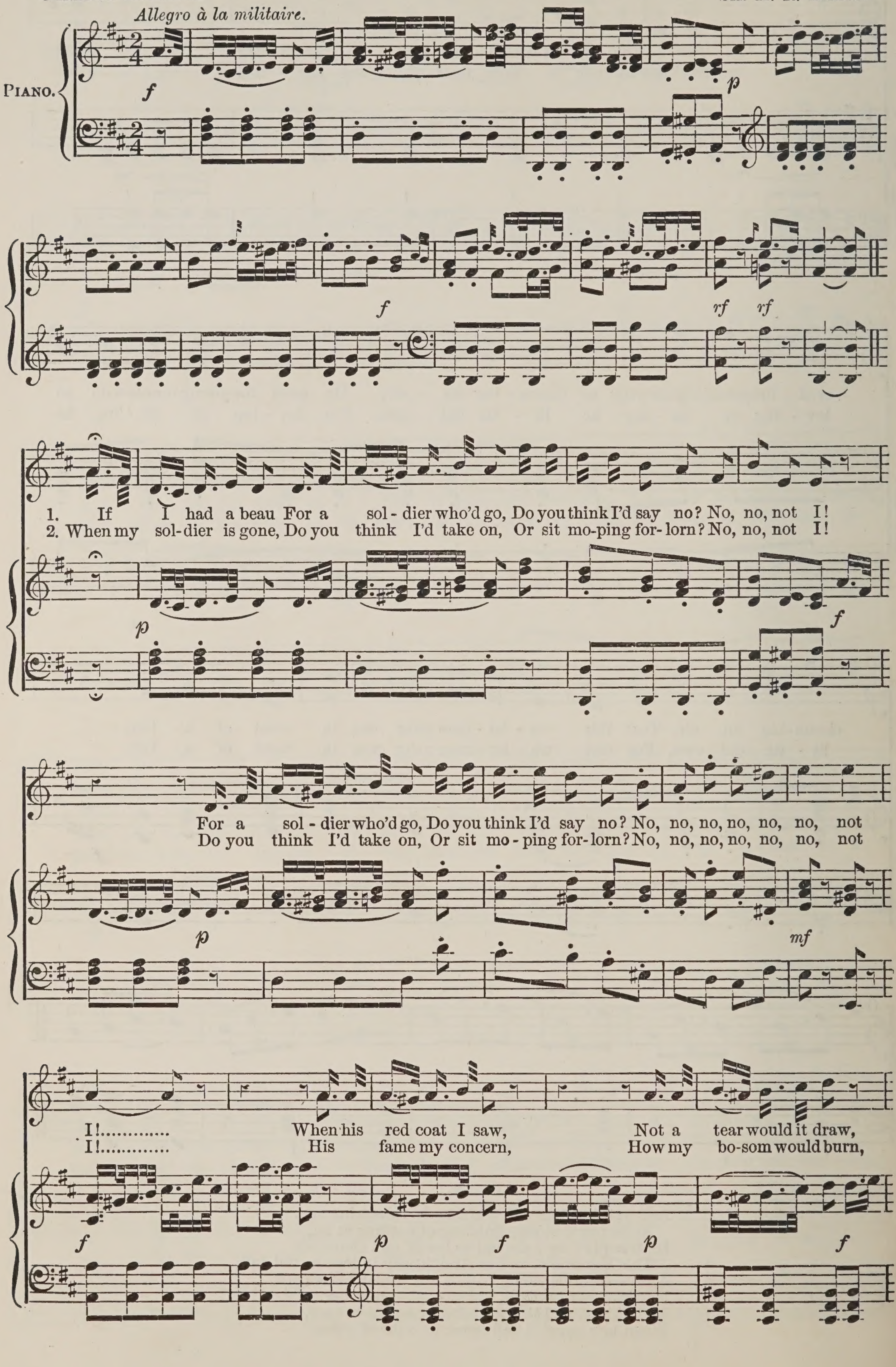

The maid-ens all flock'd in his boat so rea-di-ly; And he
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gib-ing and jeer-ing, For
eyed the young rogues with so charm-ing an air, He eyed the young rogues with so
lov-ing or lik-ing he lit-tle did care, For lov-ing or lik-ing he
charm-ing an air, That this wa-ter-man ne'er was in want of a fare.
lit-tle did care, For this wa-ter-man ne'er was in want of a fare.
f

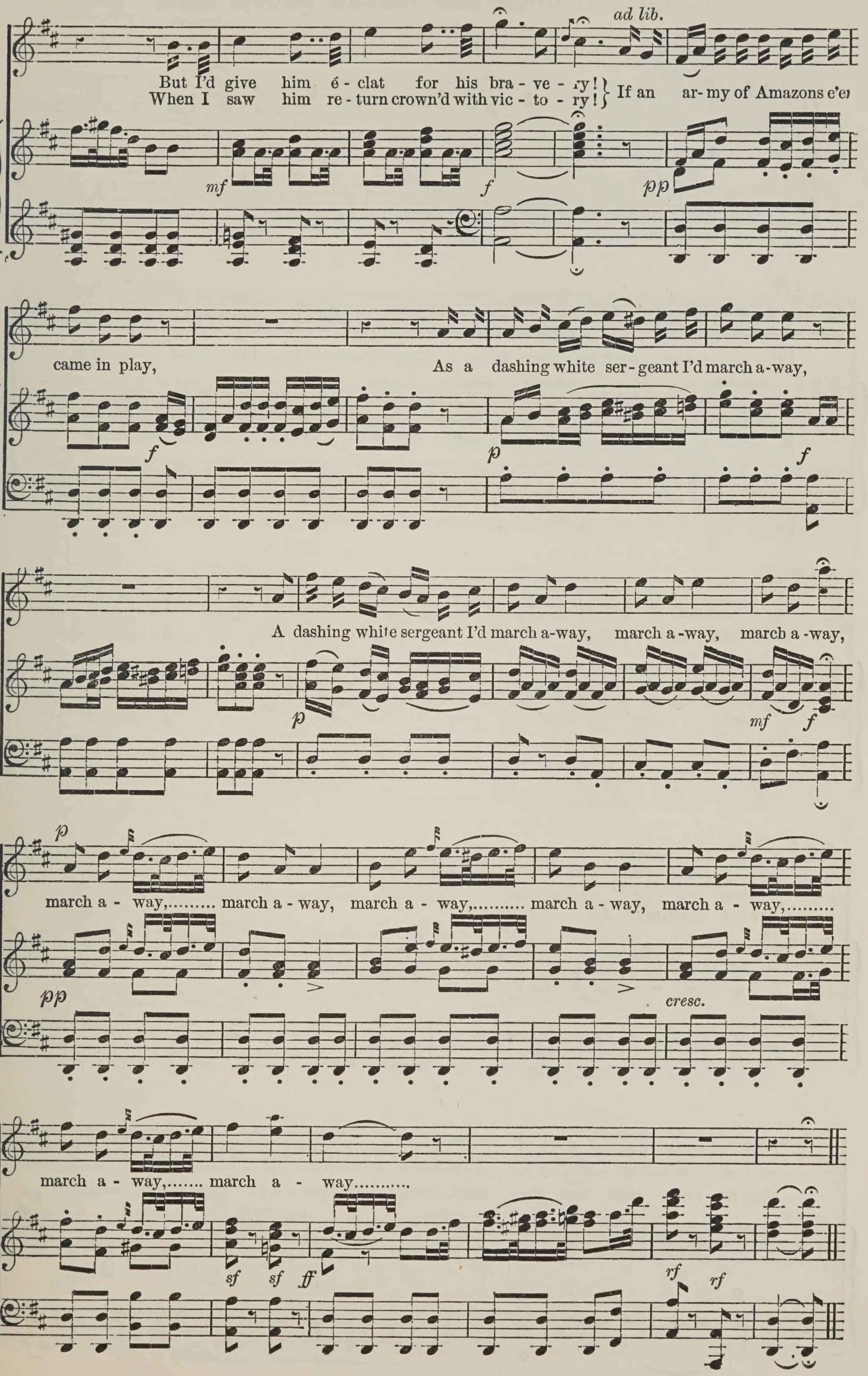
3.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen,
  As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
  That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall;
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before e'en to-morrow;
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married and never in want of a fare.

The dashing white Sergeant.

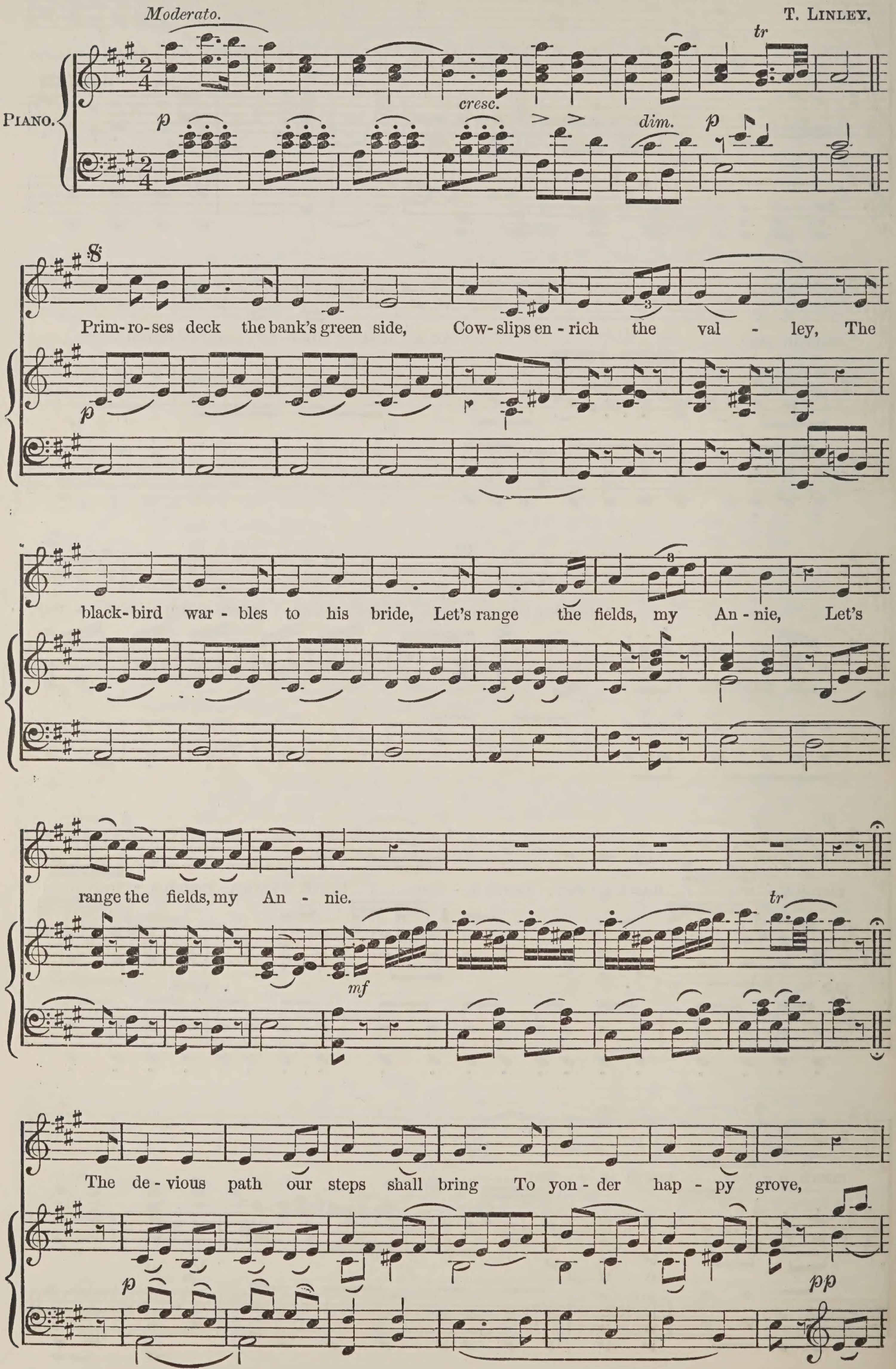
General Burgoyne. Sir H. R. Bishop.

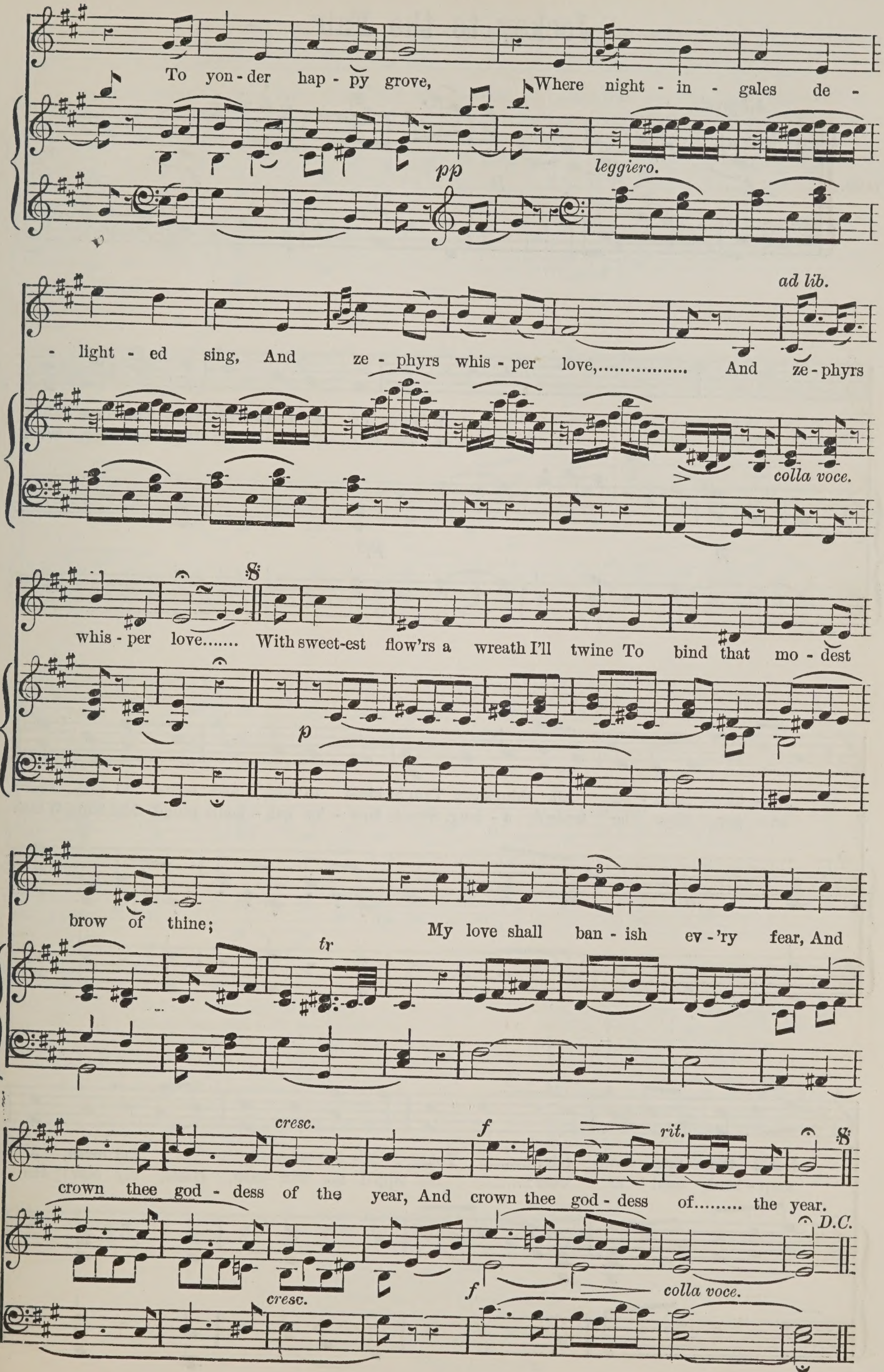

Allegro à la militaire.
Piano.
f
p
f
rf rf
1. If I had a beau For a sol-dier who'd go, Do you think I'd say no? No, no, not I!
2. When my sol-dier is gone, Do you think I'd take on, Or sit mo-ping for-lorn? No, no, not I!
p
f
For a sol-dier who'd go, Do you think I'd say no? No, no, no, no, no, no, not
Do you think I'd take on, Or sit mo-ping for-lorn? No, no, no, no, no, no, not
p
mf
I!............ When his red coat I saw, Not a tear would it draw,
I!............ His fame my concern, How my bo-som would burn,
f
p
f
p
f


ad lib.
But I'd give him é - clat for his bra - ve - ry!
When I saw him re - turn crown'd with vic - to - ry!
If an ar- my of Amazons e'er came in play,
As a dashing white ser - geant I'd march a - way,
A dashing white sergeant I'd march a-way, march a-way, march a-way,
march a - way,......... march a - way, march a - way,.......... march a - way, march a - way,.........
march a - way,....... march a - way..........
mf
f
pp
p
mf
f
p
pp
cresc.
sf
sf
ff
rf
rf

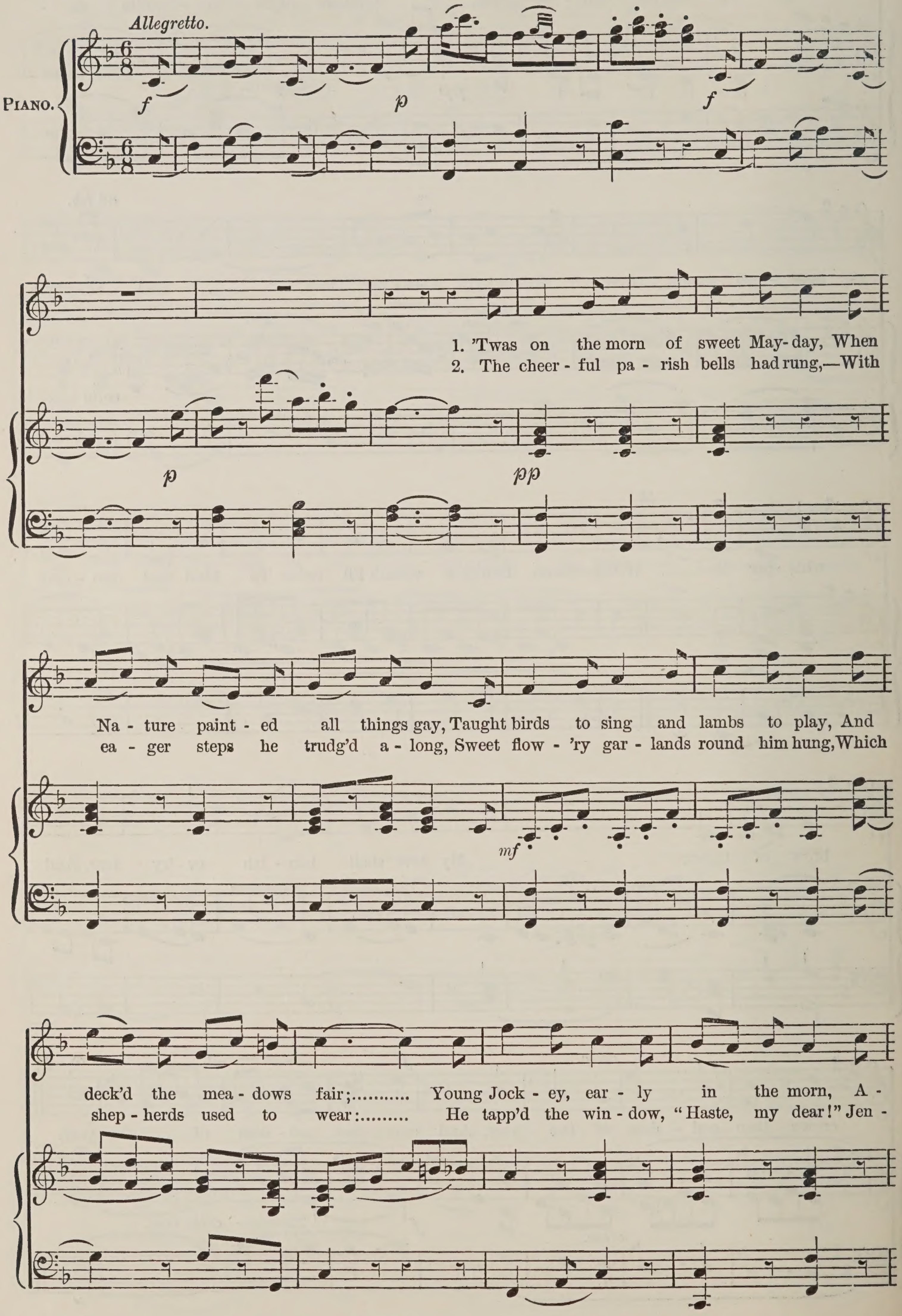
Primroses deck the bank's green side.

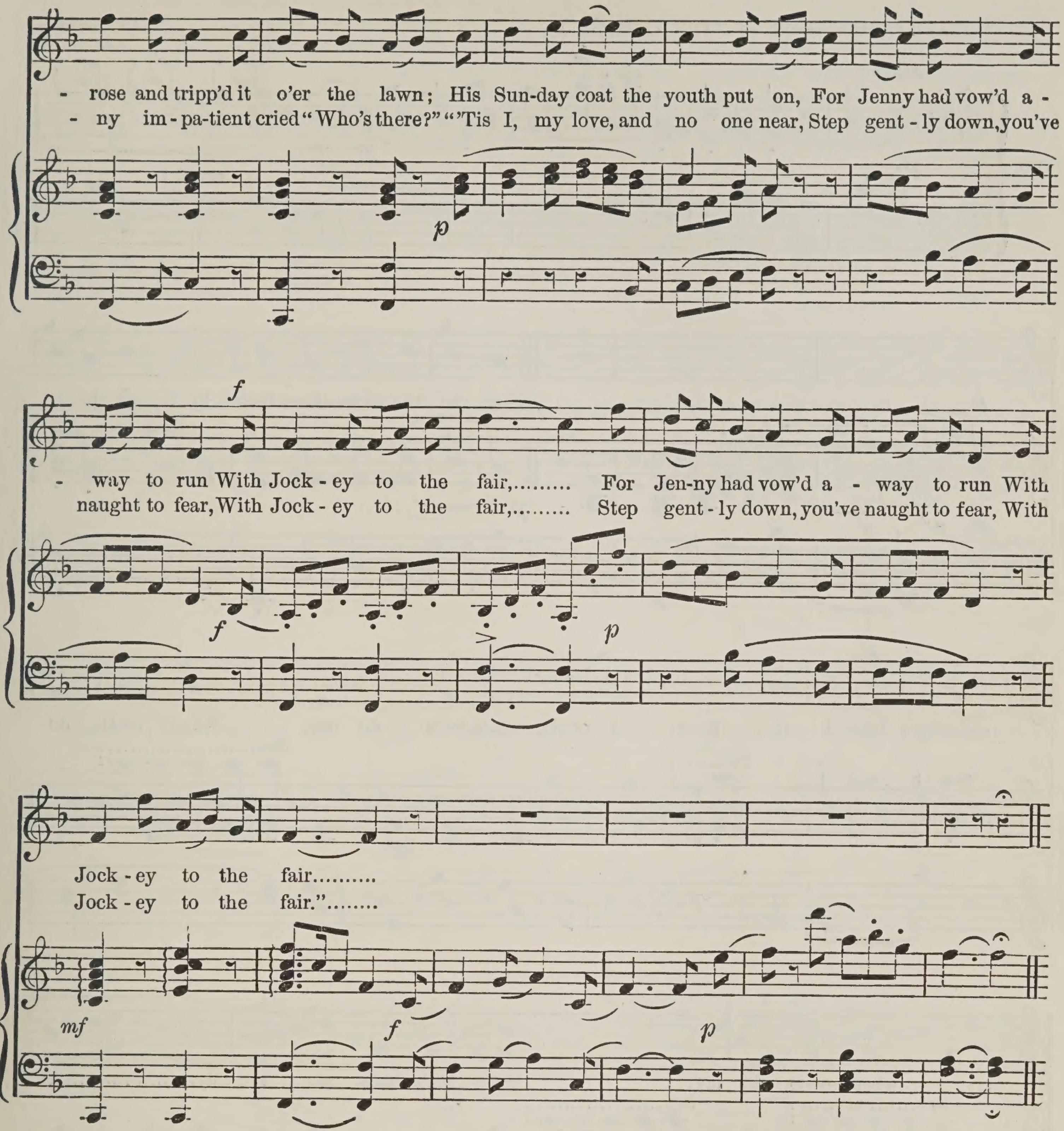
T. Linley.


Moderato.
Piano.
p
cresc.
dim.
p
tr
Prim-ro-ses deck the bank's green side, Cow-slips en-rich the val - ley, The
p
black-bird war-bles to his bride, Let's range the fields, my An-nie, Let's
range the fields, my An - nie.
mf
tr
The de-vious path our steps shall bring To yon-der hap - py grove,
p
pp


To yonder happy grove, Where night-in-gales de-
pp
leggiero.
-light-ed sing, And ze-phyrs whis-per love,........ And ze-phyrs
ad lib.
colla voce.
whis-per love....... With sweet-est flow'rs a wreath I'll twine To bind that mo-dest
p
brow of thine; My love shall ban-ish ev-'ry fear, And
tr
3
crown thee god-dess of the year, And crown thee god-dess of......... the year.
cresc.
f
rit.
colla voce.
D.C.

Jockey to the Fair.


Allegretto.
Piano.
f
p
f
p
pp
mf
1. 'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day, When Nature paint-ed all things gay, Taught birds to sing and lambs to play, And deck'd the mea-dows fair;.......... Young Jock-ey, ear-ly in the morn, A-
2. The cheer-ful pa-rish bells had rung,—With ea-ger steps he trudg'd a-long, Sweet flow-'ry gar-lands round him hung, Which shep-herds used to wear:......... He tapp'd the win-dow, "Haste, my dear!" Jen-


- rose and tripp'd it o'er the lawn; His Sun-day coat the youth put on, For Jenny had vow'd a -
- ny im-pa-tient cried "Who's there?" "'Tis I, my love, and no one near, Step gent - ly down, you've
p
f
- way to run With Jock - ey to the fair,......... For Jen-ny had vow'd a - way to run With
naught to fear, With Jock - ey to the fair,......... Step gent - ly down, you've naught to fear, With
f
p
Jock - ey to the fair..........
Jock - ey to the fair."........
mf
f
p

3.

"My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep:"
"And will you still your promise keep?
Which I have heard you swear,
And will you ever constant prove?"
"I will, by all the pow'rs above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove:
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the fair."
Dispel these, &c.

4.

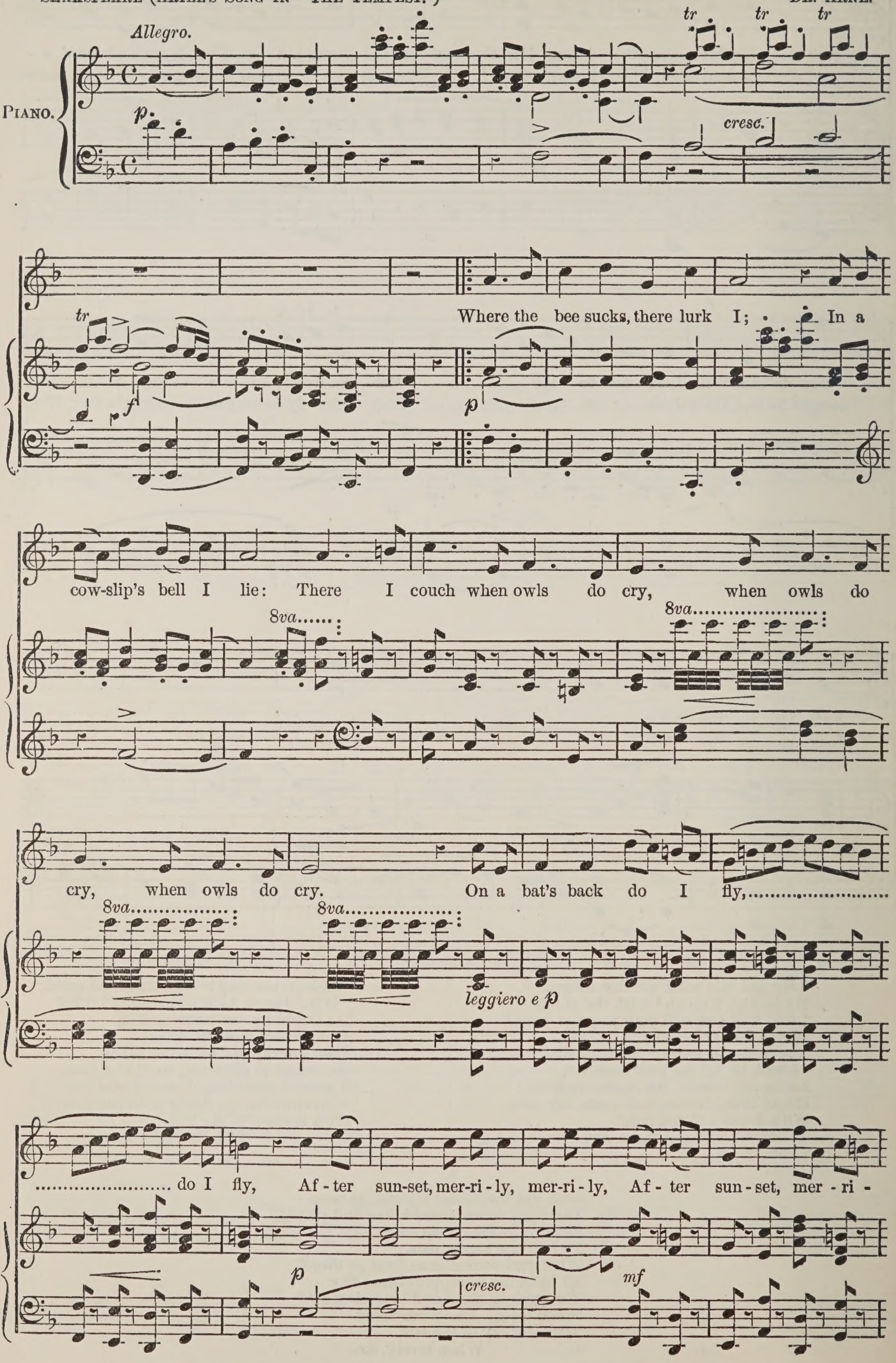
"Behold the ring!" the shepherd cried,
"Wilt, Jenny, be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there!"
Then Jockey did his vows renew;
He would be constant, would be true,
His word was pledg'd—away she flew,
With cowslips sparkling with the dew,
With Jockey to the fair.
With cowslips, &c.

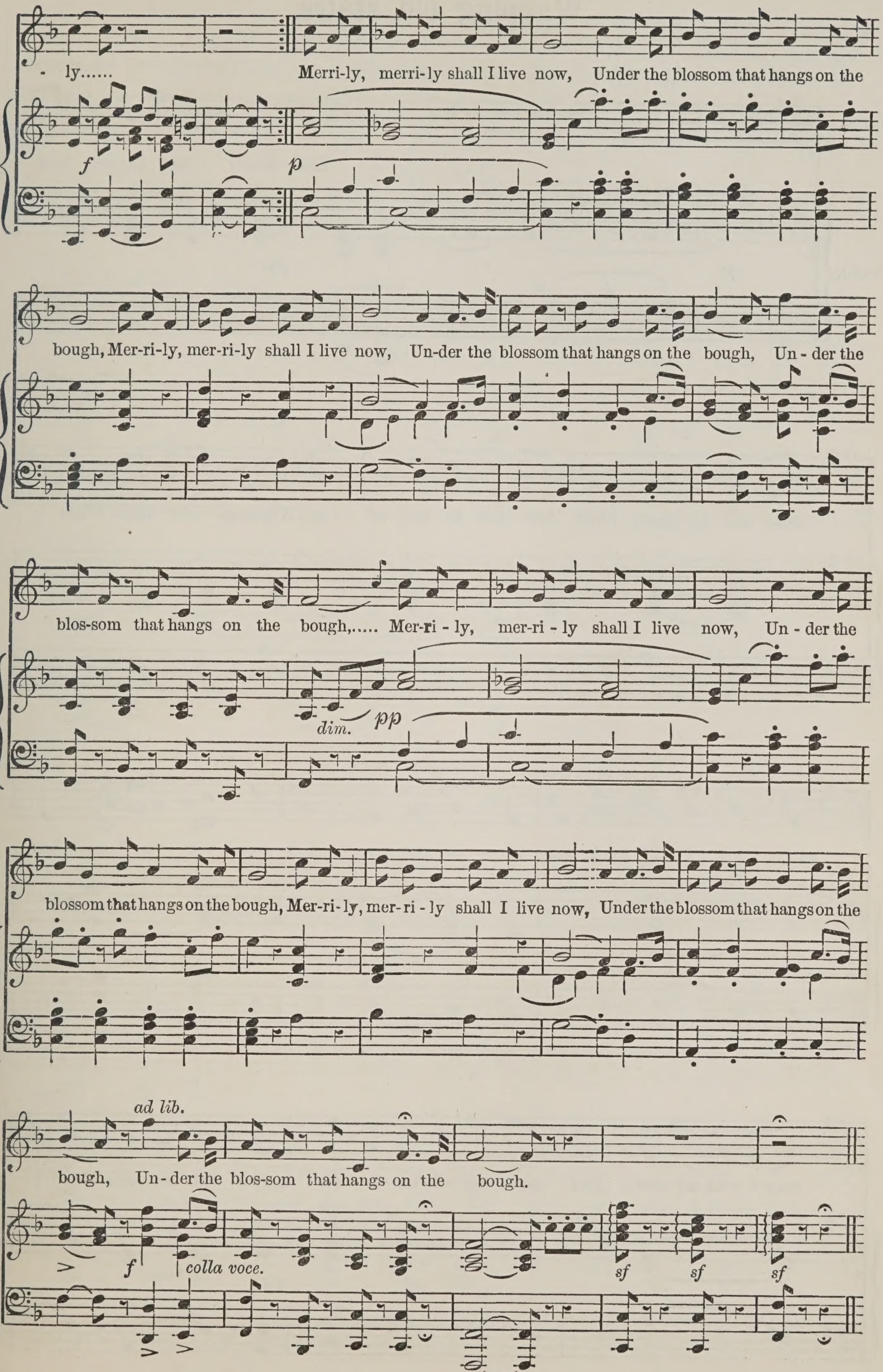
5.

Soon did they meet a joyful throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young;
Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
To hail the happy pair.
What two were e'er so fond as they!
All bless the kind, propitious day,
The smiling morn and blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair.
When lovely, &c.

Where the bee sucks.

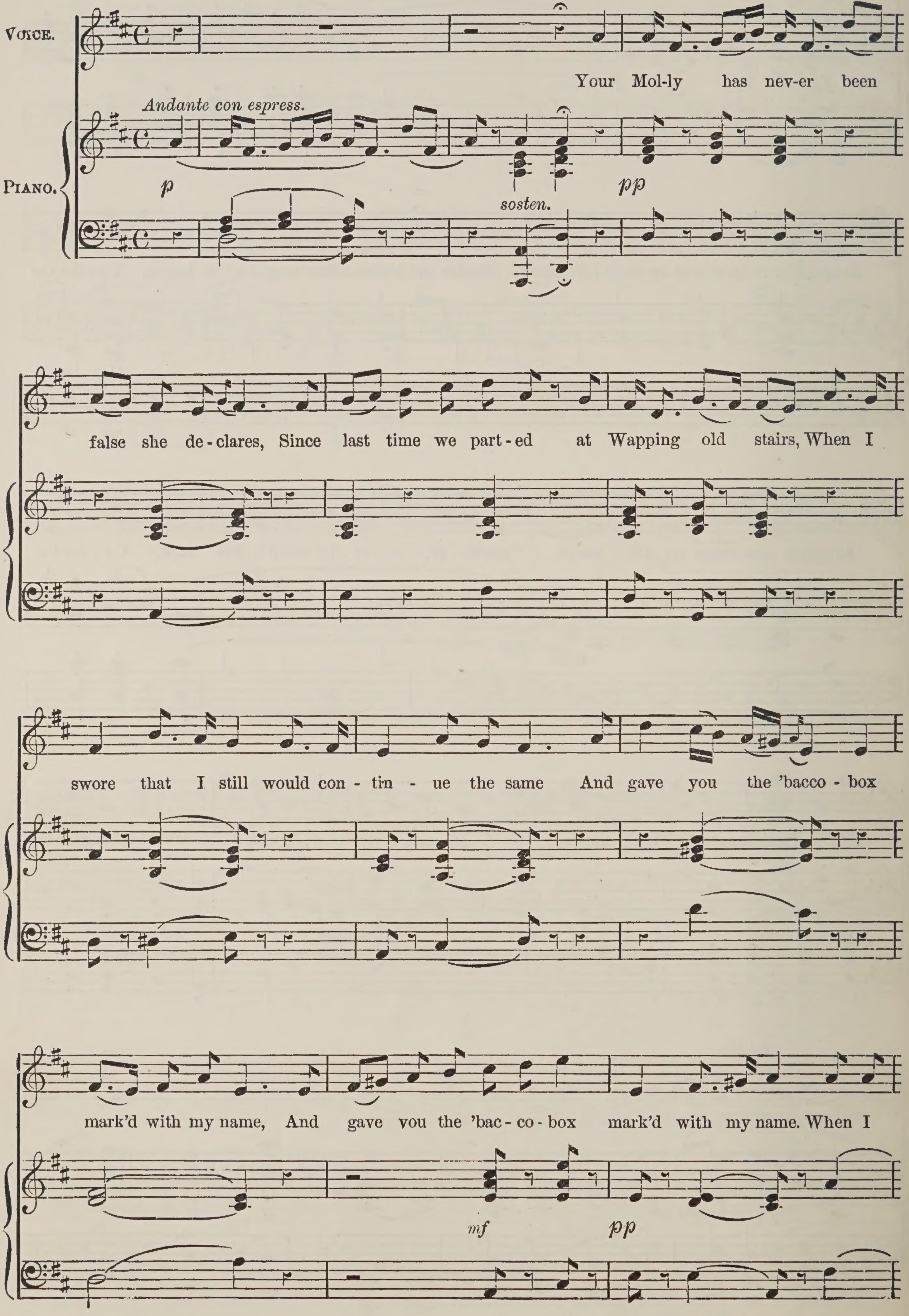
SHAKSPEARE (ARIEL'S SONG IN "THE TEMPEST.") DR. ARNE.

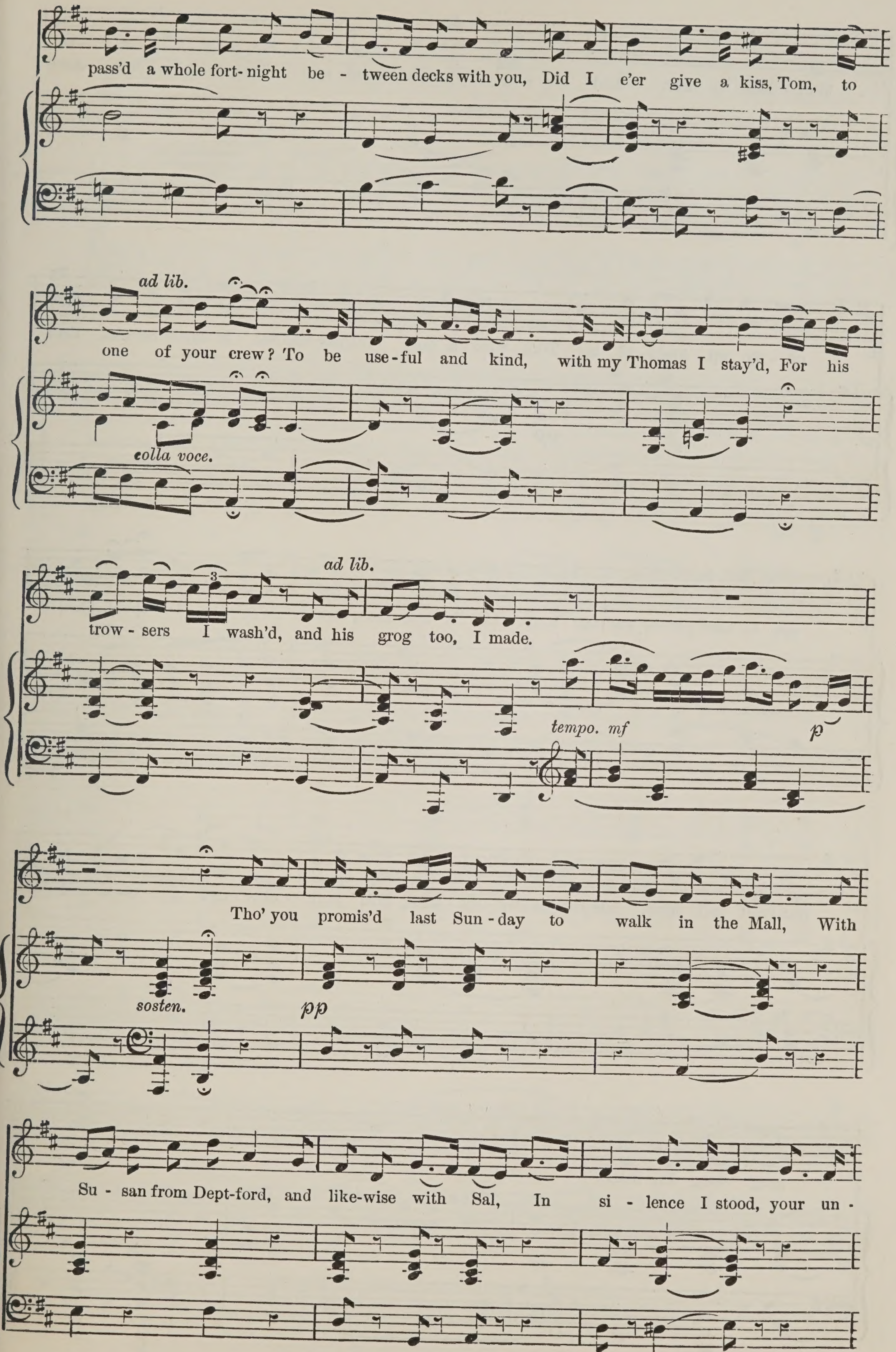

Allegro.
Piano.
p
tr
cresc.
f
Where the bee sucks, there lurk I; In a
cow-slip's bell I lie: There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do
8va
cry, when owls do cry. On a bat's back do I fly,
leggiero e p
do I fly, After sun-set, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Af-ter sun-set, mer-ri-
mf

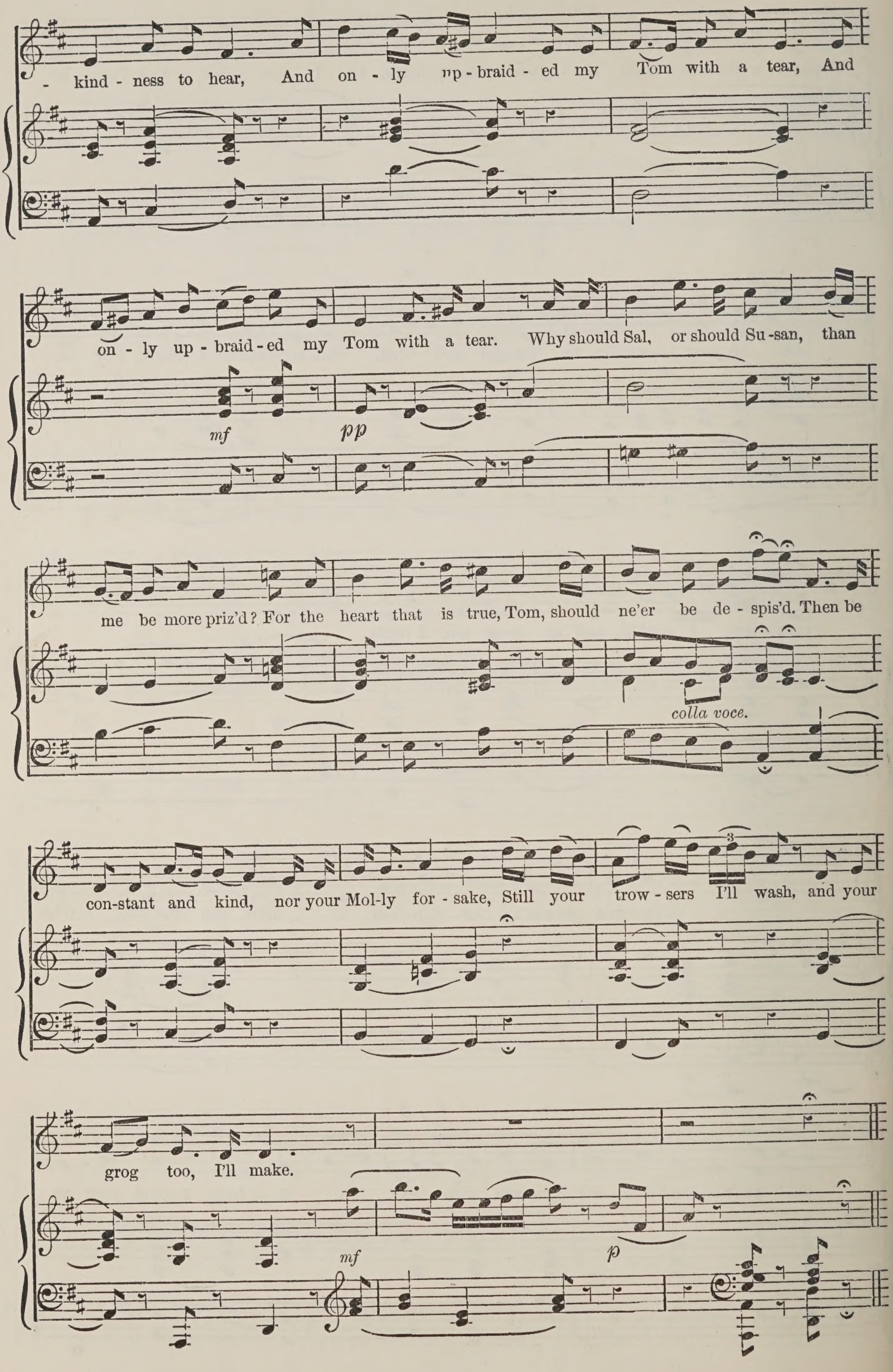

- ly......
Merri-ly, merri-ly shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the
f
p
bough, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now, Un-der the blossom that hangs on the bough, Un - der the
blos-som that hangs on the bough,..... Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly shall I live now, Un - der the
dim.
pp
blossom that hangs on the bough, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri - ly shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the
ad lib.
bough, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the bough.
f
colla voce.
sf
sf
sf

Wapping old stairs.

J. Percy.

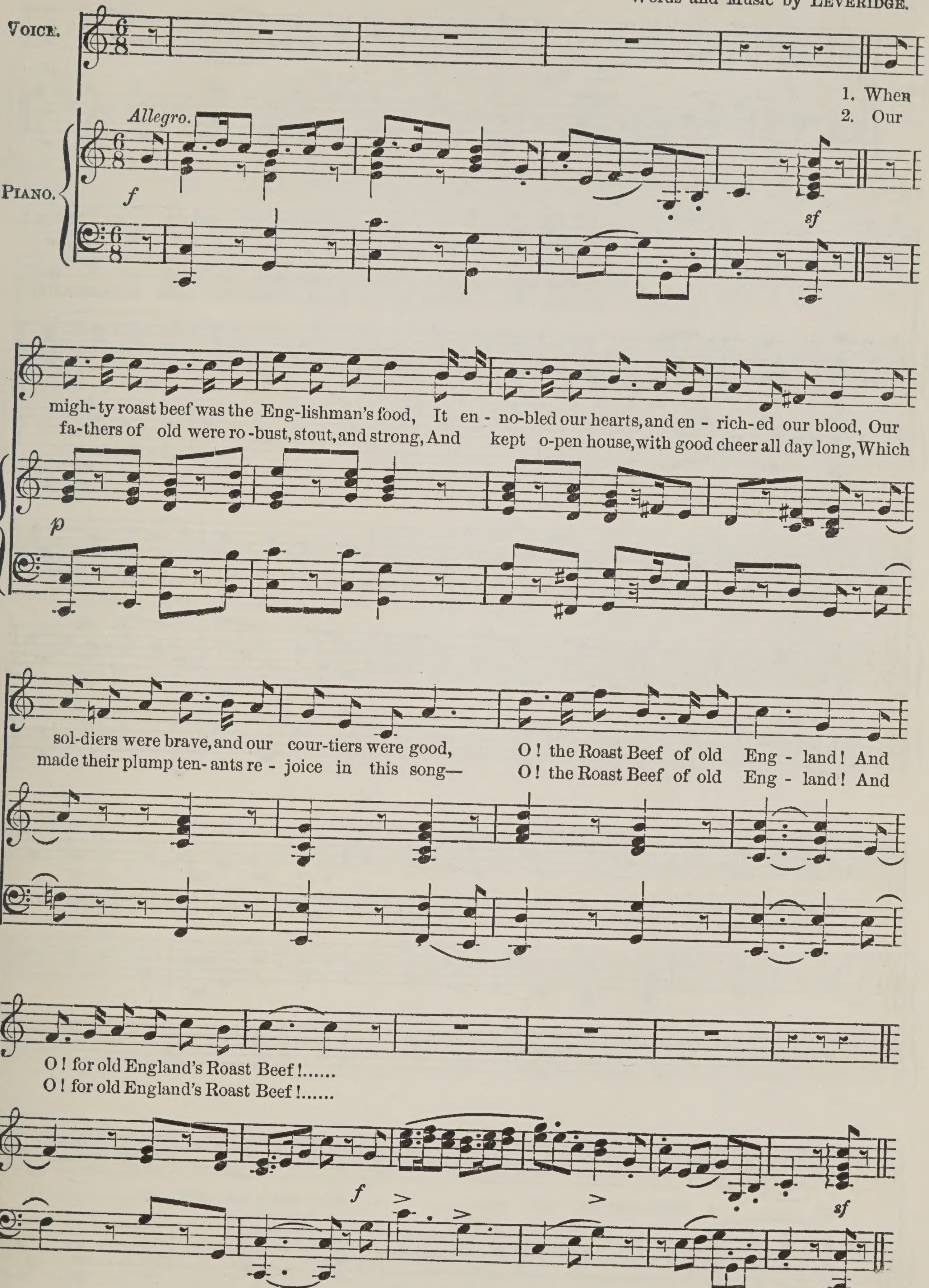

Voice.
Piano.
Andante con espress.
p
sosten.
pp
Your Mol-ly has nev-er been
false she de-clares, Since last time we part-ed at Wapping old stairs, When I
swore that I still would con - tin - ue the same And gave you the 'bacco - box
mark'd with my name, And gave you the 'bac - co - box mark'd with my name. When I
mf
pp


pass'd a whole fort-night be - tween decks with you, Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to
ad lib.
one of your crew? To be use-ful and kind, with my Thomas I stay'd, For his
colla voce.
ad lib.
trow - sers I wash'd, and his grog too, I made.
tempo. mf
p
Tho' you promis'd last Sun - day to walk in the Mall, With
sosten.
pp
Su - san from Dept-ford, and like-wise with Sal, In si - lence I stood, your un -


- kind - ness to hear, And on - ly up - braid - ed my Tom with a tear, And
on - ly up - braid - ed my Tom with a tear. Why should Sal, or should Su - san, than
mf
pp
me be more priz'd? For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be de - spis'd. Then be
colla voce.
con-stant and kind, nor your Mol-ly for - sake, Still your trow - sers I'll wash, and your
3
grog too, I'll make.
mf
p

The Roast Beef of old England.

Words and Music by **Leveridge.**


Voice.
Piano.
Allegro.
f
sf
p
f
sf
1. When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food, It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood, Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good, O! the Roast Beef of old England! And O! for old England's Roast Beef!......
2. Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong, And kept open house, with good cheer all day long, Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song— O! the Roast Beef of old England! And O! for old England's Roast Beef!......

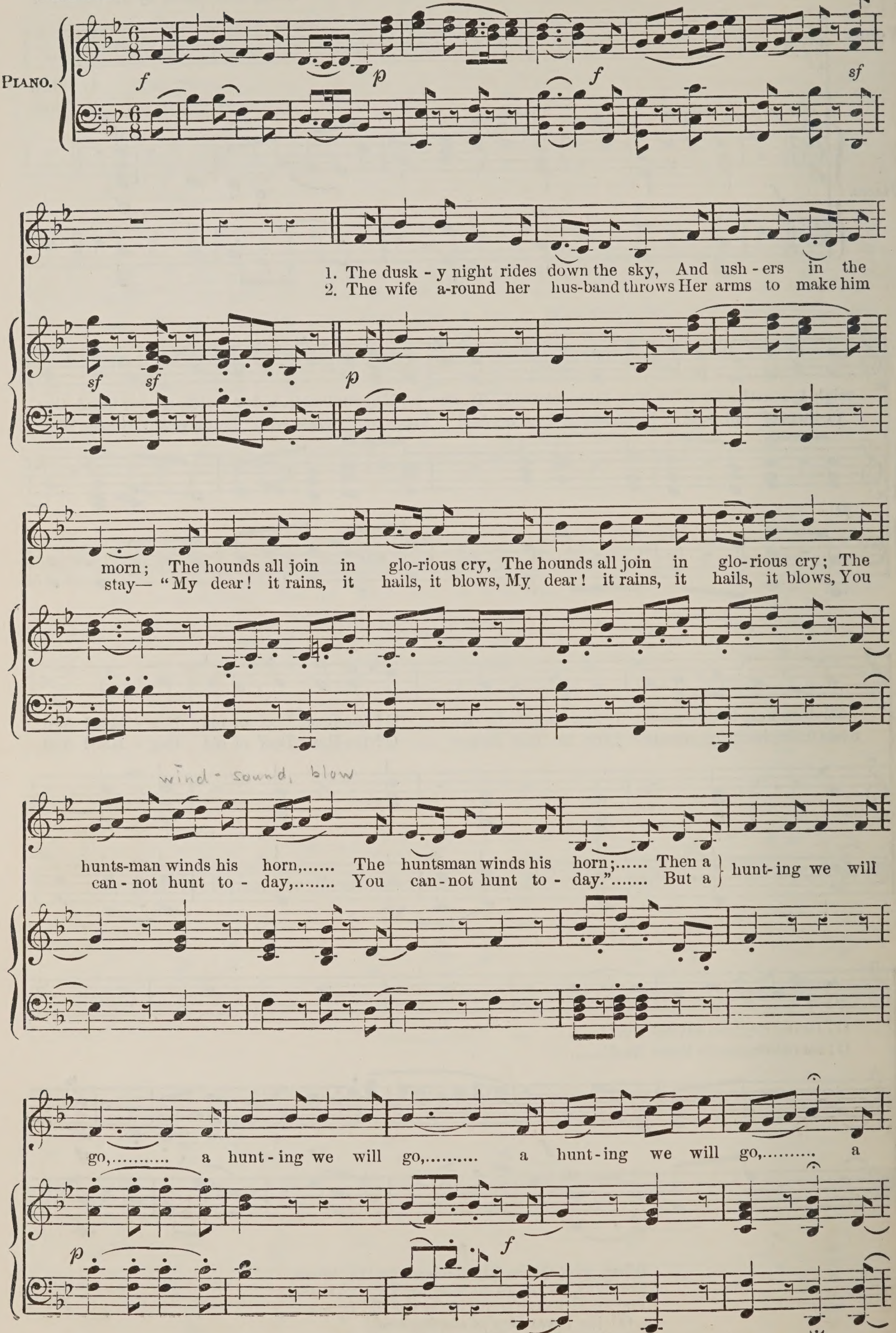
3.

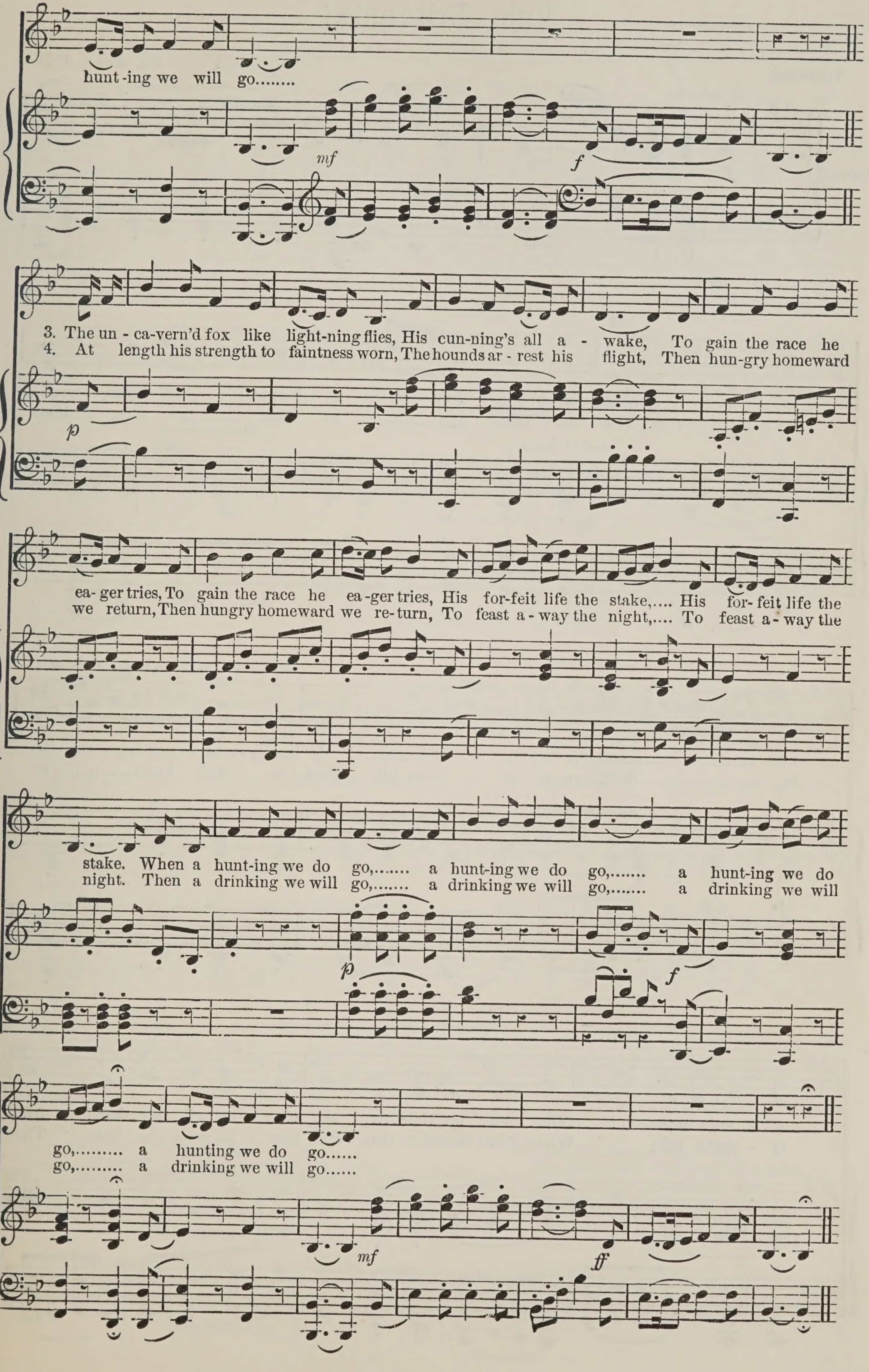
When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown,
O! the Roast Beef of old England!
And O! for old England's Roast Beef!

A hunting we will go.

Fielding.

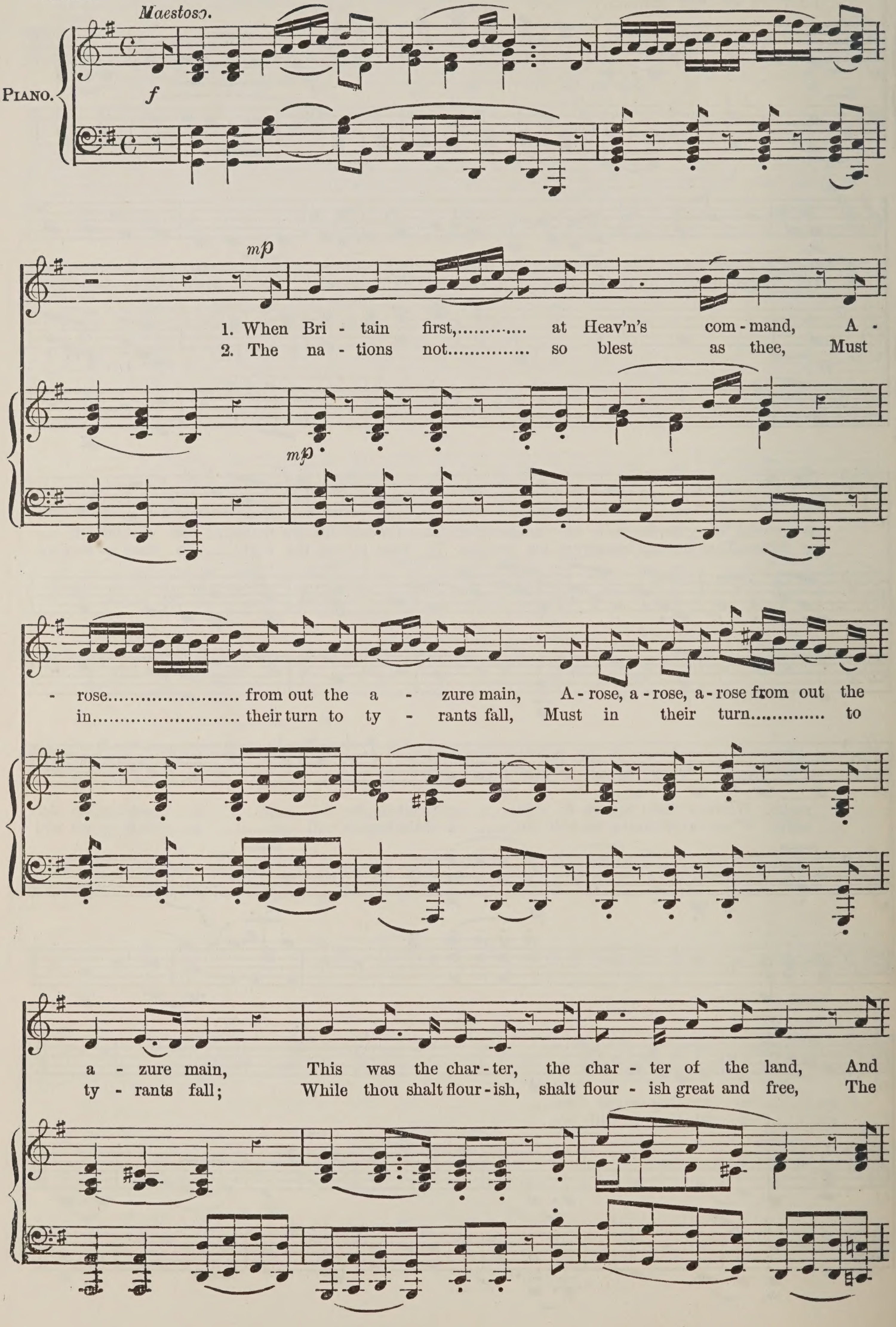
18th Century.

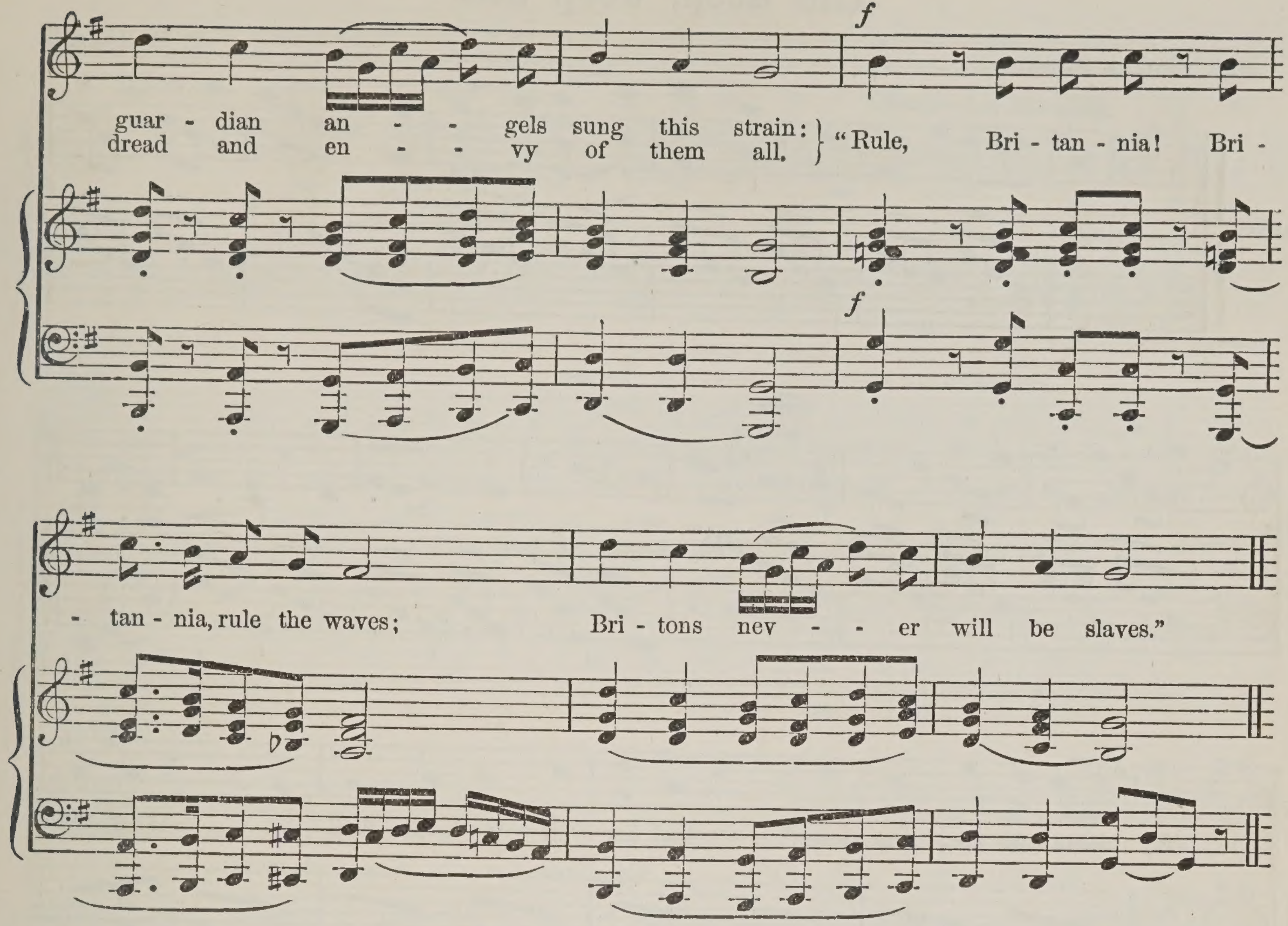

Piano.
f
p
f
sf
sf
sf
p
1. The dusk - y night rides down the sky, And ush - ers in the
2. The wife a-round her hus-band throws Her arms to make him
morn; The hounds all join in glo-rious cry, The hounds all join in glo-rious cry; The
stay— "My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows, My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows, You
wind - sound, blow
hunts-man winds his horn,...... The huntsman winds his horn;...... Then a
can-not hunt to - day,........ You can-not hunt to - day."....... But a
hunt-ing we will
go,.......... a hunt-ing we will go,.......... a hunt-ing we will go,.......... a
p
f


hunt-ing we will go........
mf
f
3. The un-ca-vern'd fox like light-ning flies, His cun-ning's all a-wake, To gain the race he
4. At length his strength to faintness worn, The hounds ar-rest his flight, Then hun-gry homeward
p
ea-ger tries, To gain the race he ea-ger tries, His for-feit life the stake,.... His for-feit life the
we return, Then hungry homeward we re-turn, To feast a-way the night,.... To feast a-way the
stake. When a hunt-ing we do go,....... a hunt-ing we do go,....... a hunt-ing we do
night. Then a drinking we will go,....... a drinking we will go,....... a drinking we will
p
f
go,......... a hunting we do go......
go,......... a drinking we will go......
mf
ff

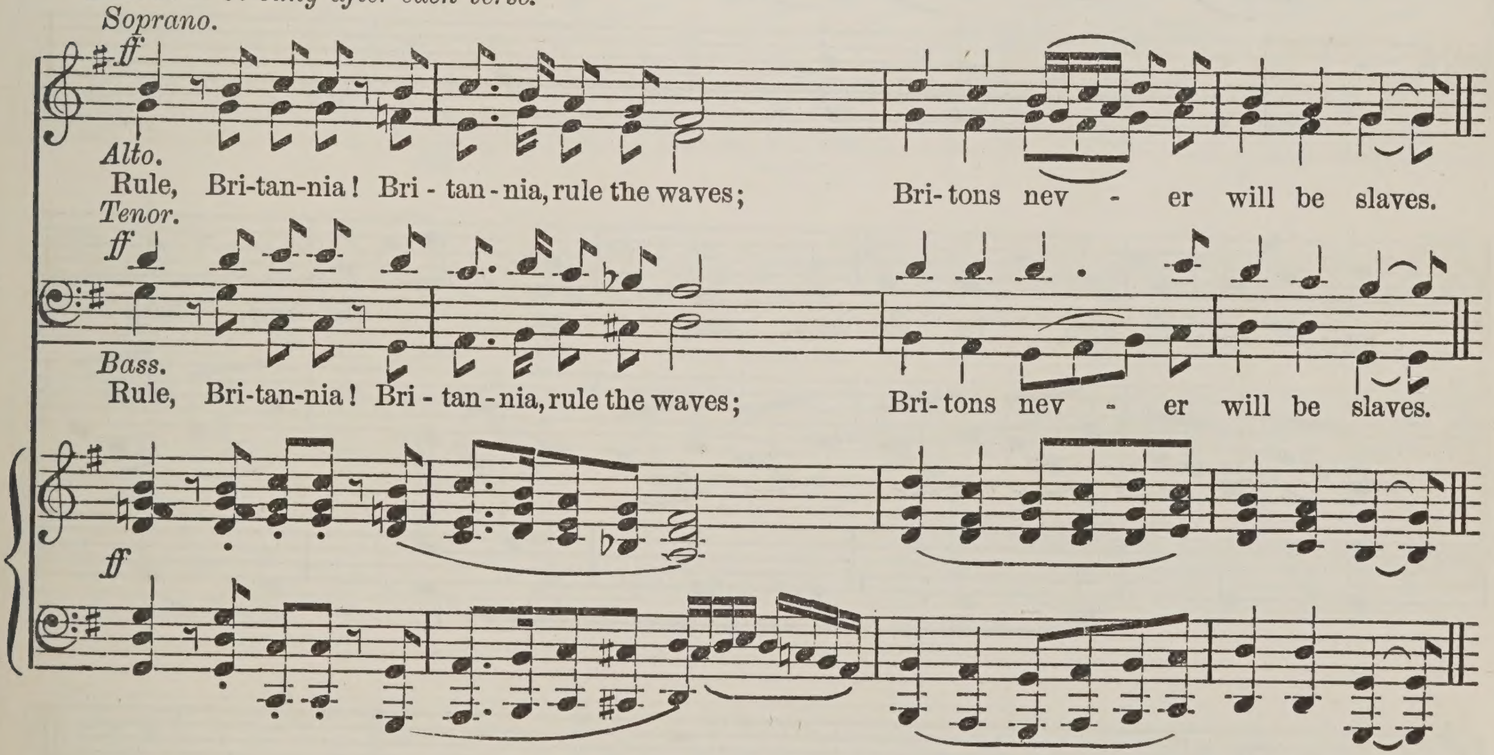
Rule, Britannia!

THOMSON. DR. ARNE, 1740.


Maestoso.
PIANO.
f
mp
mp
1. When Bri - tain first,………… at Heav'n's com - mand, A -
2. The na - tions not…………… so blest as thee, Must
- rose…………………… from out the a - zure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the
in……………………… their turn to ty - rants fall, Must in their turn………… to
a - zure main, This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And
ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The


guar - dian an - - gels sung this strain:
dread and en - - vy of them all.
"Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
- tan - nia, rule the waves;
Bri - tons nev - - er will be slaves."
f
f

Chorus to be sung after each verse.


Soprano.
ff
Alto.
Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves;
Bri- tons nev - er will be slaves.
Tenor.
ff
Bass.
Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves;
Bri- tons nev - er will be slaves.
ff

3.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

4.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
To work *their* woe, and *thy* renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

5.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles, *thine.*
Rule, Britannia, &c.

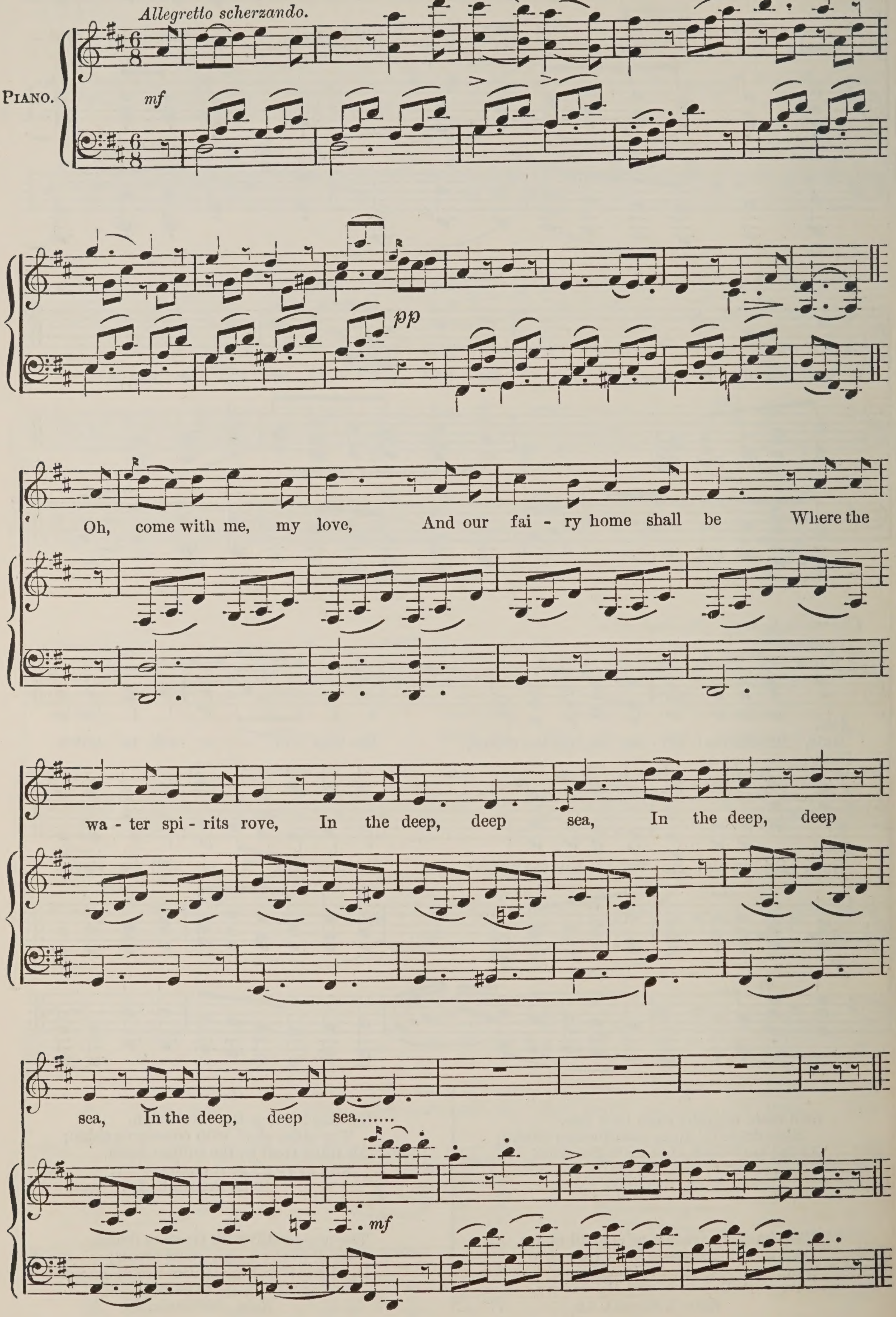
6.

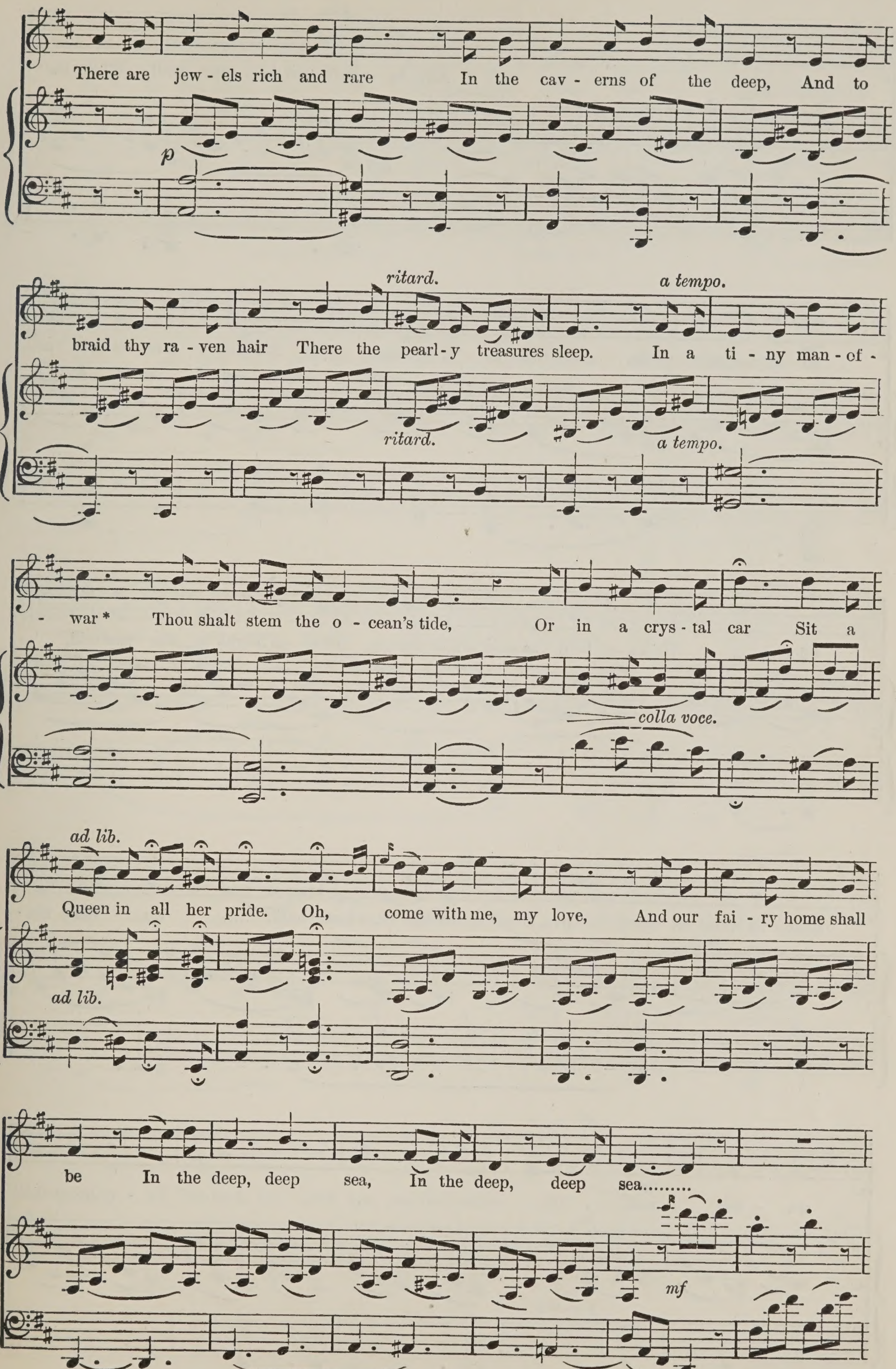
The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd.
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c

The deep, deep sea.

Mrs. George Sharpe.

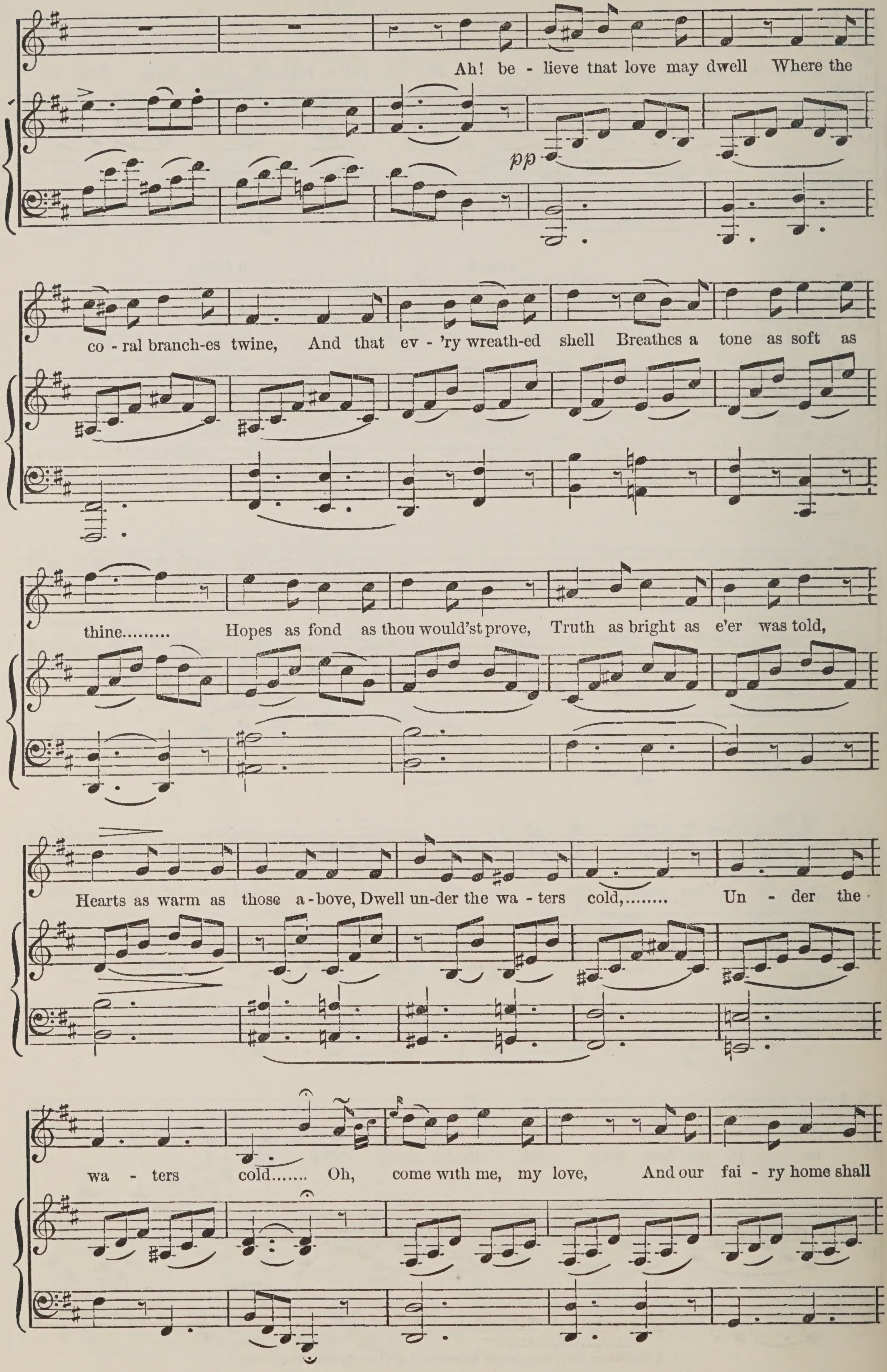
C. E. Horn.

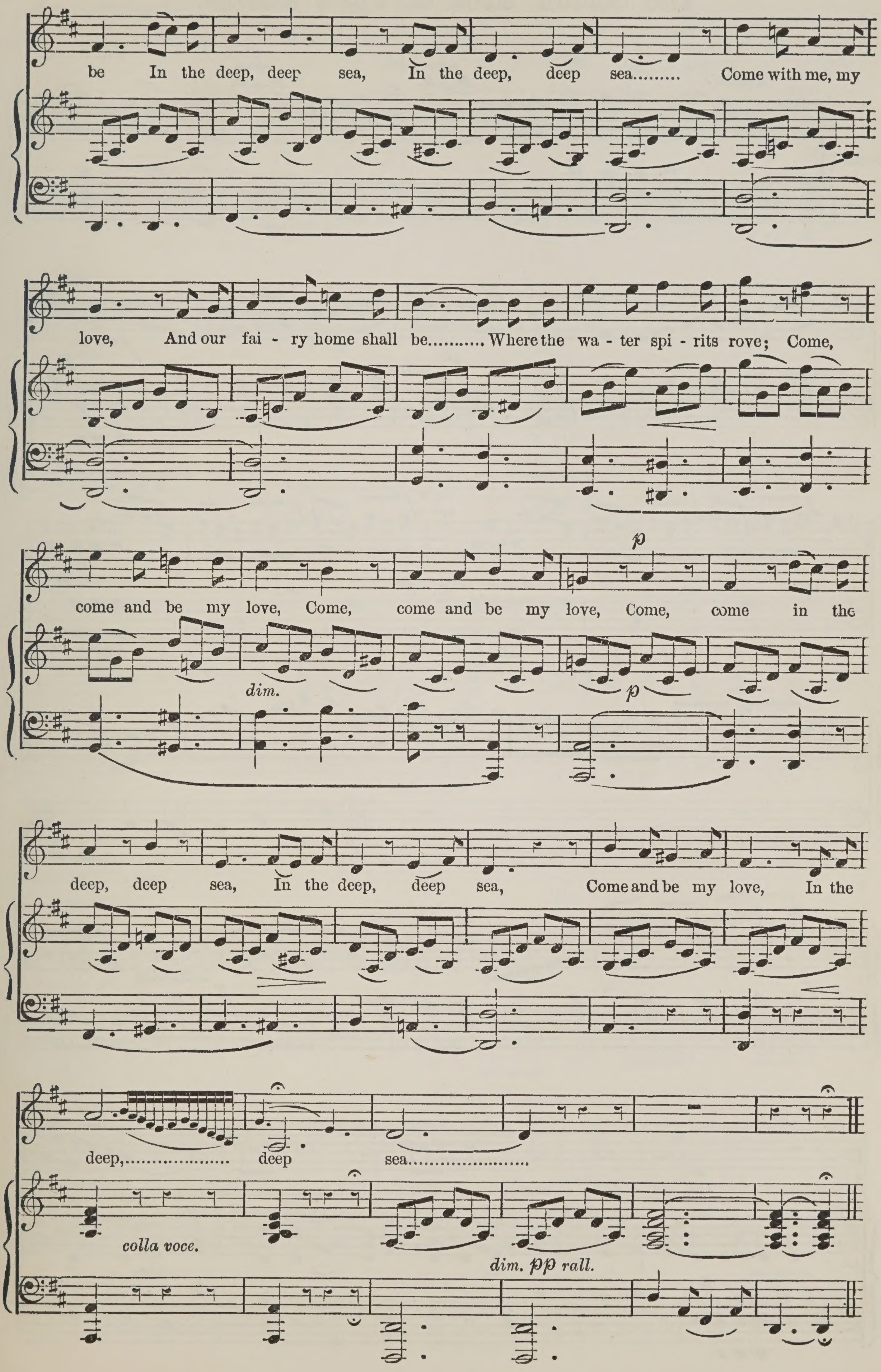

Allegretto scherzando.
Piano.
mf
pp
Oh, come with me, my love, And our fai - ry home shall be Where the
wa - ter spi - rits rove, In the deep, deep sea, In the deep, deep
sea, In the deep, deep sea.......
mf


There are jew - els rich and rare In the cav - erns of the deep, And to
p
braid thy ra - ven hair There the pearl - y treasures sleep. In a ti - ny man - of -
ritard.
a tempo.
ritard.
a tempo.
- war * Thou shalt stem the o - cean's tide, Or in a crys - tal car Sit a
colla voce.
ad lib.
Queen in all her pride. Oh, come with me, my love, And our fai - ry home shall
ad lib.
be In the deep, deep sea, In the deep, deep sea.........
mf

---

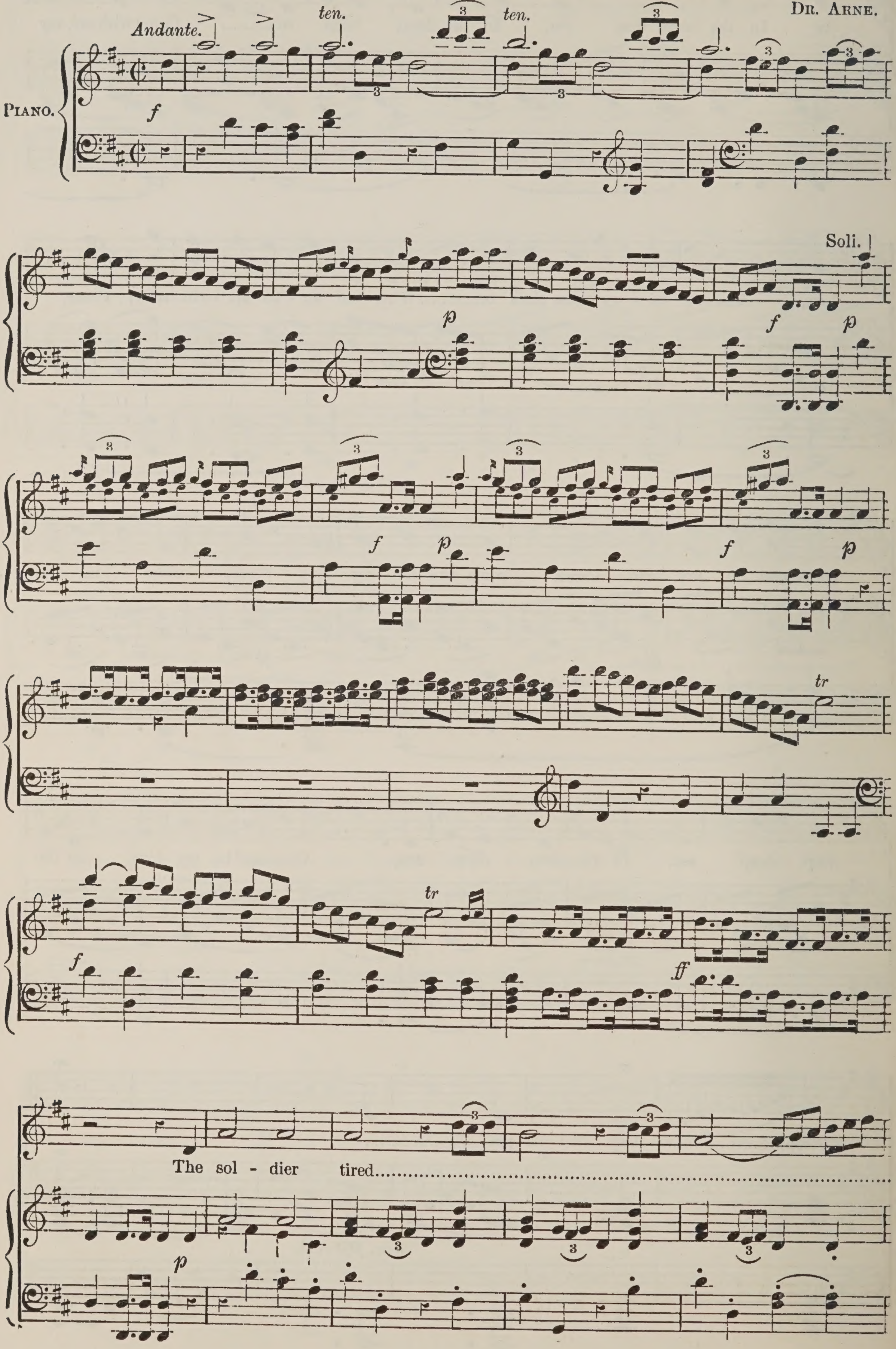
* A bubble on the ocean, called by sailors " the Portuguese man-of-war."

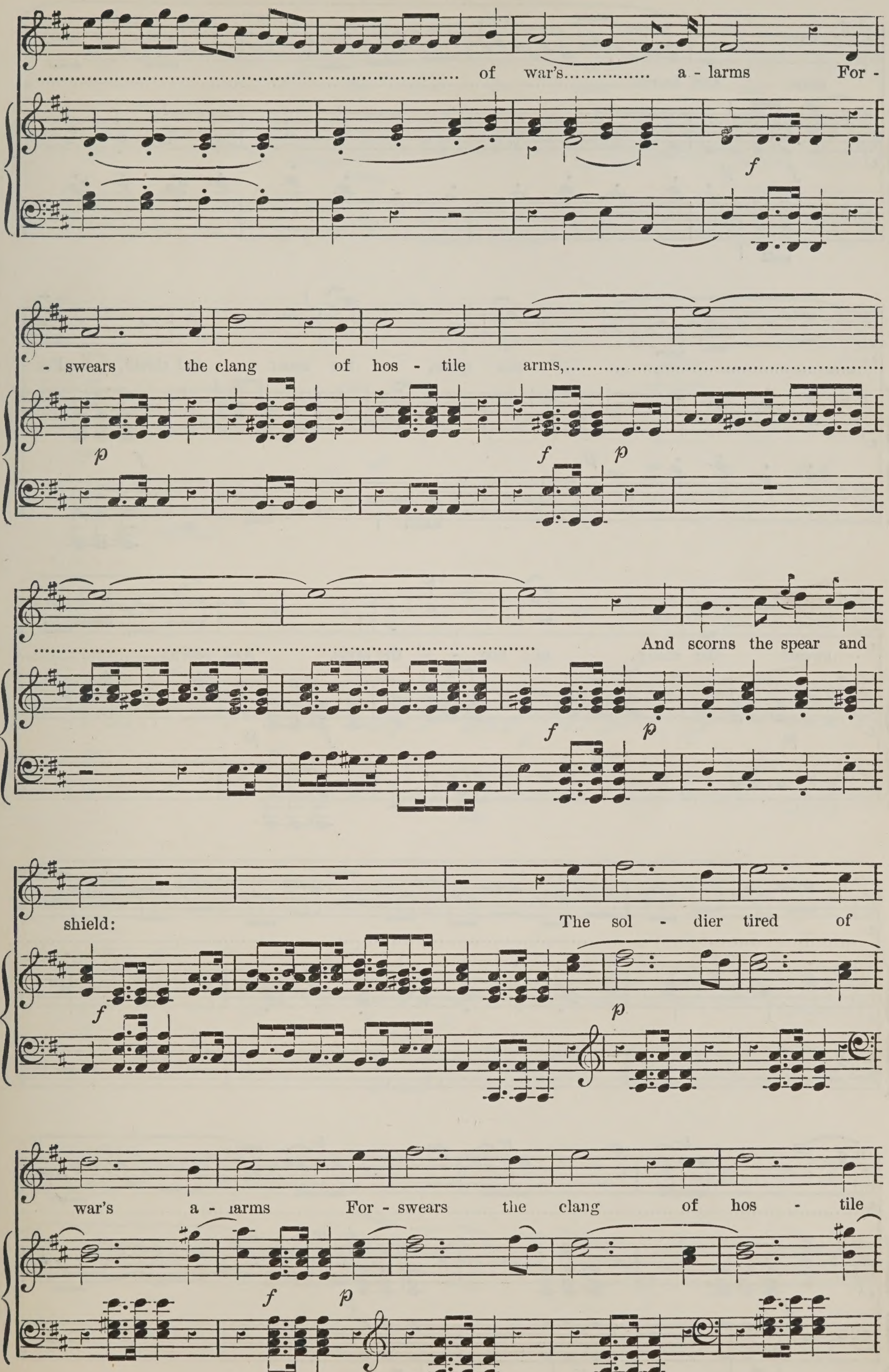

Ah! be - lieve that love may dwell Where the
pp
co - ral branch-es twine, And that ev - 'ry wreath-ed shell Breathes a tone as soft as
thine......... Hopes as fond as thou would'st prove, Truth as bright as e'er was told,
Hearts as warm as those a-bove, Dwell un-der the wa - ters cold,........ Un - der the
wa - ters cold....... Oh, come with me, my love, And our fai - ry home shall

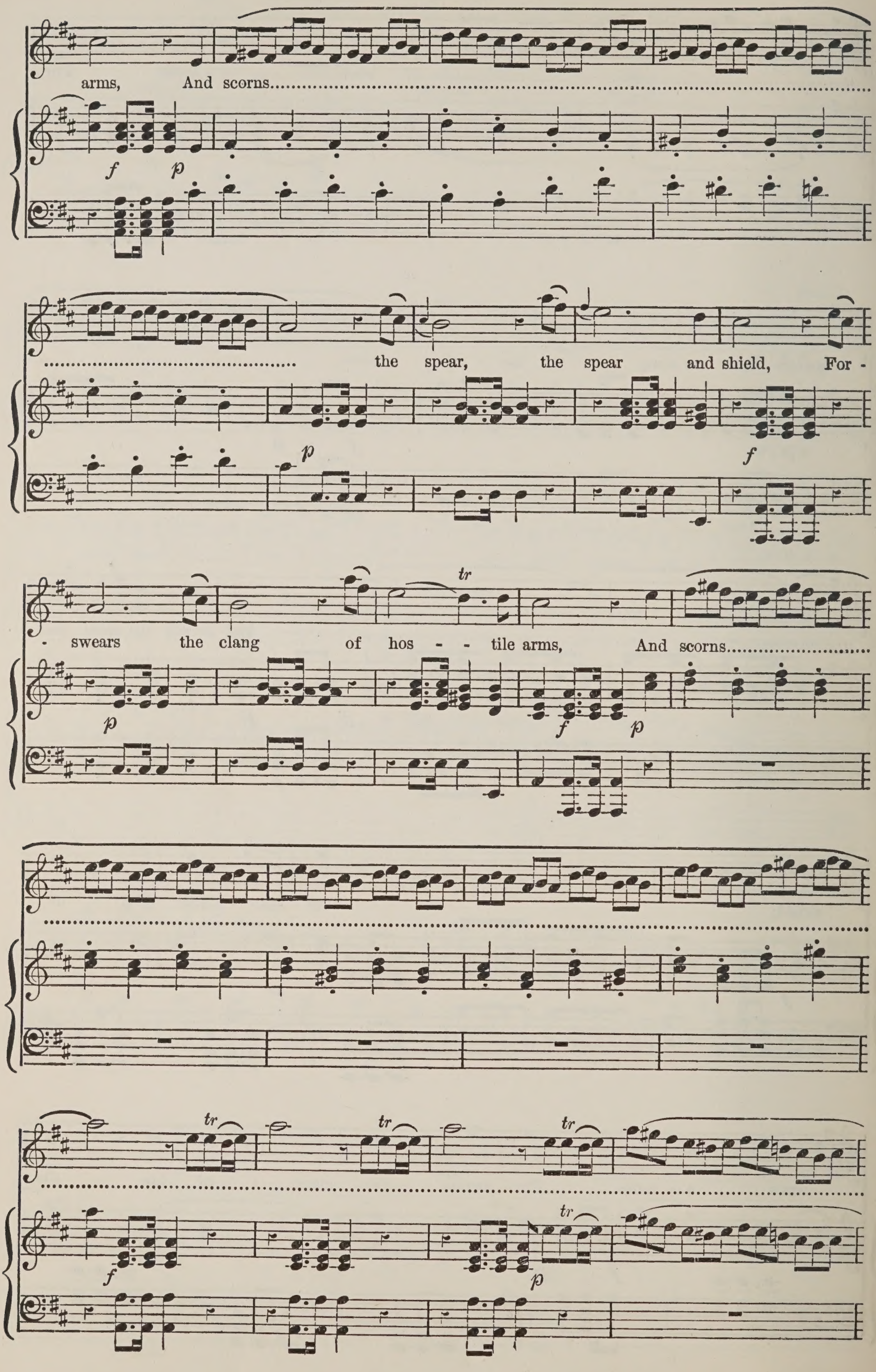

be In the deep, deep sea, In the deep, deep sea......... Come with me, my
love, And our fai - ry home shall be.......... Where the wa - ter spi - rits rove; Come,
come and be my love, Come, come and be my love, Come, come in the
p
dim.
p
deep, deep sea, In the deep, deep sea, Come and be my love, In the
deep,.................. deep sea......................
colla voce.
dim. pp rall.

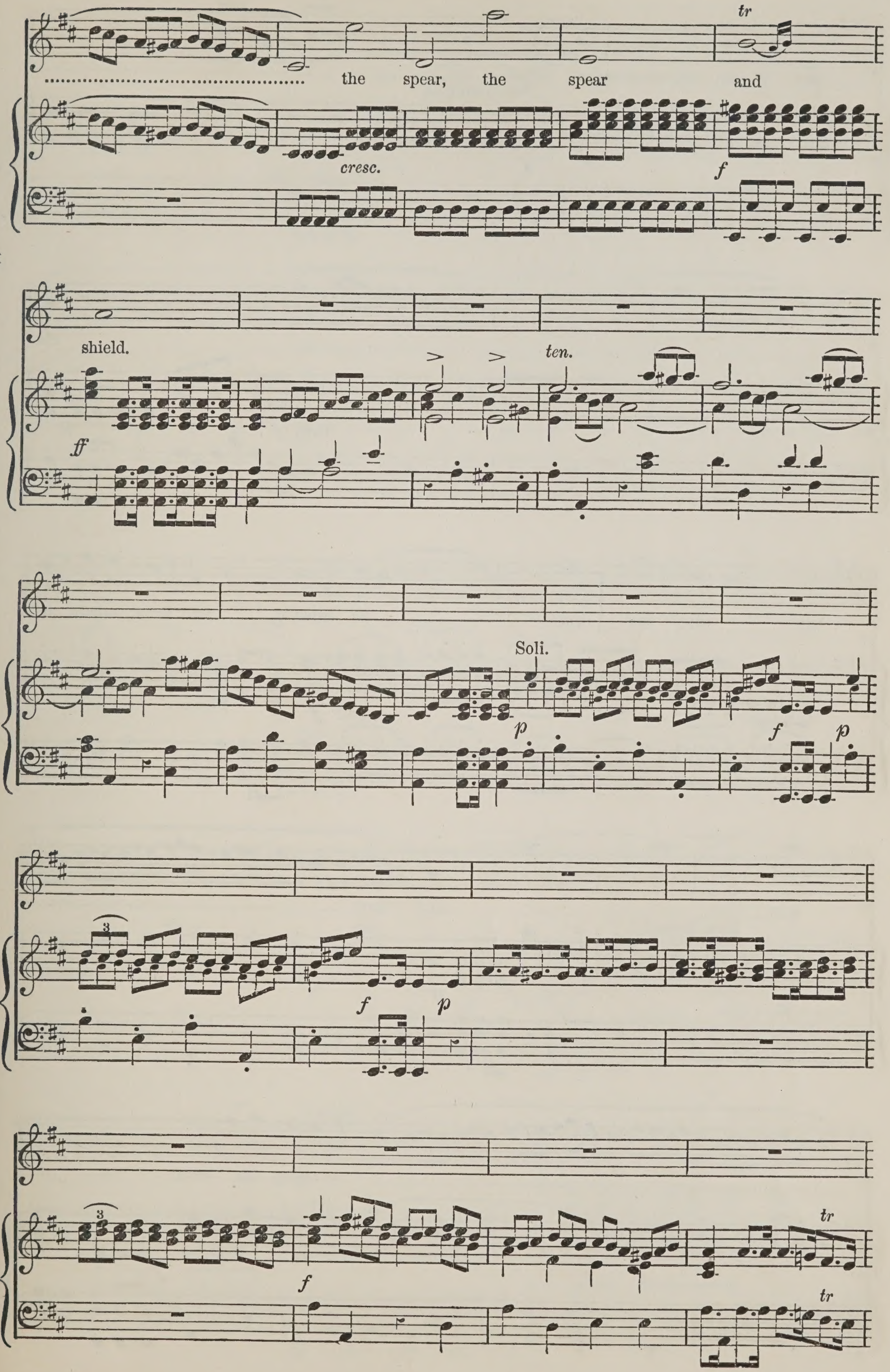
The Soldier tired of war's alarms.

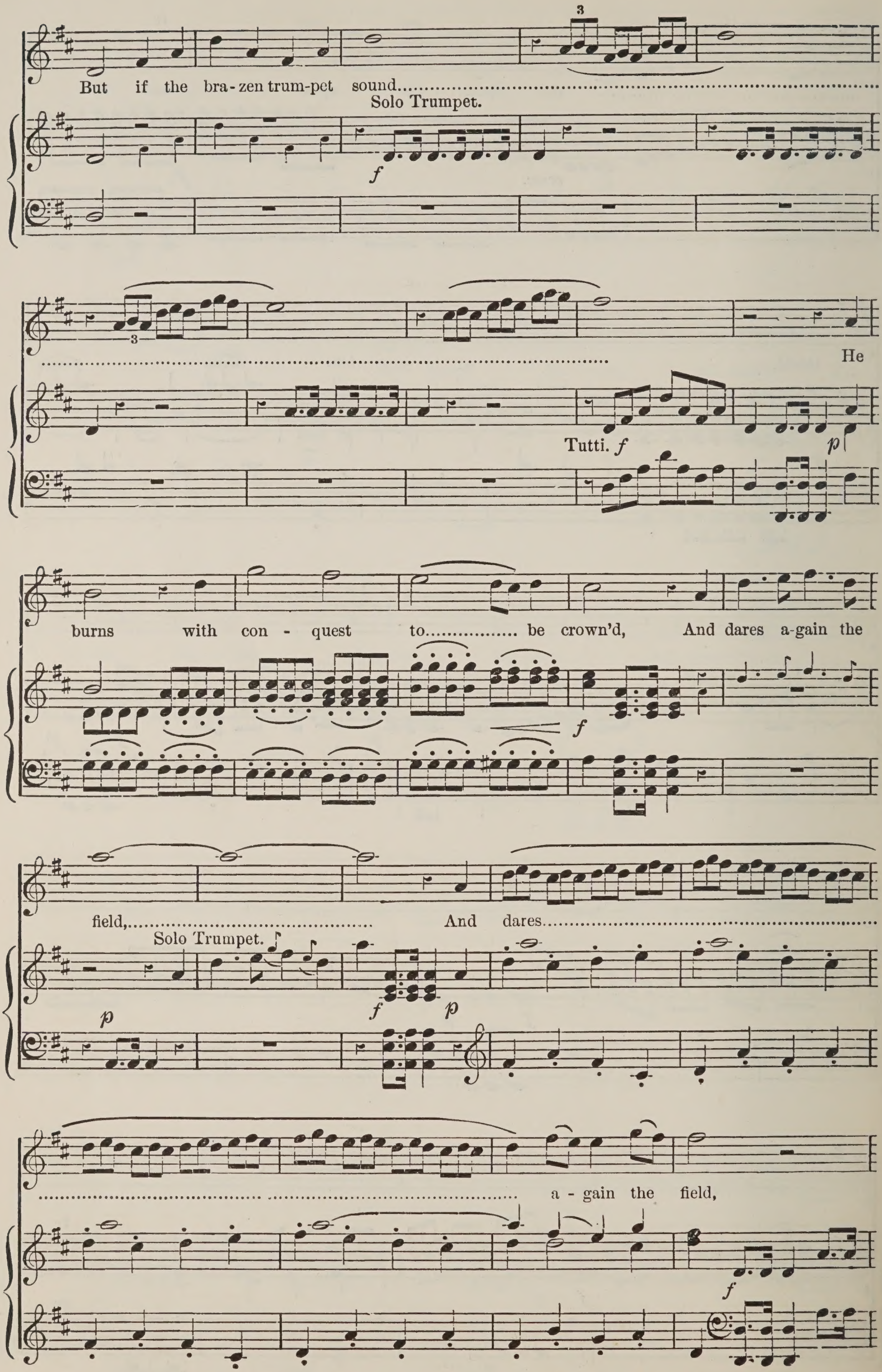
DR. ARNE.

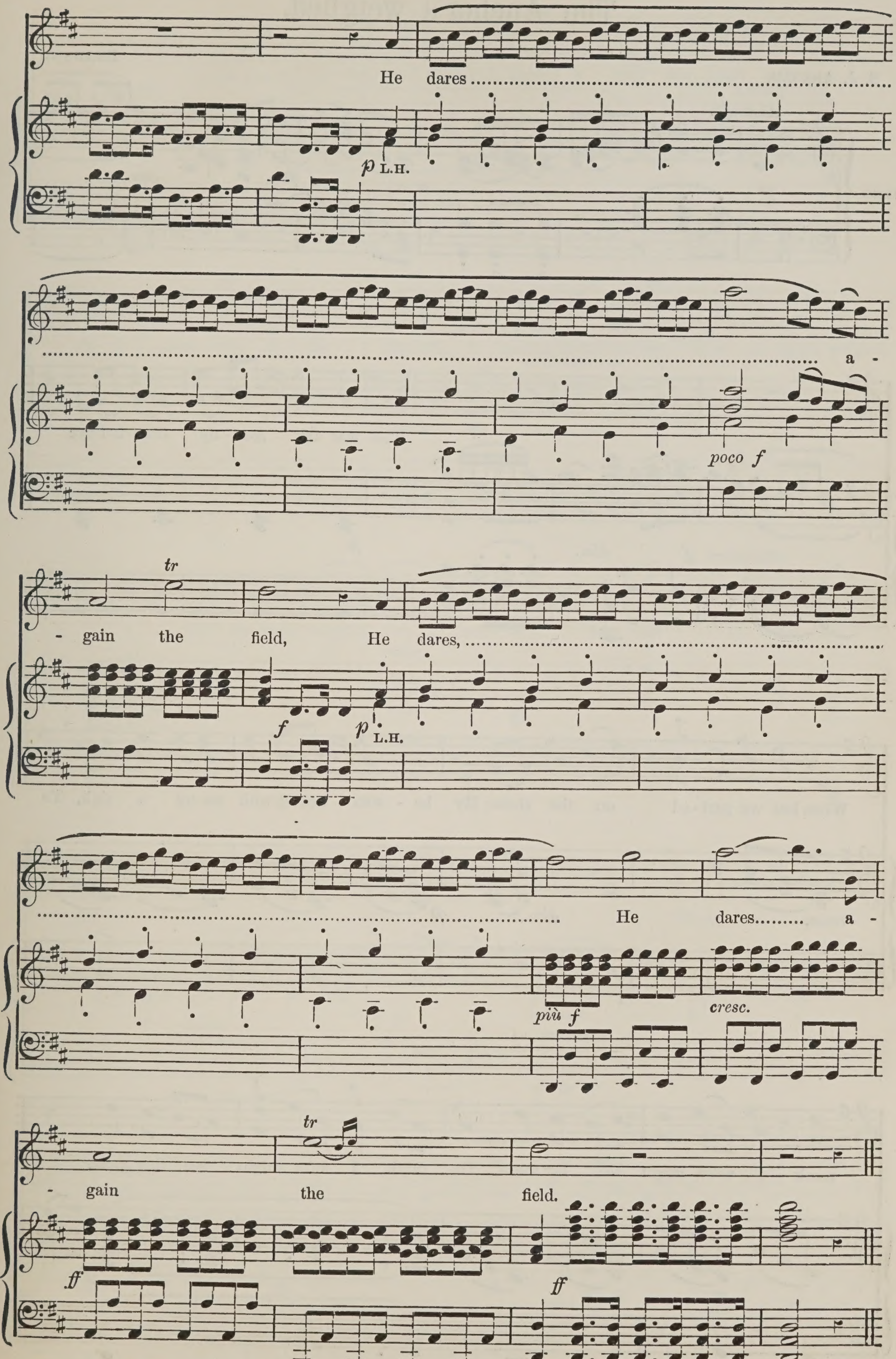

Andante.
ten.
ten.
PIANO.
f
p
Soli.
f
p
tr
ff
The sol - dier tired..........


of war's a - larms For -
- swears the clang of hos - tile arms,
And scorns the spear and
shield:
The sol - dier tired of
war's a - larms For - swears the clang of hos - tile
f
p


arms, And scorns……
f
p
…… the spear, the spear and shield, For-
p
f
-swears the clang of hos - - tile arms, And scorns……
tr
p
f
p
……
……
tr
tr
tr
f
tr
p


tr
the spear, the spear and
cresc.
f
shield.
ff
ten.
Soli.
p
f
p
3
f
p
3
f
tr
tr

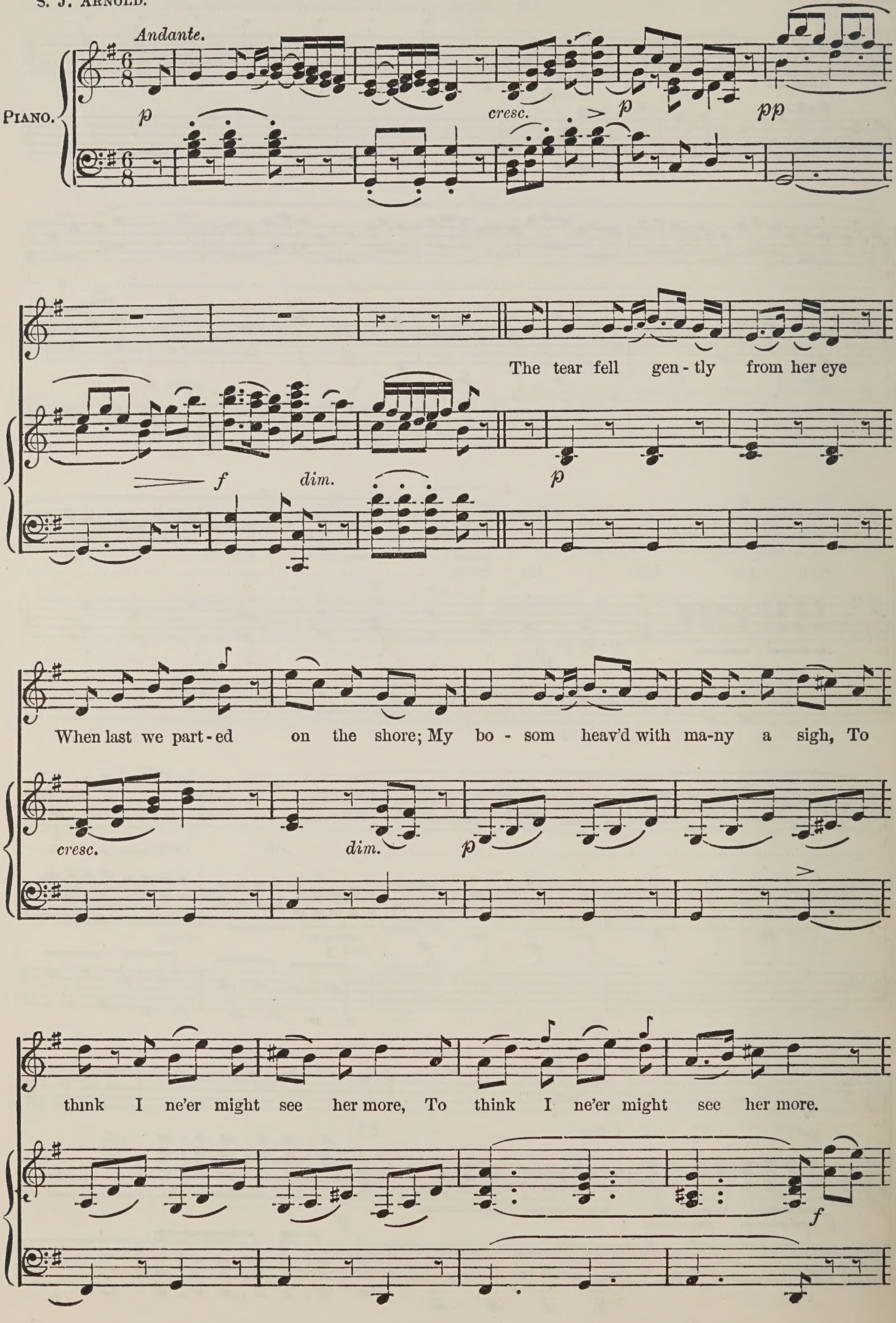

But if the bra-zen trum-pet sound......
Solo Trumpet.
f
He
Tutti. f
p
burns with con - quest to............... be crown'd, And dares a-gain the
f
field,.............
Solo Trumpet.
p
f
p
And dares...............
a - gain the field,
f

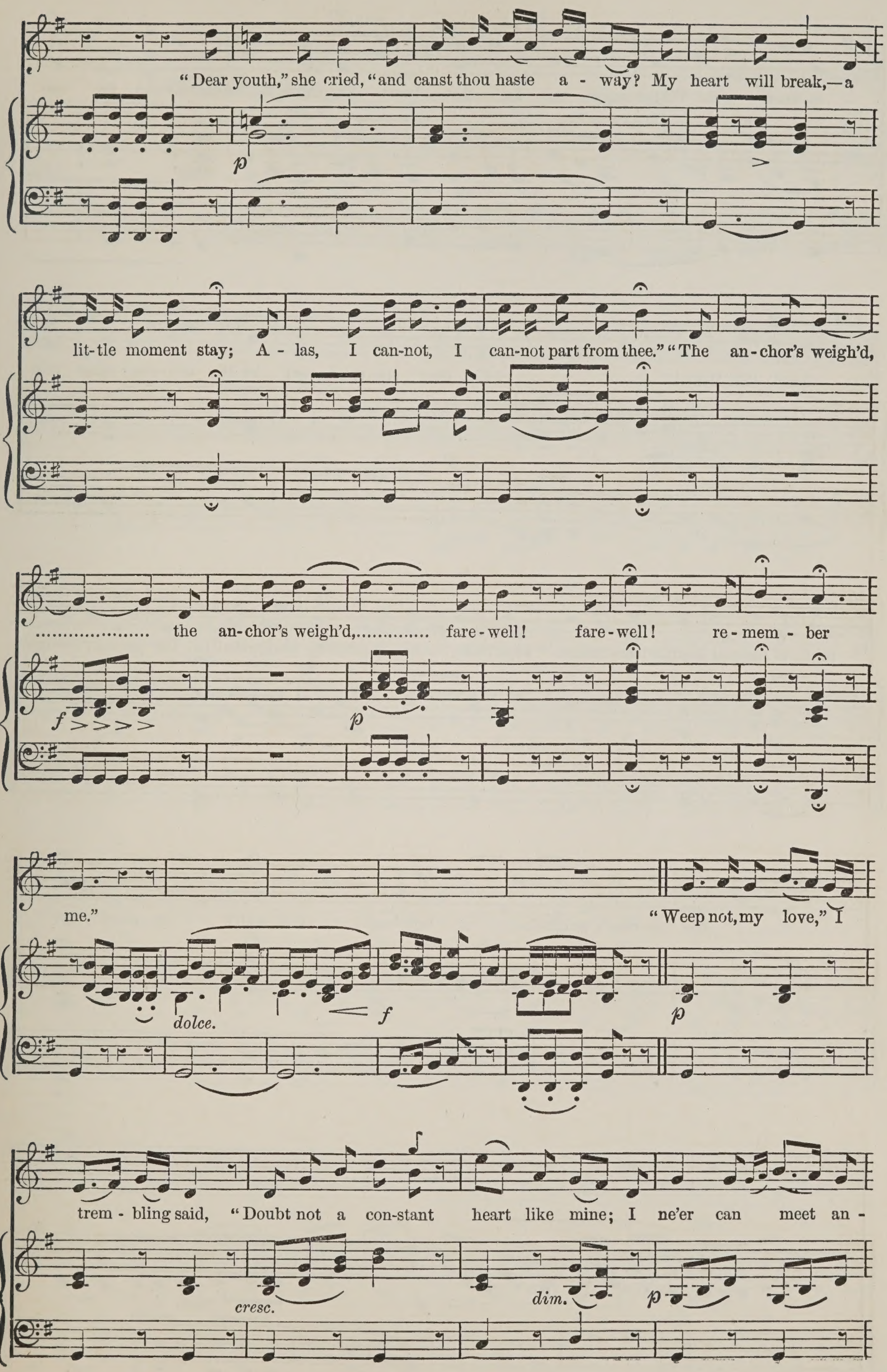

He
dares
p L.H.
a -
poco f
tr
- gain
the
field,
He
dares,
f
p L.H.
He
dares
a -
più f
cresc.
tr
- gain
the
field.
ff
ff

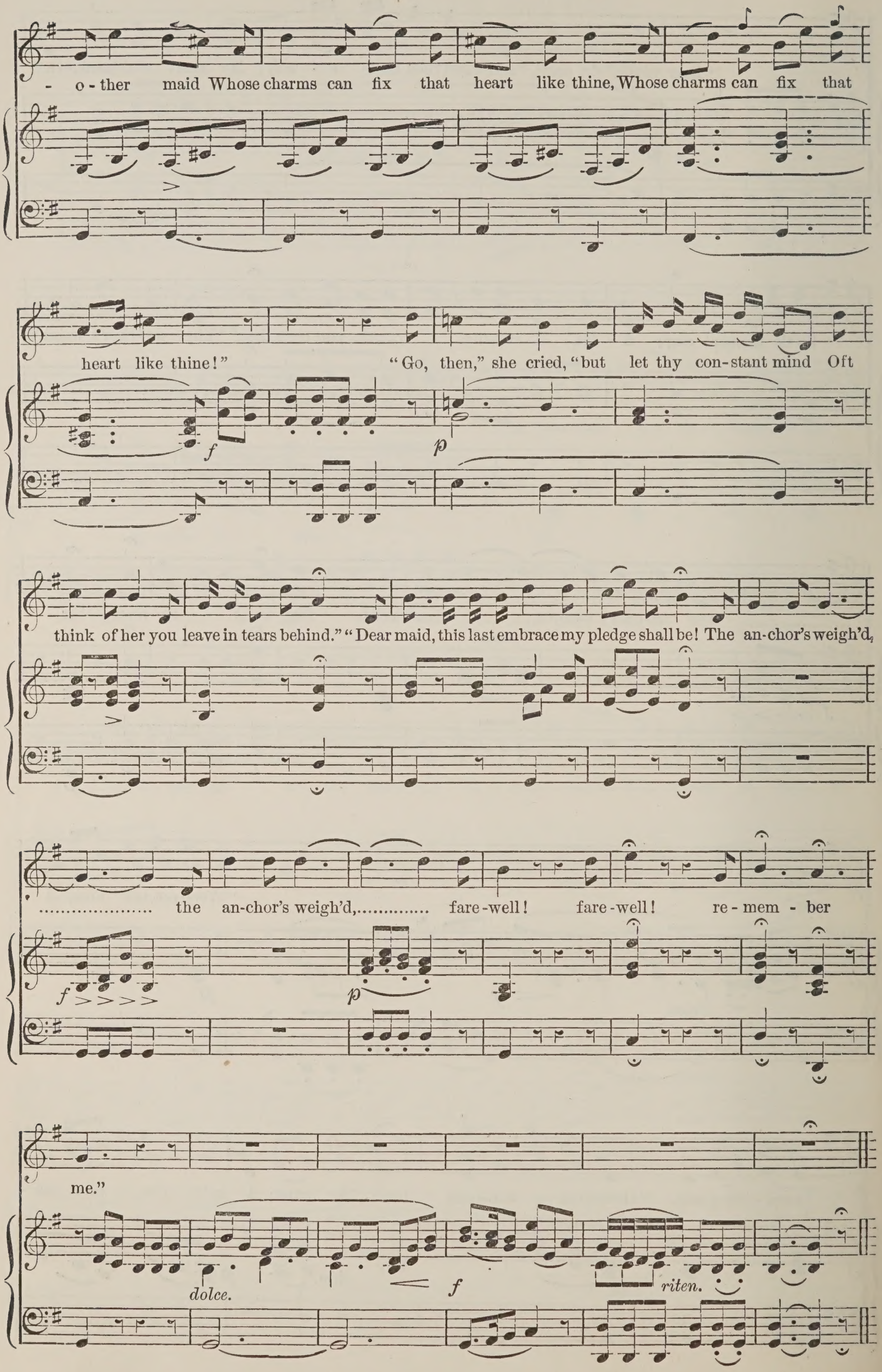
The Anchor's weighed.

S. J. Arnold.

Braham.


Andante.
Piano.
p
cresc.
p
pp
f
dim.
p
The tear fell gen - tly from her eye
When last we part - ed on the shore; My bo - som heav'd with ma-ny a sigh, To
cresc.
dim.
p
think I ne'er might see her more, To think I ne'er might see her more.
f


"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste a - way? My heart will break,—a
p
>
lit-tle moment stay; A - las, I can-not, I can-not part from thee." "The an-chor's weigh'd,
.... the an-chor's weigh'd,.............. fare-well! fare-well! re-mem - ber
f > > > >
p
me."
"Weep not, my love," I
dolce.
f
p
trem - bling said, "Doubt not a con-stant heart like mine; I ne'er can meet an -
cresc.
dim.
p

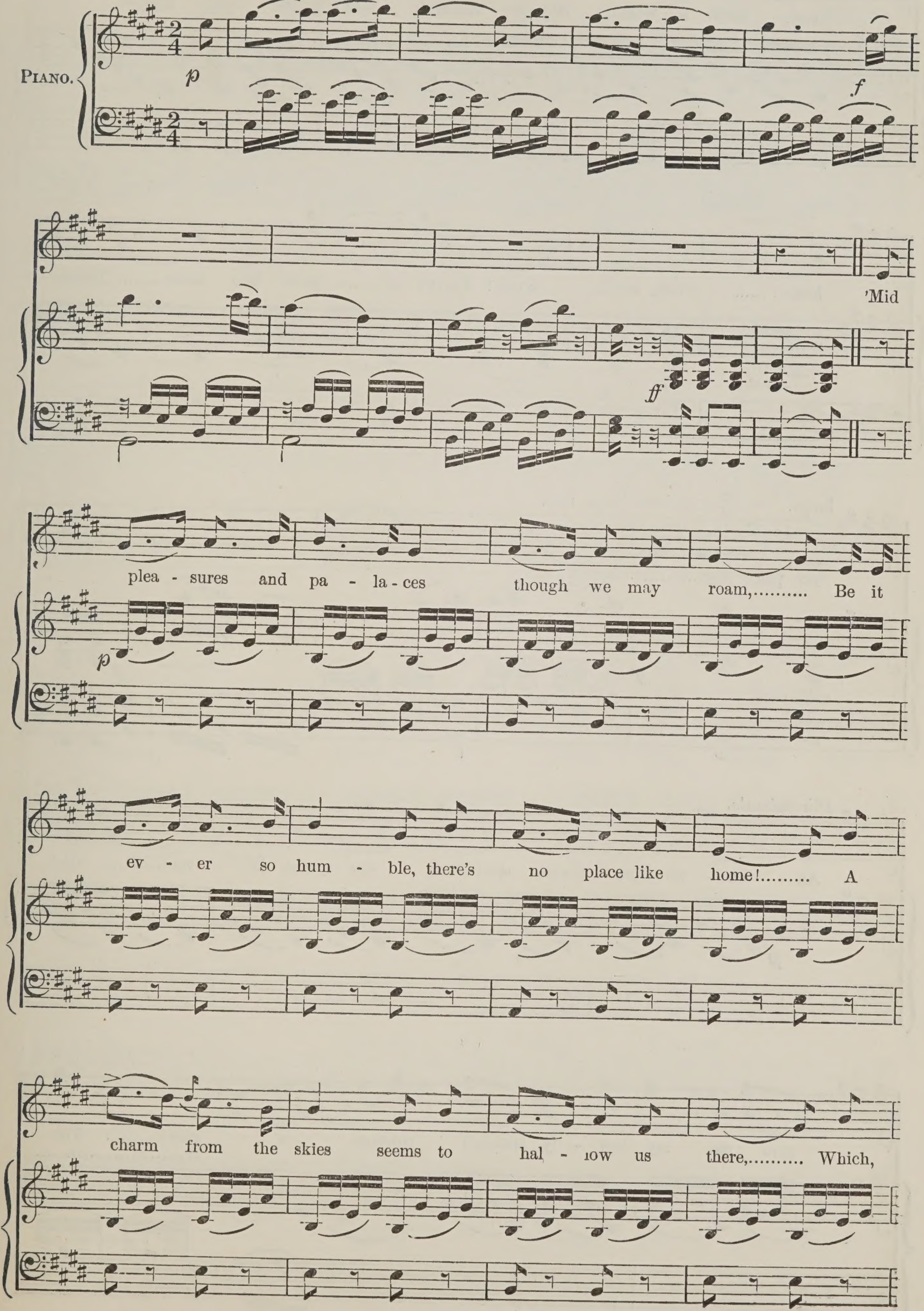

- o - ther maid Whose charms can fix that heart like thine, Whose charms can fix that
heart like thine!" "Go, then," she cried, "but let thy con-stant mind Oft
f
p
think of her you leave in tears behind." "Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be! The an-chor's weigh'd,
.... the an-chor's weigh'd,.............. fare-well! fare-well! re - mem - ber
f
p
me."
dolce.
f
riten.

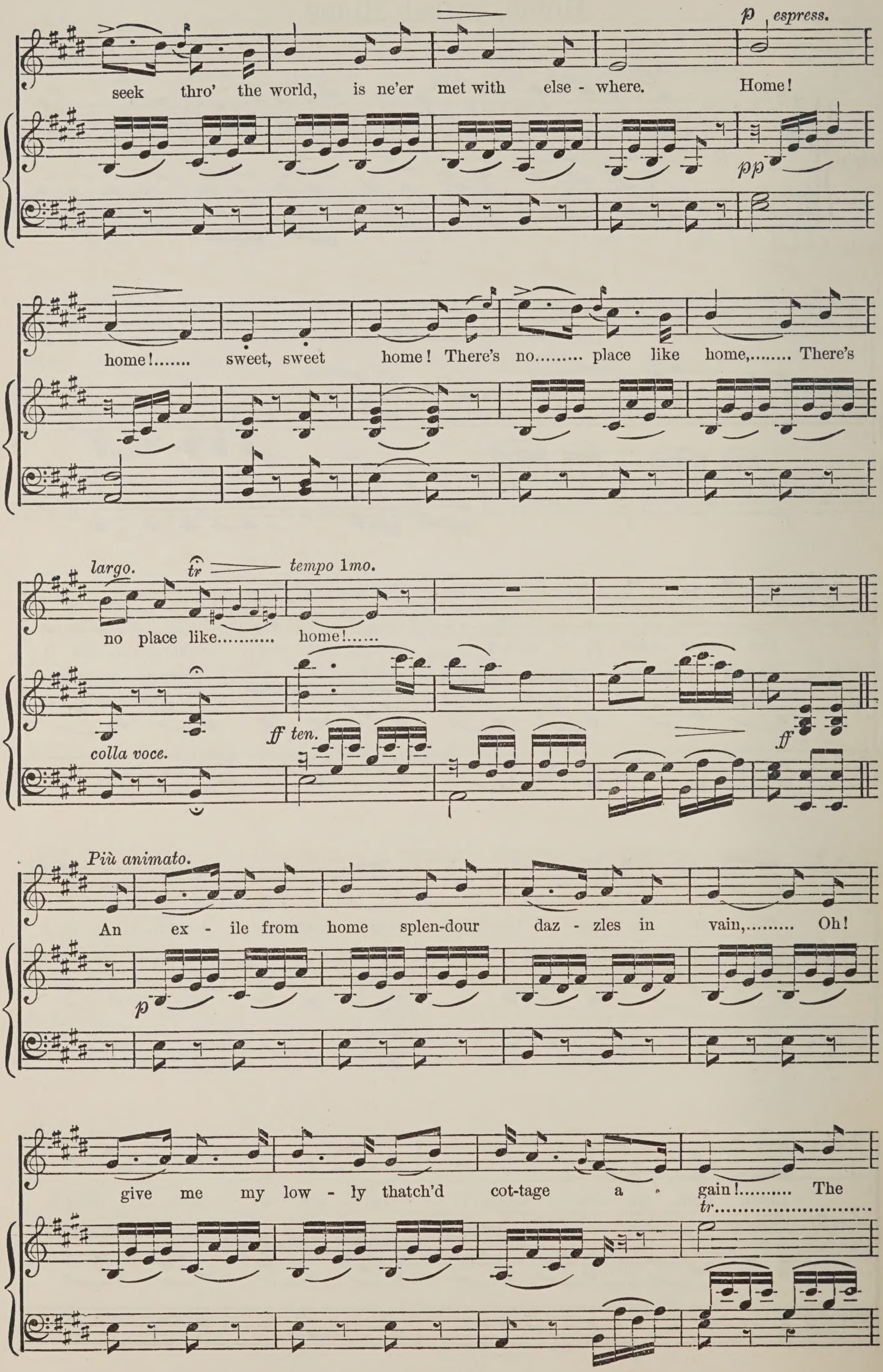
Home, sweet Home.

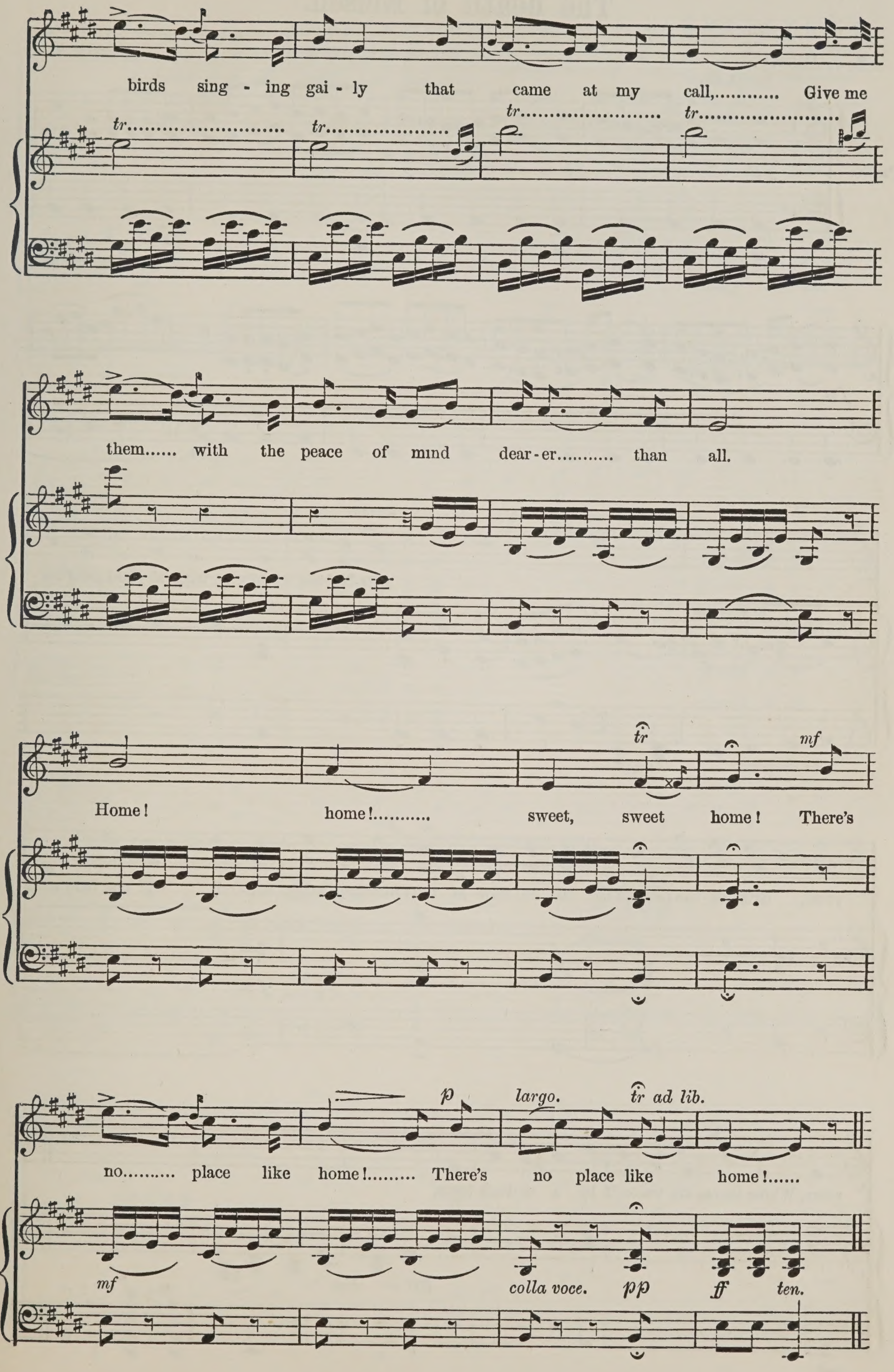
J. Howard Payne.

Andante larghetto.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

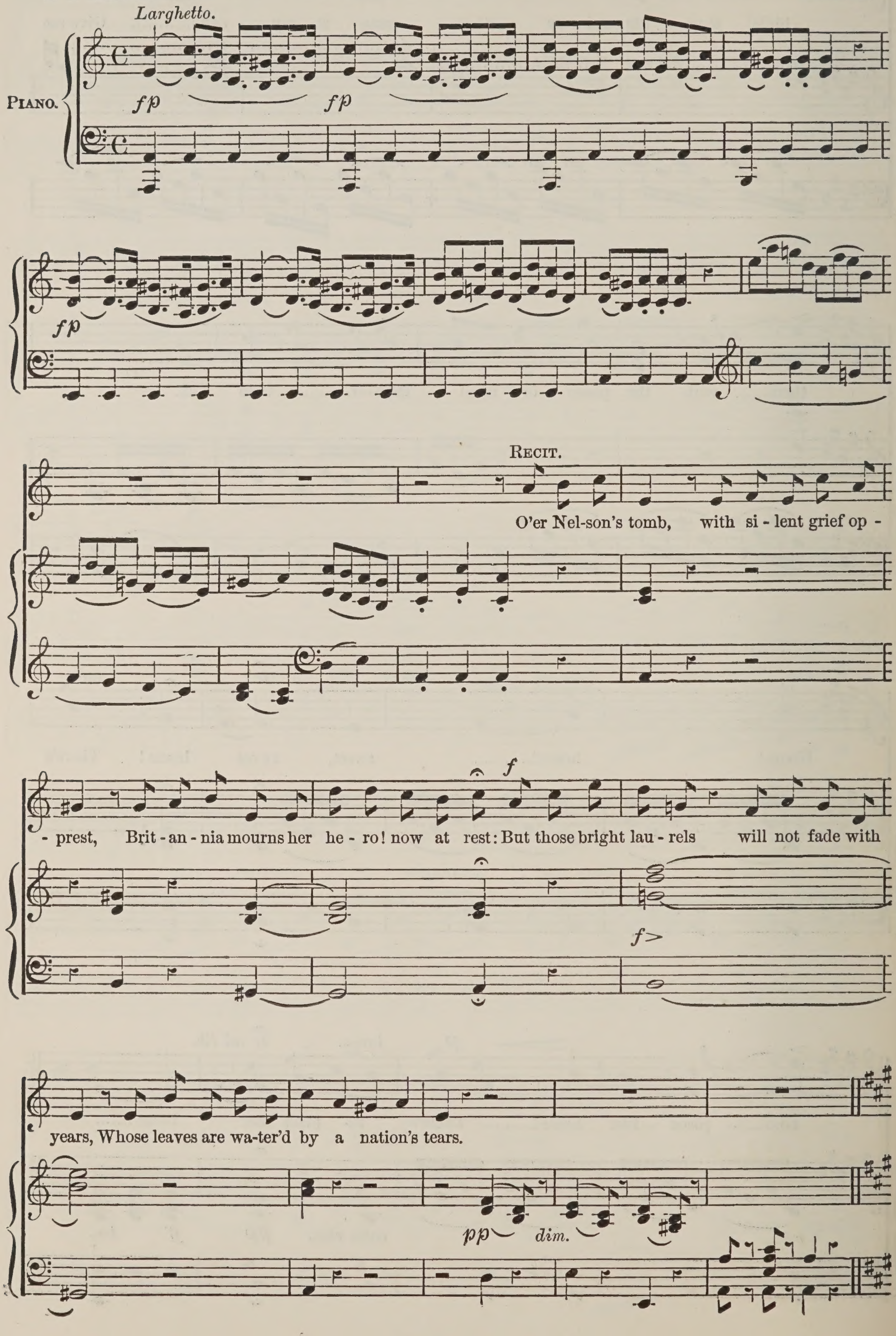

Piano.
p
f
ff
'Mid
plea - sures and pa - la - ces though we may roam,.......... Be it
p
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home!......... A
charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,......... Which,

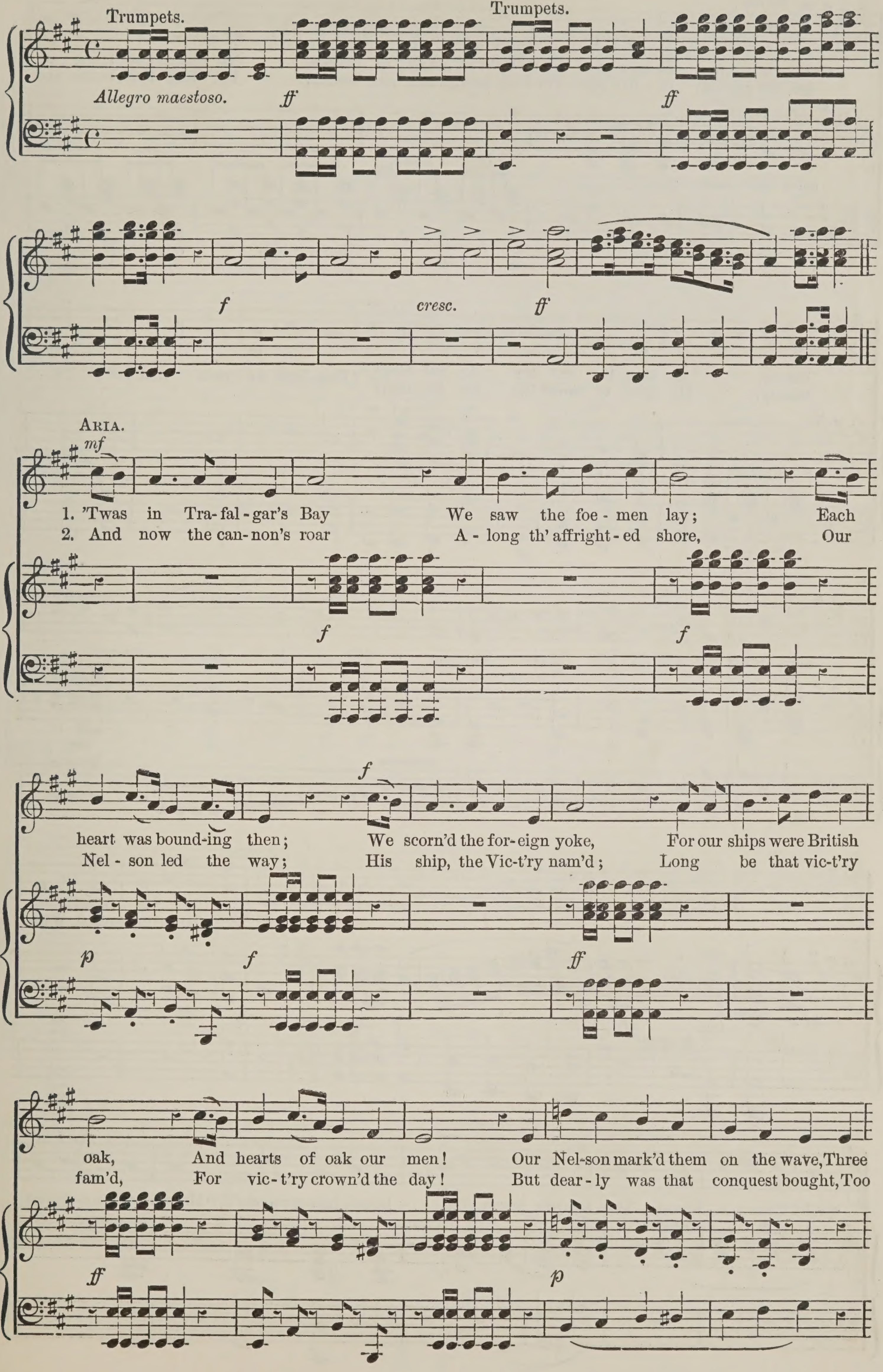

p espress.
seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where. Home!
pp
home!....... sweet, sweet home! There's no......... place like home,........ There's
largo. tr tempo 1mo.
no place like........... home!......
colla voce.
ff ten.
ff
Più animato.
An ex - ile from home splen-dour daz - zles in vain,......... Oh!
p
give me my low - ly thatch'd cot-tage a - gain!.......... The
tr..........................

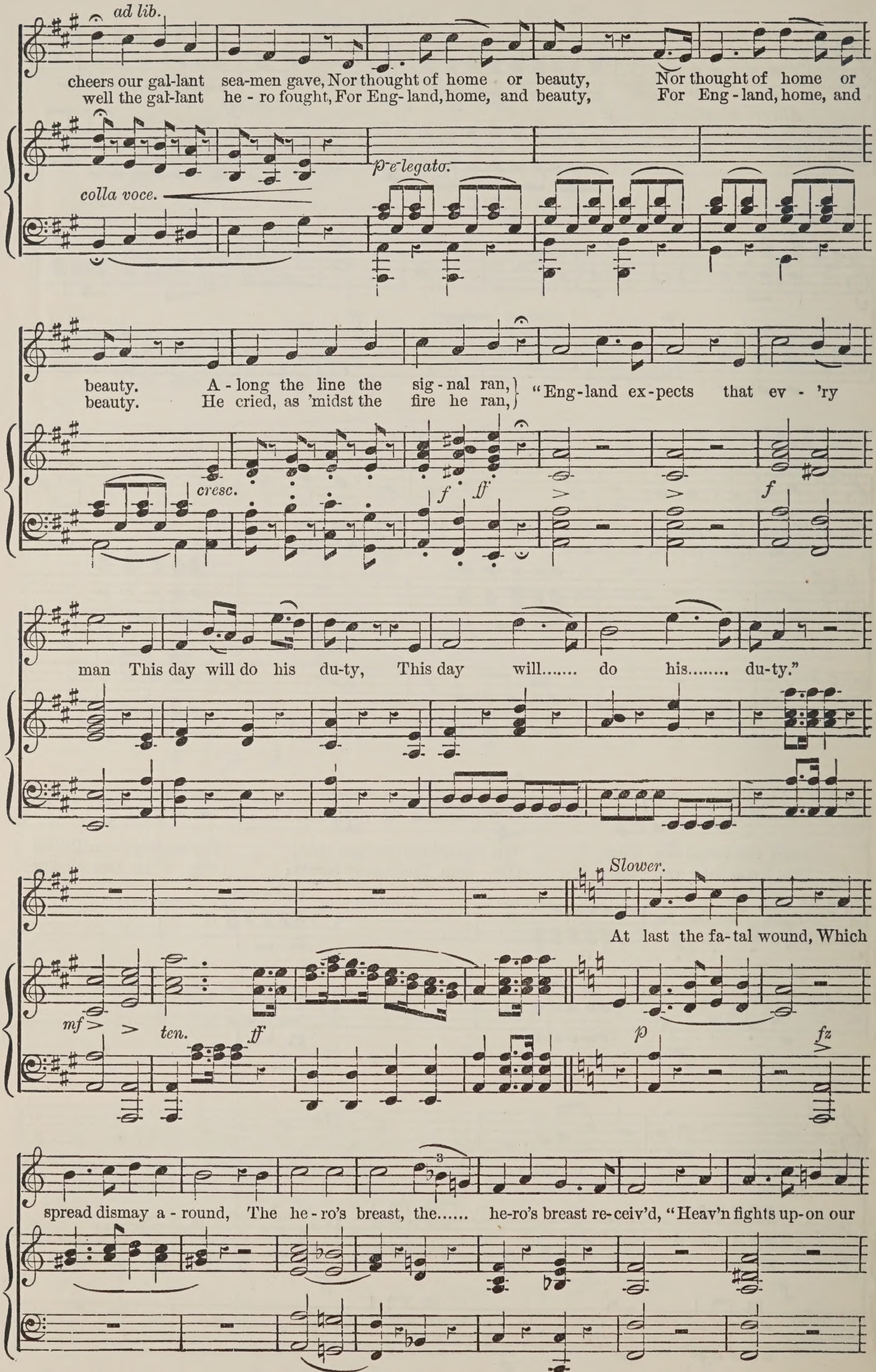

birds sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call,………… Give me
tr…………………… tr…………………… tr…………………… tr……………………
them…… with the peace of mind dear - er……… than all.
Home! home!……… sweet, sweet home! There's
tr
mf
no……… place like home!……… There's no place like home!……
p
largo.
tr ad lib.
mf
colla voce.
pp
ff
ten.

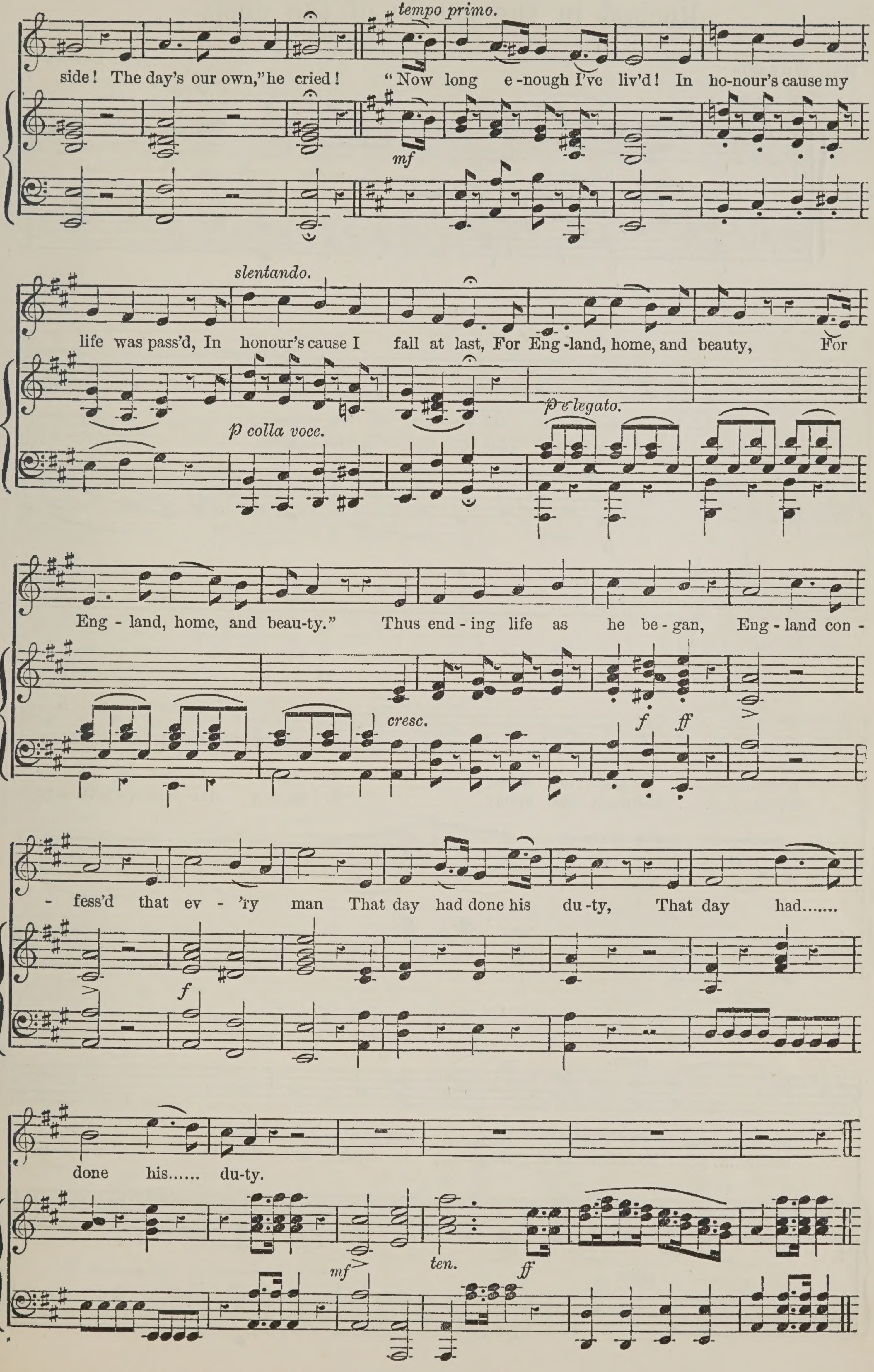
The death of Nelson.

S. J. **Arnold.** **Braham.**


Larghetto.
Piano.
fp
fp
fp
Recit.
O'er Nel-son's tomb, with si - lent grief op - prest, Brit - an - nia mourns her he - ro! now at rest: But those bright lau - rels will not fade with years, Whose leaves are wa-ter'd by a nation's tears.
f
f>
pp
dim.

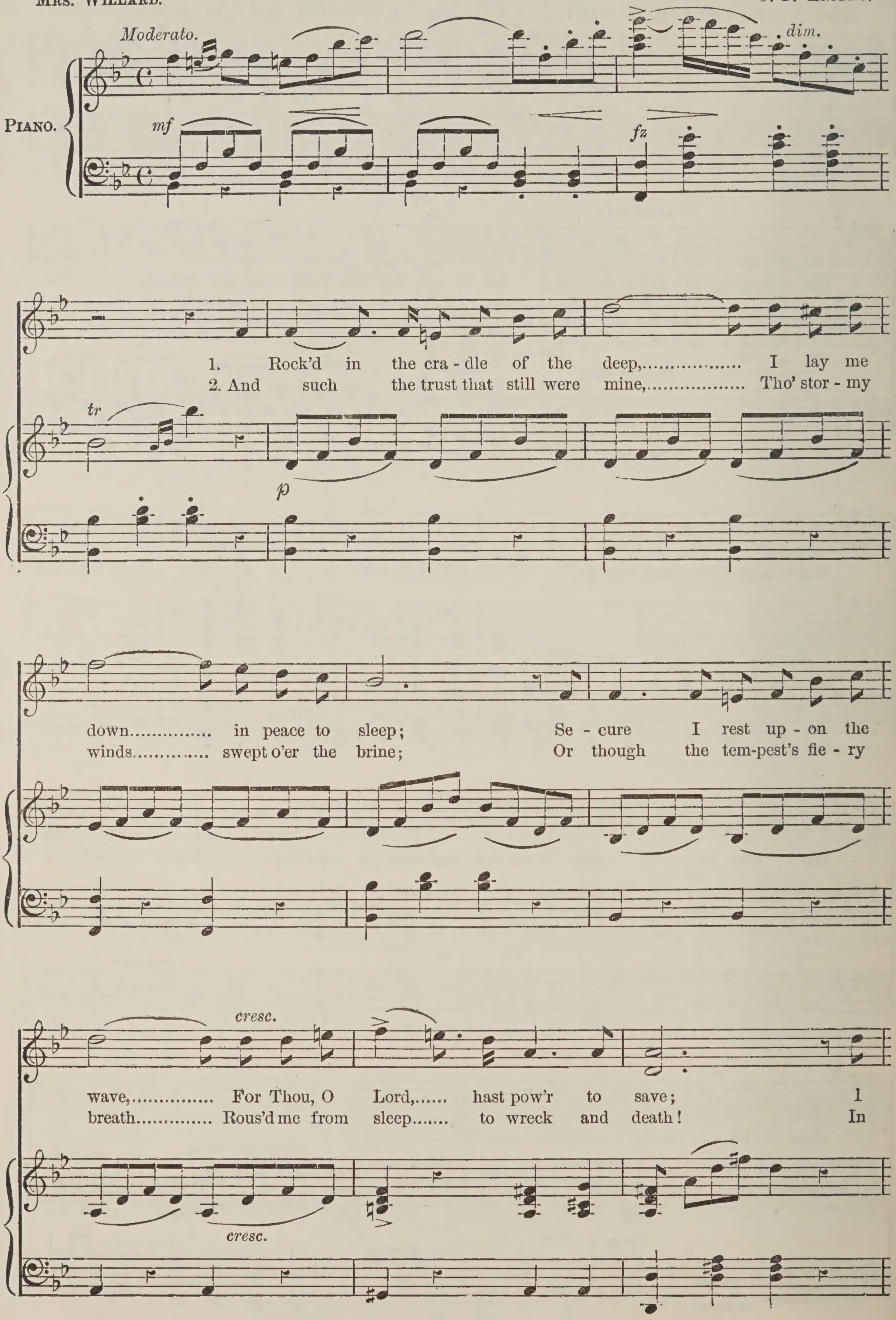

Trumpets.
Allegro maestoso.
ff
Trumpets.
ff
f
cresc.
ff
ARIA.
mf
1. 'Twas in Tra-fal-gar's Bay We saw the foe-men lay; Each
2. And now the can-non's roar A-long th' affright-ed shore, Our
f
f
heart was bound-ing then; We scorn'd the for-eign yoke, For our ships were British
Nel-son led the way; His ship, the Vic-t'ry nam'd; Long be that vic-t'ry
p
f
ff
oak, And hearts of oak our men! Our Nel-son mark'd them on the wave, Three
fam'd, For vic-t'ry crown'd the day! But dear-ly was that conquest bought, Too
ff
p

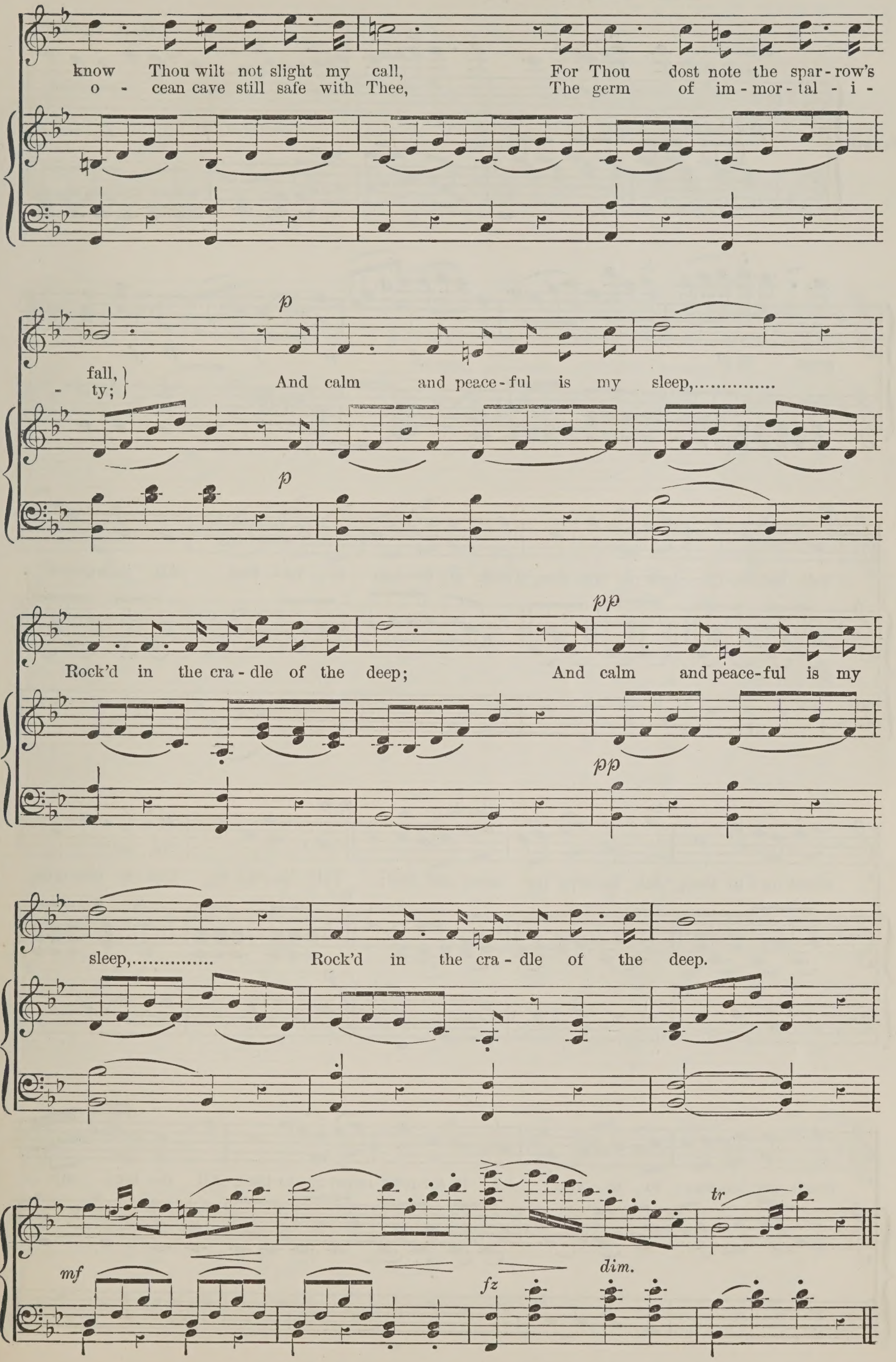

ad lib.
cheers our gal-lant sea-men gave, Nor thought of home or beauty, Nor thought of home or
well the gal-lant he - ro fought, For Eng- land, home, and beauty, For Eng - land, home, and
colla voce.
p e legato.
beauty. A - long the line the sig - nal ran,
beauty. He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
“Eng-land ex-pects that ev - 'ry
cresc.
f
ff
f
man This day will do his du-ty, This day will....... do his........ du-ty.”
mf
ten.
ff
Slower.
At last the fa-tal wound, Which
p
fz
spread dismay a - round, The he - ro's breast, the...... he-ro's breast re-ceiv'd, “Heav'n fights up-on our
3


tempo primo.
side! The day's our own," he cried! "Now long e-nough I've liv'd! In ho-nour's cause my
mf
slentando.
life was pass'd, In honour's cause I fall at last, For Eng-land, home, and beauty, For
p colla voce.
p e legato.
Eng-land, home, and beau-ty." Thus end-ing life as he be-gan, Eng-land con-
cresc.
f
ff
-fess'd that ev-'ry man That day had done his du-ty, That day had.......
f
done his...... du-ty.
mf
ten.
ff

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

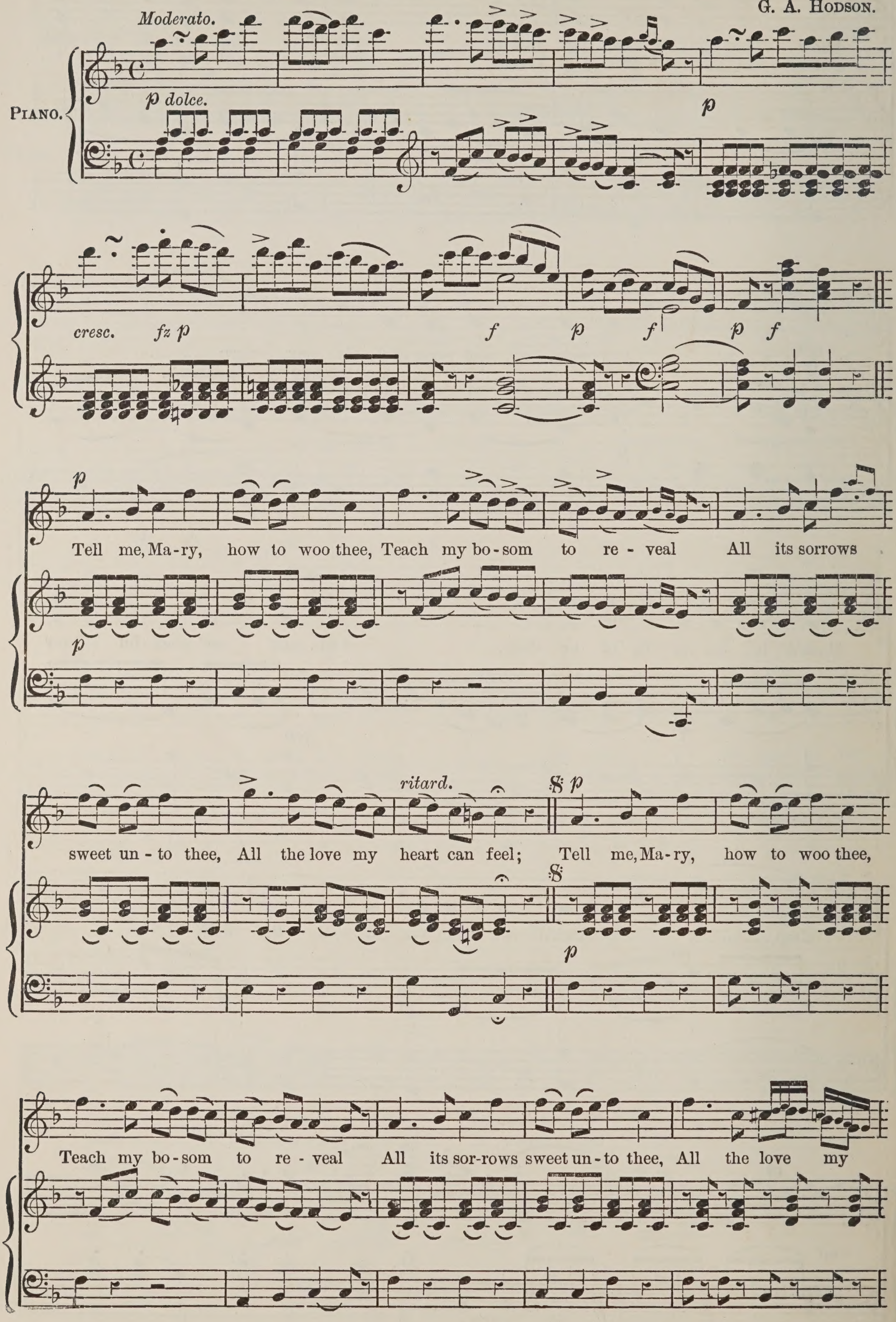
Mrs. Willard. **J. P. Knight.**

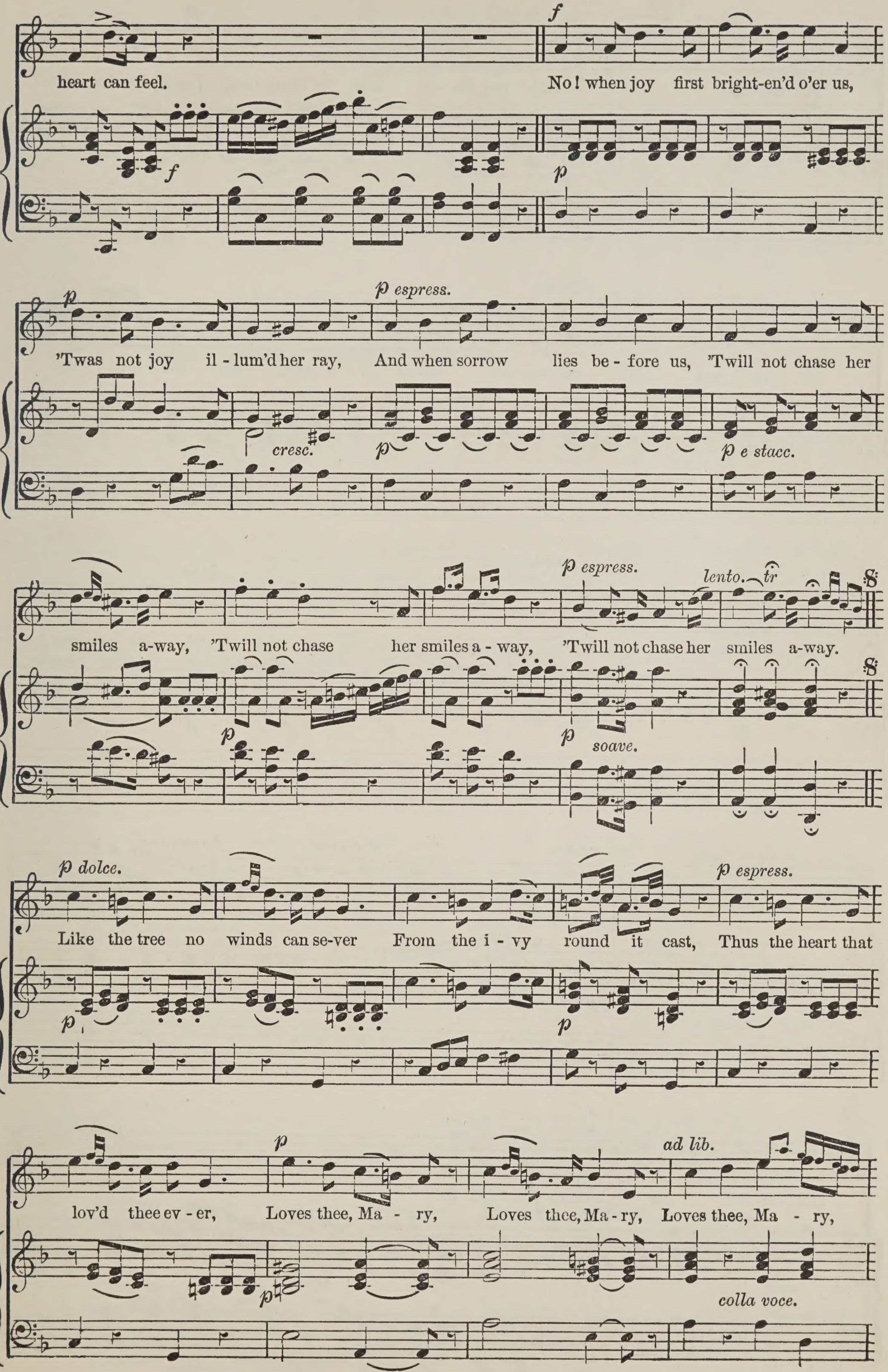

Moderato.
Piano.
mf
fz
dim.
tr
p
1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep,.................. I lay me
2. And such the trust that still were mine,.................. Tho' stor - my
down............... in peace to sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the
winds............. swept o'er the brine; Or though the tem-pest's fie - ry
cresc.
wave,............... For Thou, O Lord,...... hast pow'r to save; I
breath.............. Rous'd me from sleep....... to wreck and death! In
cresc.

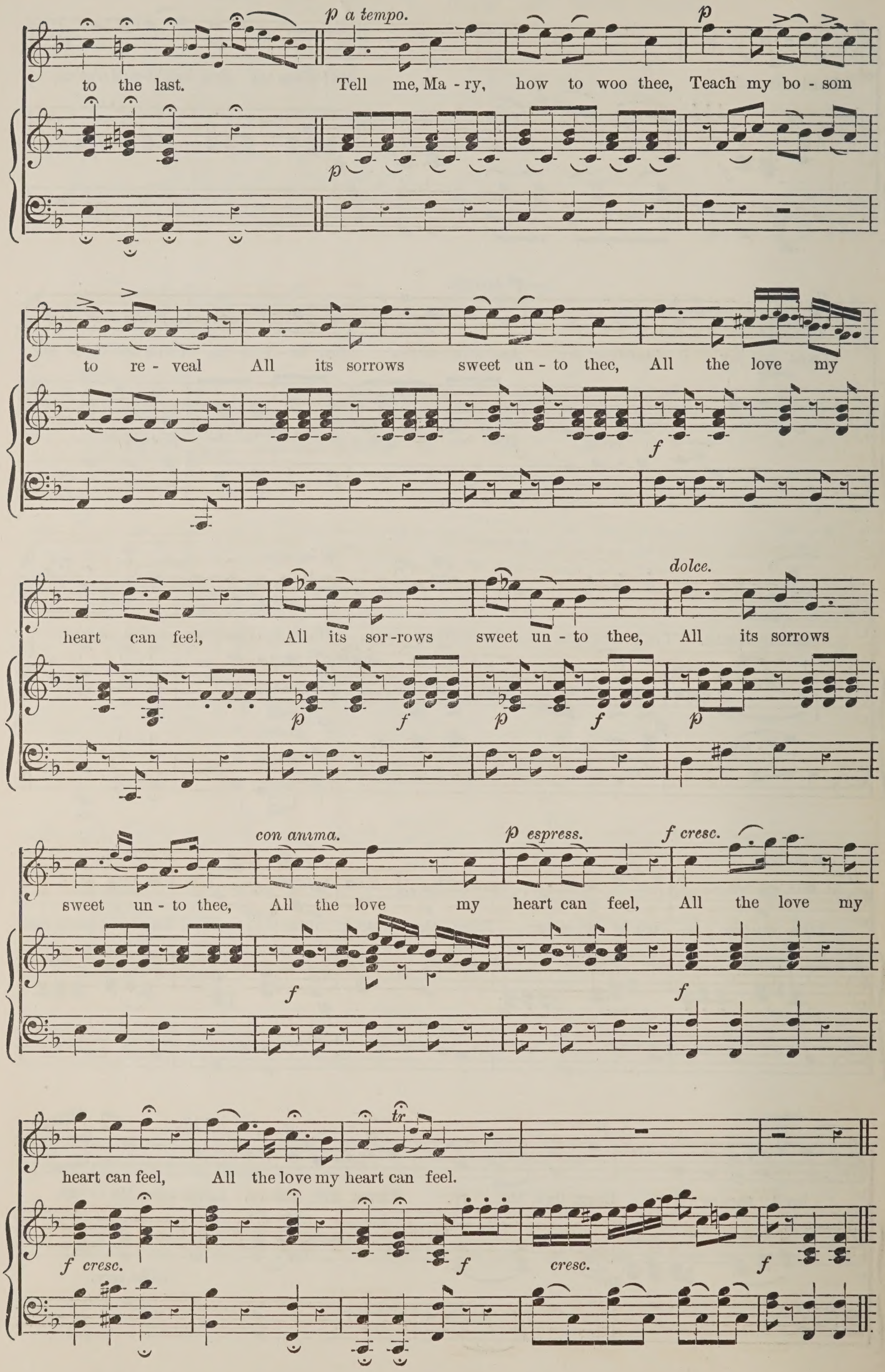

know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost note the spar-row's fall,
o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty;
p
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,...............
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep;
pp
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,...............
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.
mf
fz
dim.
tr

Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee.

G. A. Hodson.


Moderato.
Piano.
p dolce.
p
cresc.
fz p
f
p
f
p f
p
Tell me, Ma-ry, how to woo thee, Teach my bo-som to re-veal All its sorrows
p
sweet un-to thee, All the love my heart can feel;
ritard.
𝄋 p
Tell me, Ma-ry, how to woo thee,
𝄋
p
Teach my bo-som to re-veal All its sor-rows sweet un-to thee, All the love my


heart can feel.
f
f
No! when joy first bright-en'd o'er us,
p
p
'Twas not joy il-lum'd her ray, And when sorrow lies be-fore us, 'Twill not chase her
p espress.
cresc.
p
p e stacc.
smiles a-way, 'Twill not chase her smiles a-way, 'Twill not chase her smiles a-way.
p espress.
lento.
tr
p
p
soave.
p dolce.
Like the tree no winds can se-ver From the i-vy round it cast, Thus the heart that
p espress.
p
p
lov'd thee ev-er, Loves thee, Ma-ry, Loves thee, Ma-ry, Loves thee, Ma-ry,
p
ad lib.
p
colla voce.

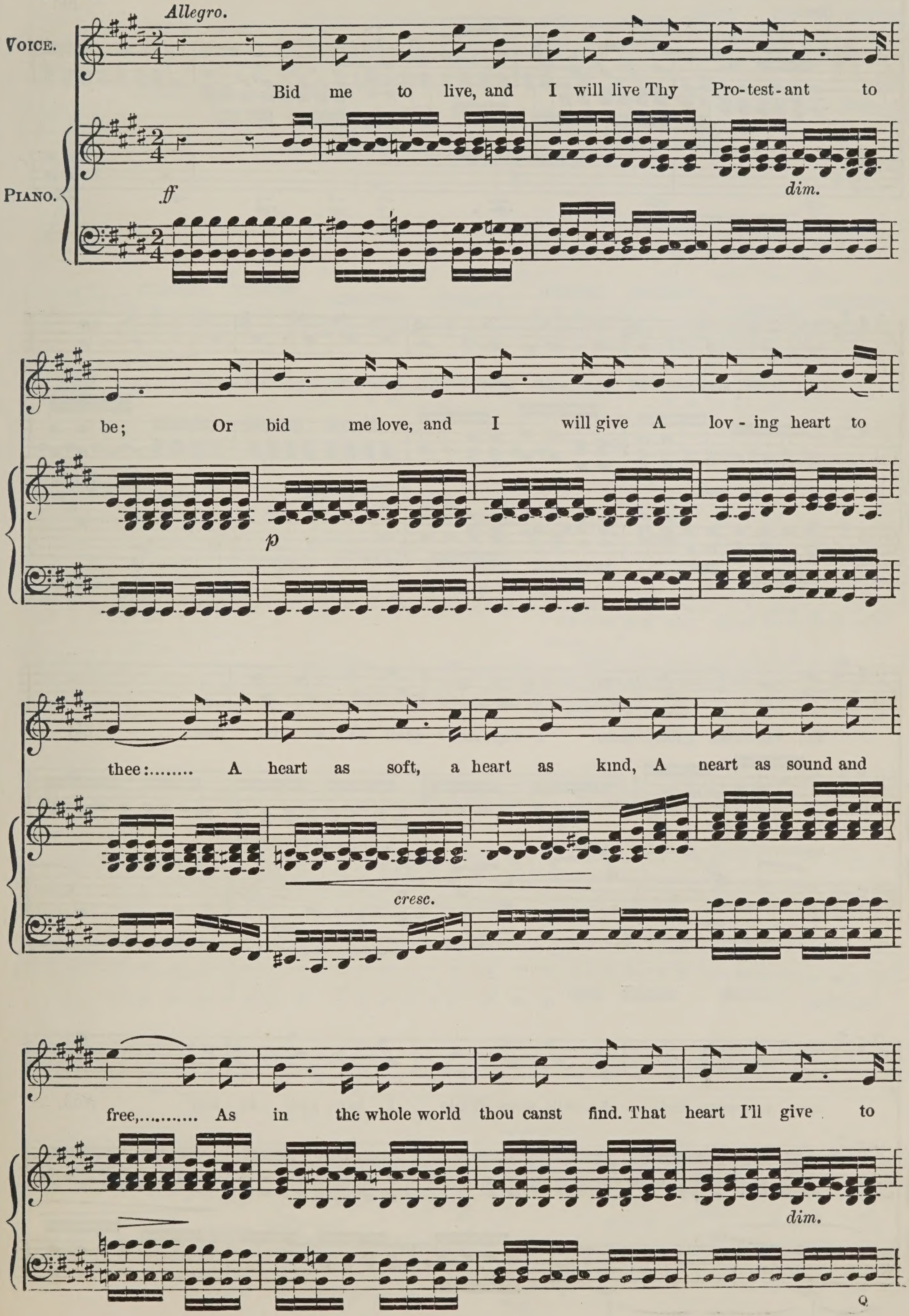

p a tempo.
p
to the last. Tell me, Ma - ry, how to woo thee, Teach my bo - som
to re - veal All its sorrows sweet un - to thee, All the love my
f
dolce.
heart can feel, All its sor-rows sweet un - to thee, All its sorrows
p
f
p
f
p
con anima.
p espress.
f cresc.
sweet un - to thee, All the love my heart can feel, All the love my
f
f
tr
heart can feel, All the love my heart can feel.
f cresc.
f
cresc.
f

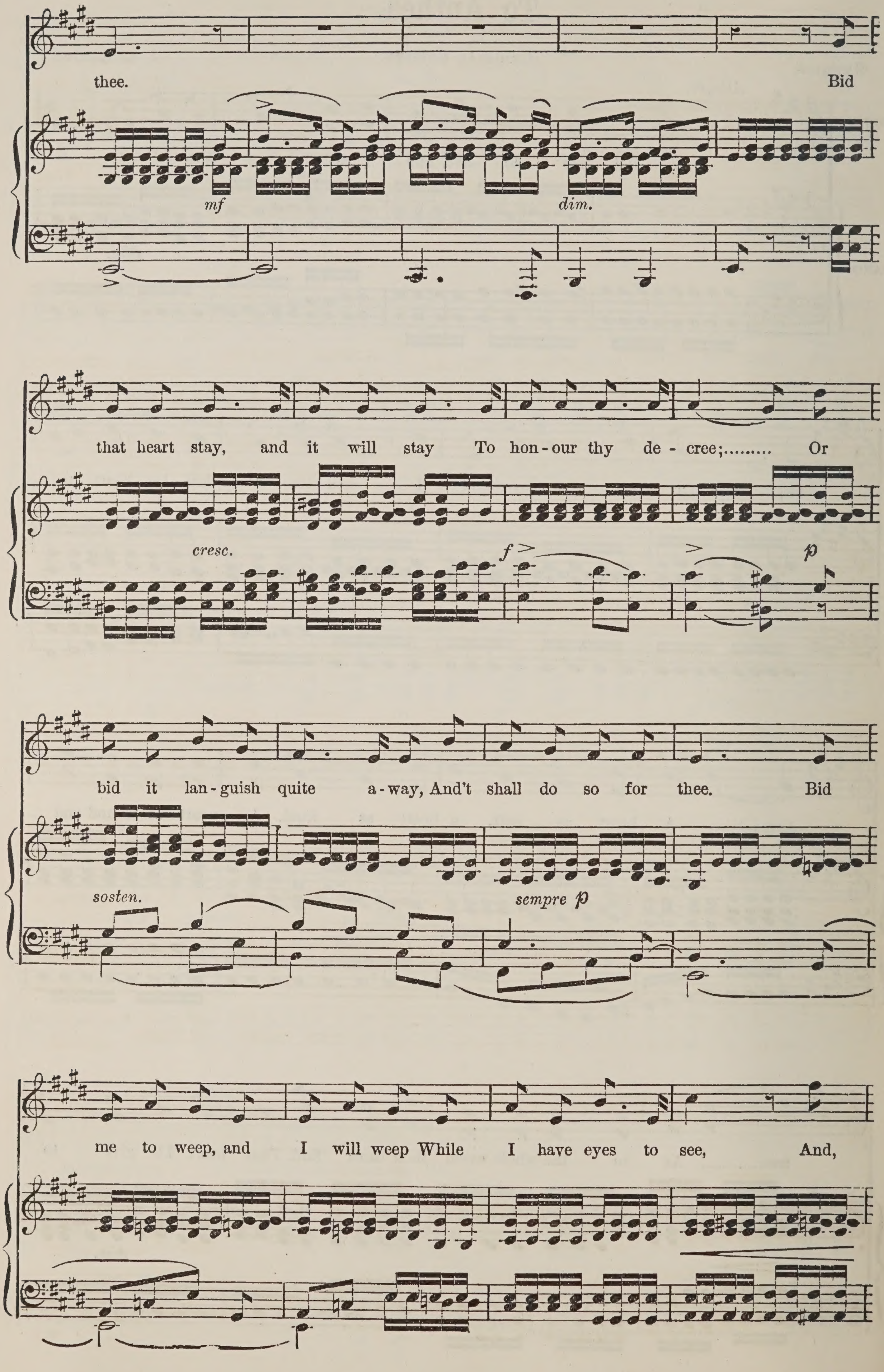
To Anthea.

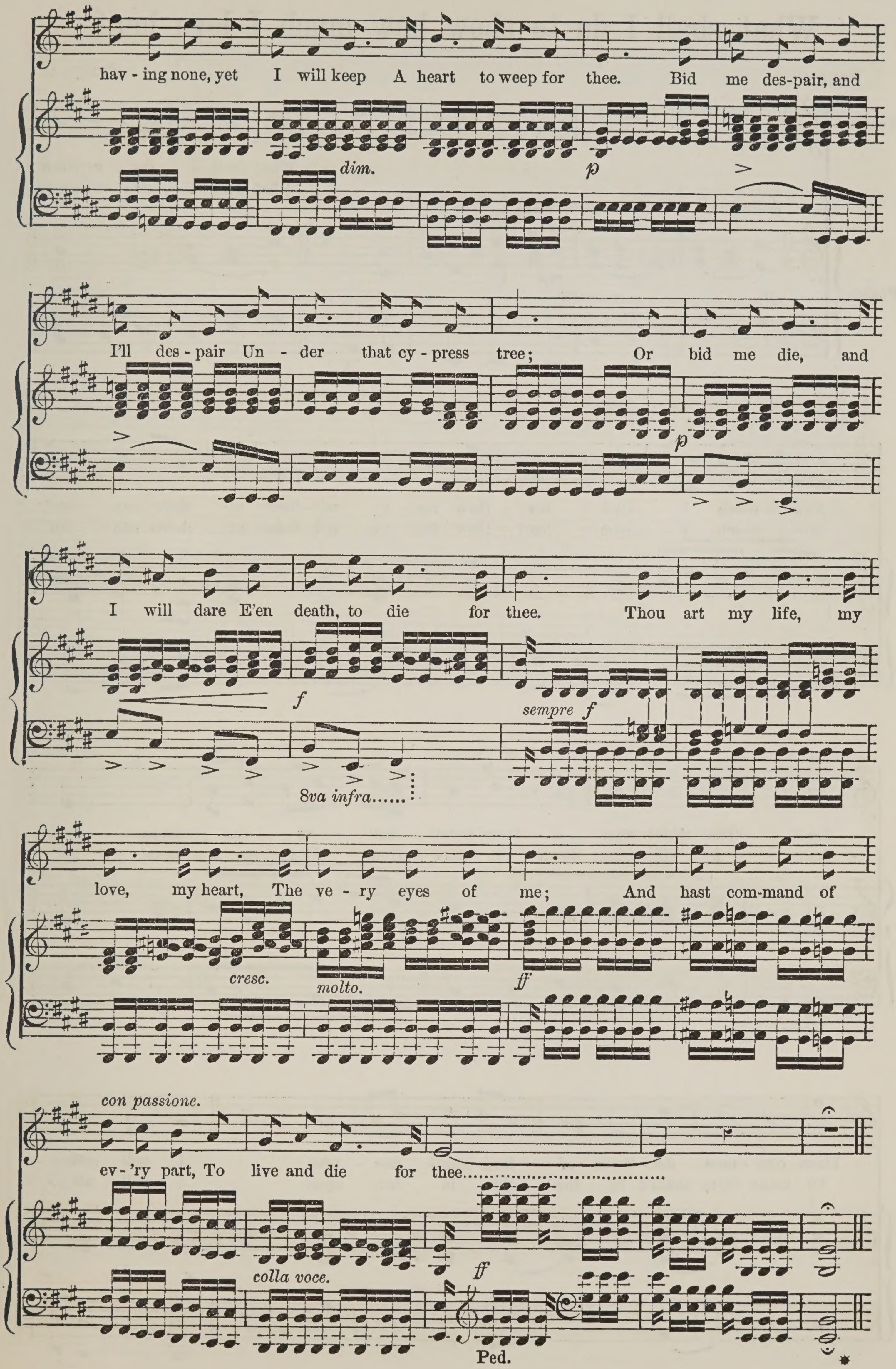
(Original Edition.)

Herrick.

J. L. Hatton

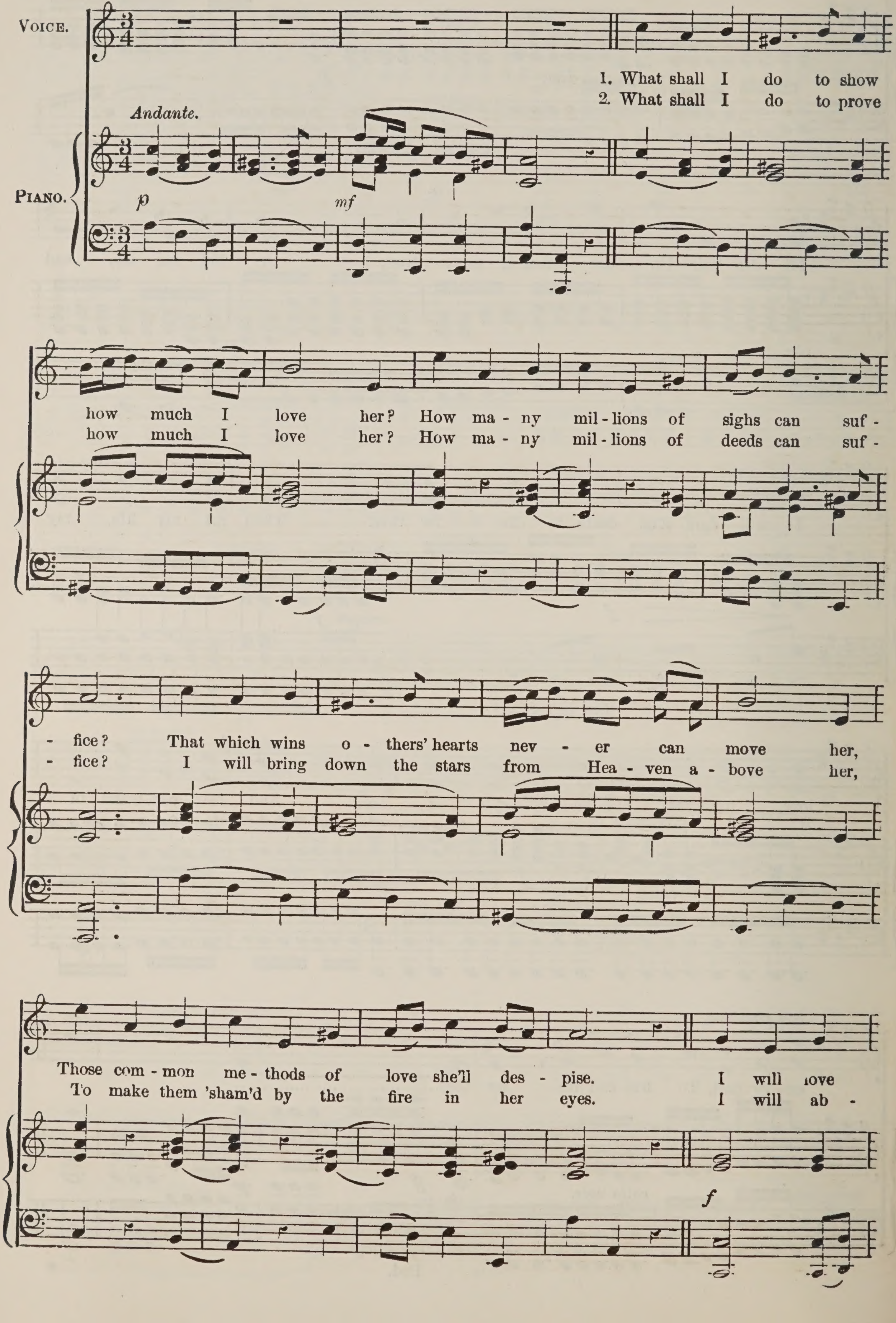

Allegro.
Voice.
Piano.
ff
dim.
p
cresc.
dim.
Bid me to live, and I will live Thy Pro-test-ant to
be; Or bid me love, and I will give A lov - ing heart to
thee:........ A heart as soft, a heart as kind, A neart as sound and
free,......... As in the whole world thou canst find. That heart I'll give to

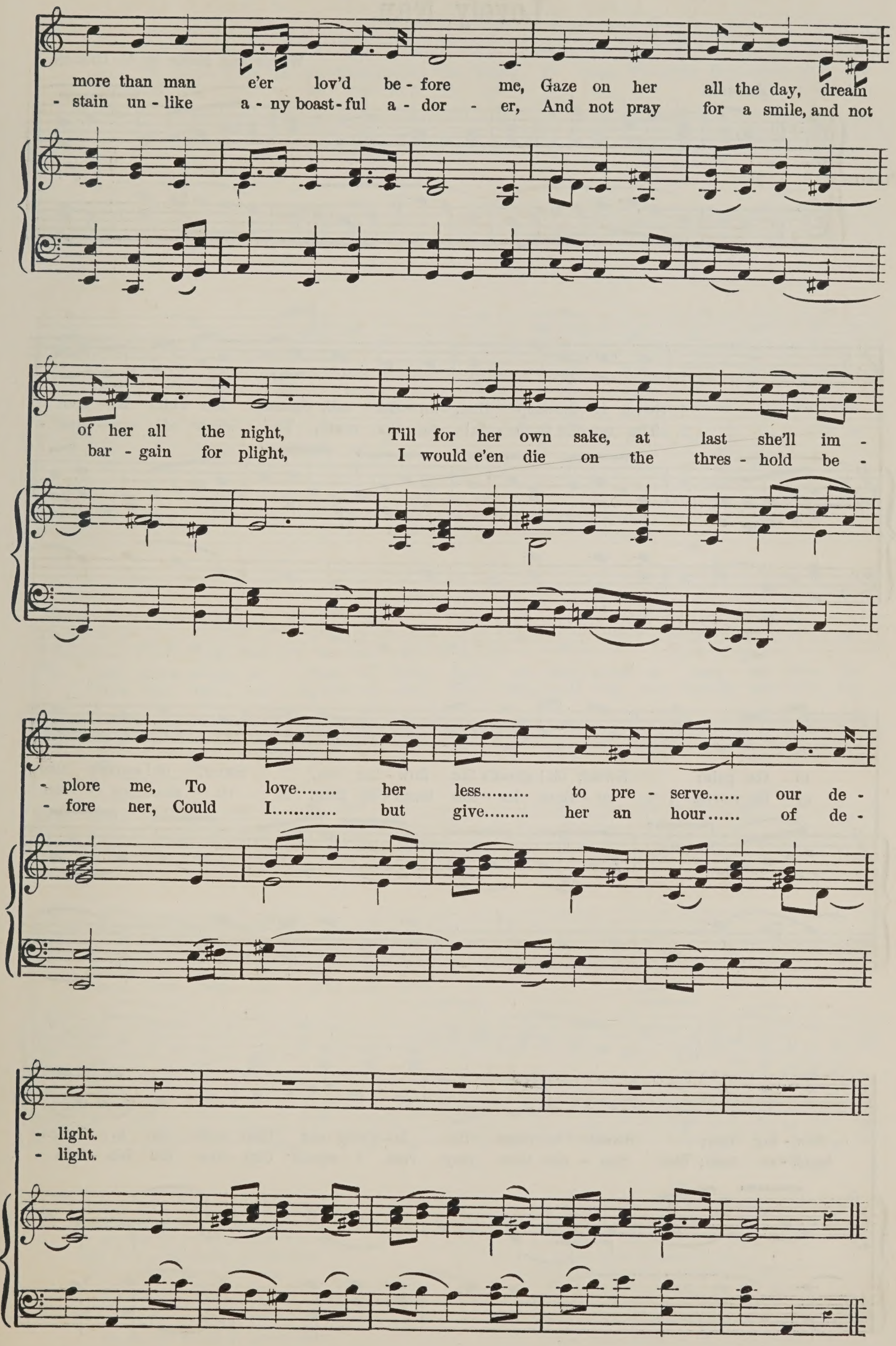

thee.
Bid
mf
dim.
that heart stay, and it will stay To hon - our thy de - cree;......... Or
cresc.
f
p
bid it lan - guish quite a - way, And't shall do so for thee. Bid
sosten.
sempre p
me to weep, and I will weep While I have eyes to see, And,


hav - ing none, yet I will keep A heart to weep for thee. Bid me des-pair, and
dim.
p
>
I'll des - pair Un - der that cy - press tree; Or bid me die, and
>
p
> > >
I will dare E'en death, to die for thee. Thou art my life, my
f
sempre f
> > > > > > >
8va infra......
love, my heart, The ve - ry eyes of me; And hast com-mand of
cresc.
molto.
ff
con passione.
ev - 'ry part, To live and die for thee..
colla voce.
ff
Ped.
*

What shall I do to show how much I love her?

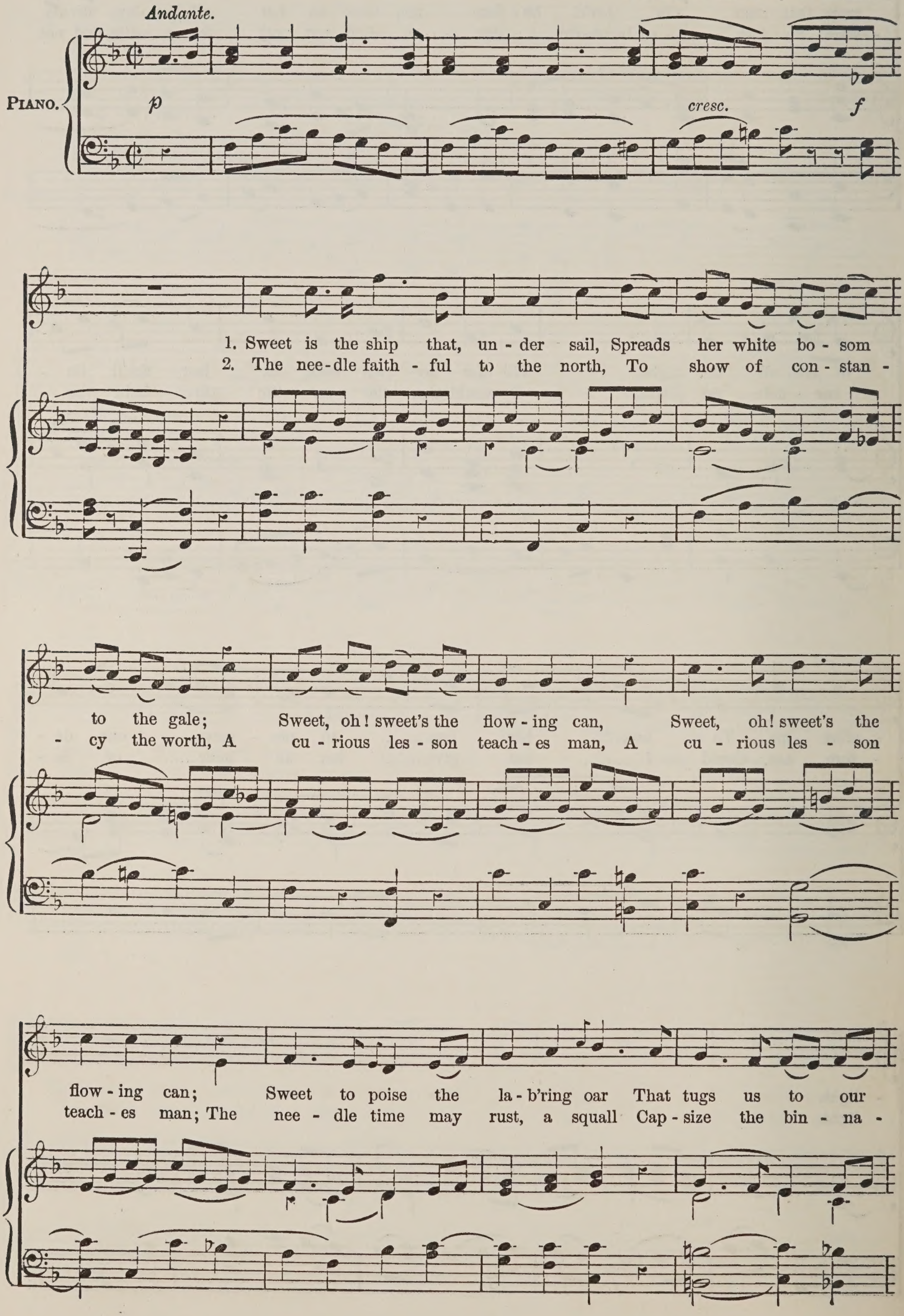
Dryden **Purcell.**

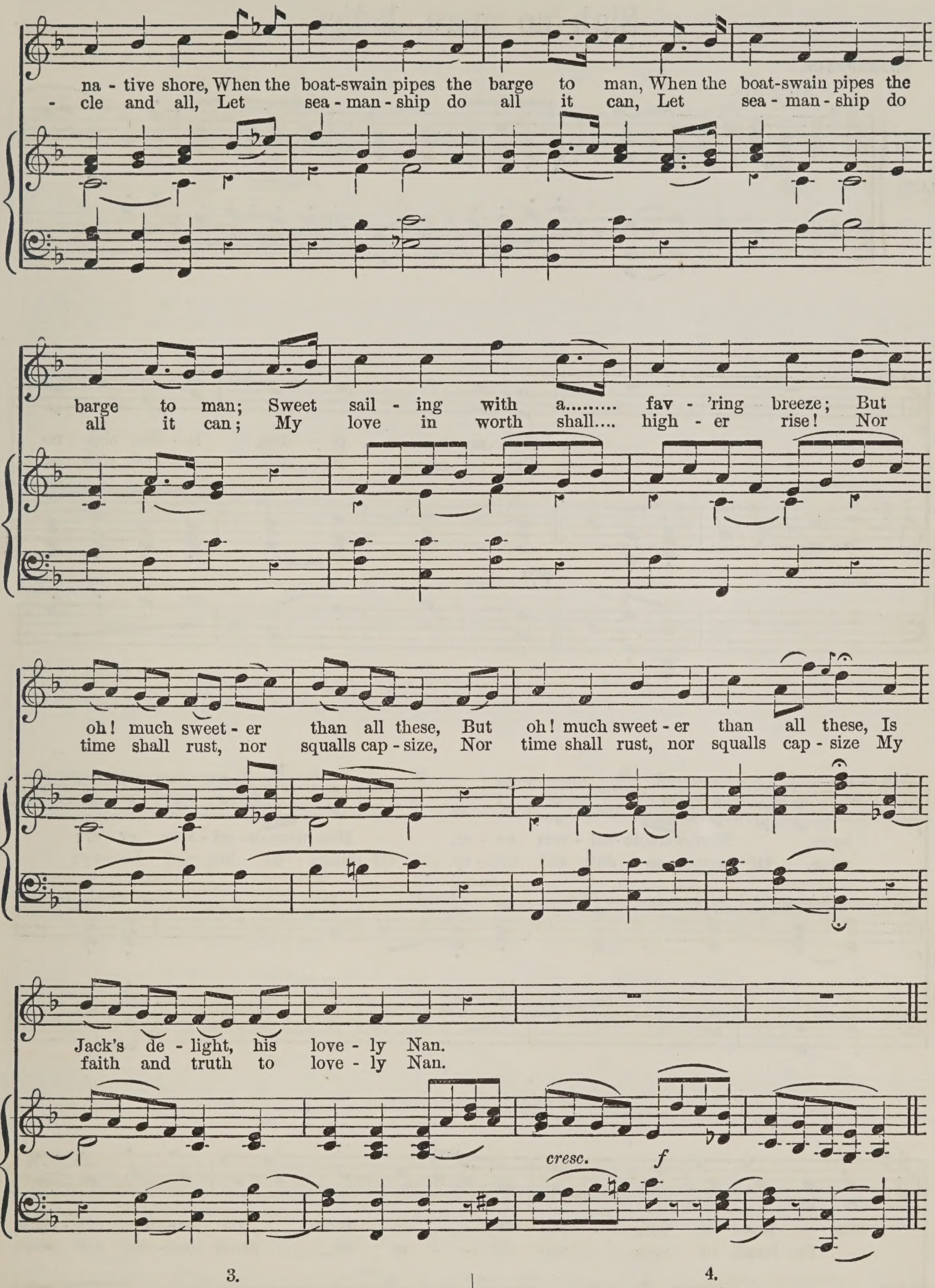

Voice.
Piano.
Andante.
p
mf
f
1. What shall I do to show how much I love her? How ma - ny mil - lions of sighs can suf - fice? That which wins o - thers' hearts nev - er can move her, Those com - mon me - thods of love she'll des - pise. I will love
2. What shall I do to prove how much I love her? How ma - ny mil - lions of deeds can suf - fice? I will bring down the stars from Hea - ven a - bove her, To make them 'sham'd by the fire in her eyes. I will ab -


more than man e'er lov'd be - fore me, Gaze on her all the day, dream
- stain un - like a - ny boast - ful a - dor - er, And not pray for a smile, and not
of her all the night, Till for her own sake, at last she'll im -
bar - gain for plight, I would e'en die on the thres - hold be -
- plore me, To love........ her less......... to pre - serve...... our de -
- fore her, Could I........... but give......... her an hour...... of de -
- light.
- light.

Lovely Nan.

Words and Music by C. Dibdin.


Andante.
Piano.
p
cresc.
f
1. Sweet is the ship that, un - der sail, Spreads her white bo - som
2. The nee - dle faith - ful to the north, To show of con - stan -
to the gale; Sweet, oh! sweet's the flow - ing can, Sweet, oh! sweet's the
- cy the worth, A cu - rious les - son teach - es man, A cu - rious les - son
flow - ing can; Sweet to poise the la - b'ring oar That tugs us to our
teach - es man; The nee - dle time may rust, a squall Cap - size the bin - na -


na - tive shore, When the boat-swain pipes the barge to man, When the boat-swain pipes the
- cle and all, Let sea - man - ship do all it can, Let sea - man - ship do
barge to man; Sweet sail - ing with a......... fav - 'ring breeze; But
all it can; My love in worth shall.... high - er rise! Nor
oh! much sweet - er than all these, But oh! much sweet - er than all these, Is
time shall rust, nor squalls cap - size, Nor time shall rust, nor squalls cap - size My
Jack's de - light, his love - ly Nan.
faith and truth to love - ly Nan.
cresc.
f

3.

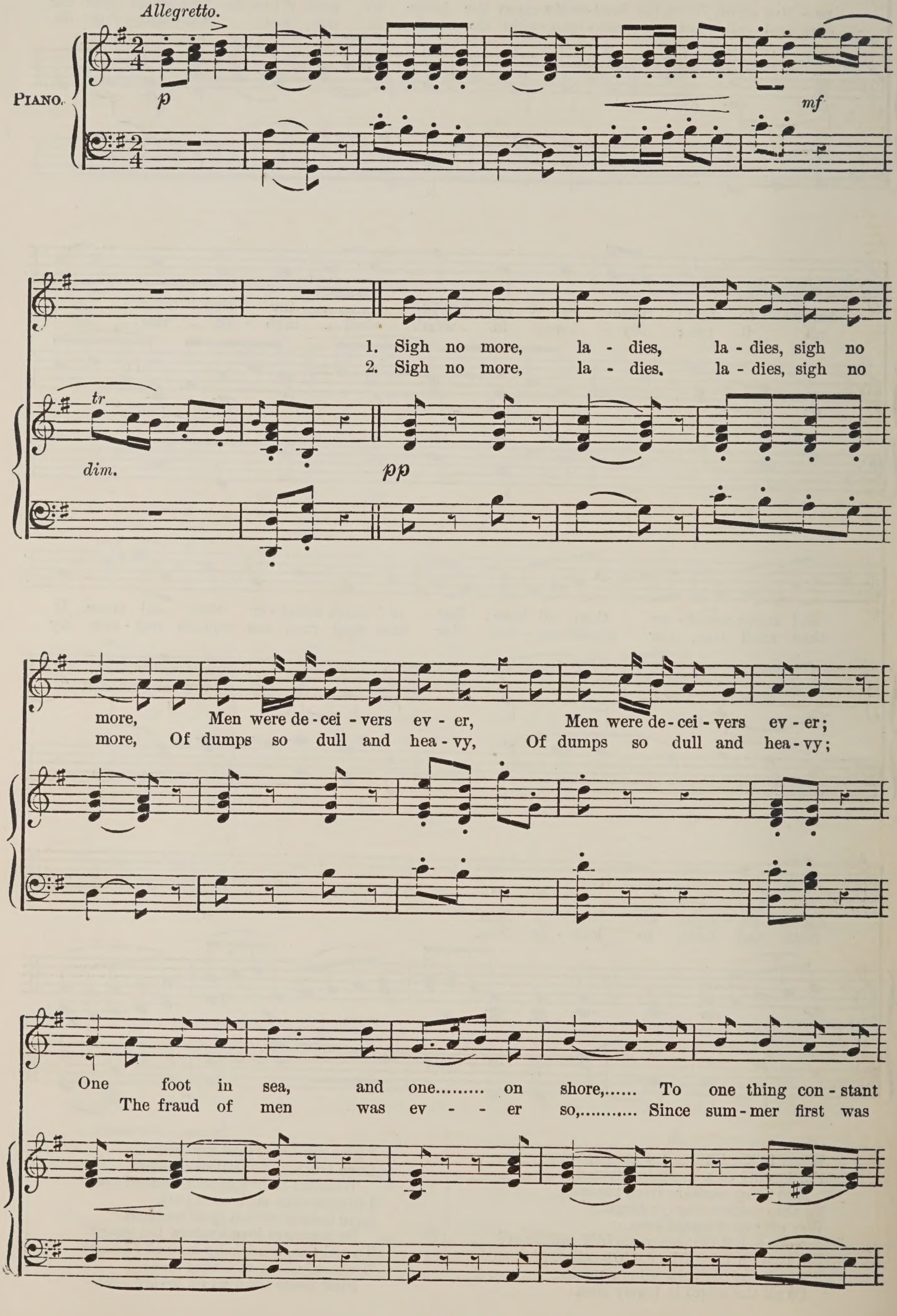
When in the bilboes I was penn'd
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen.
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man:
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

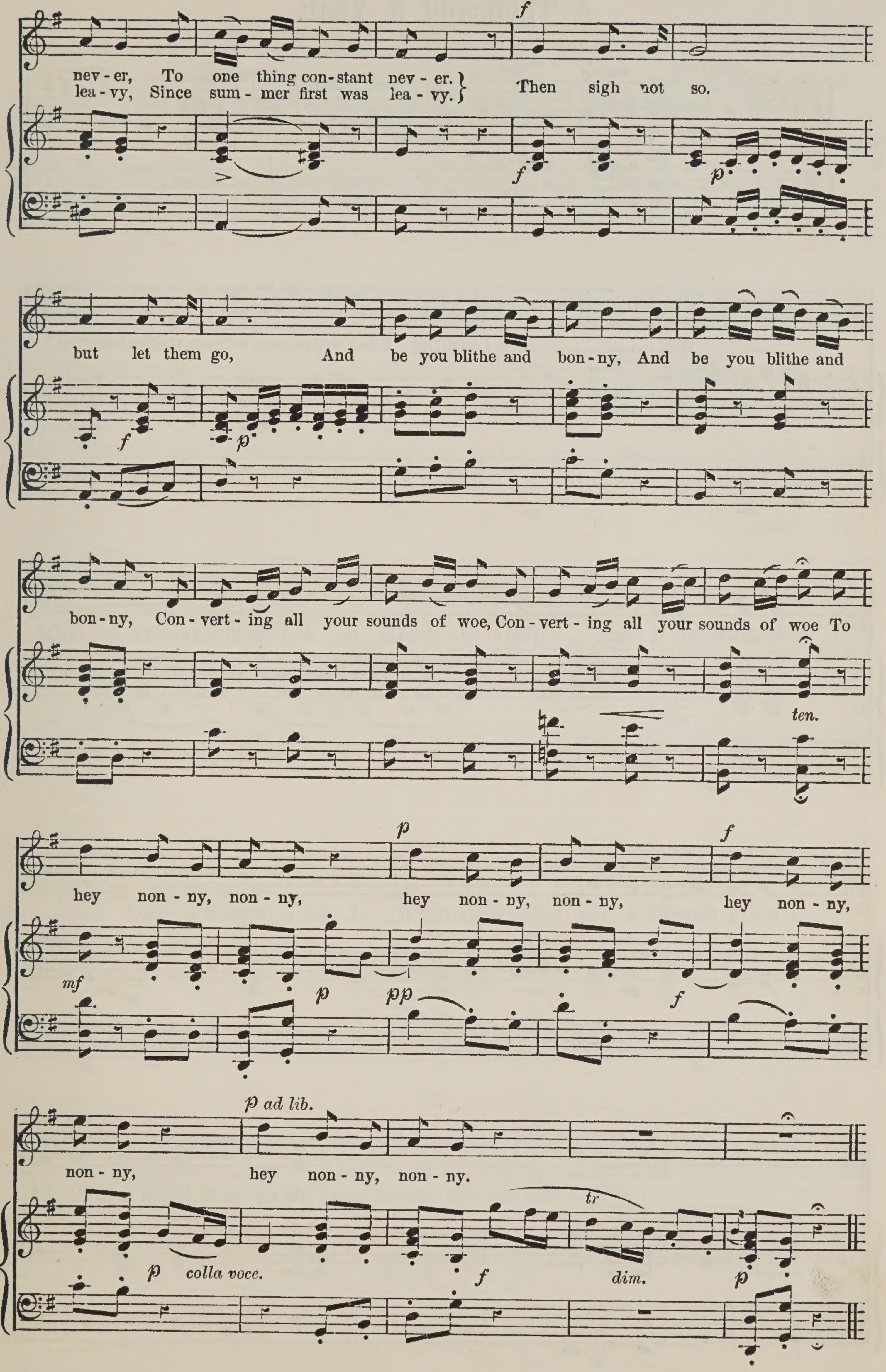
4.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty with a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man,
To sail through life by honour's breeze:
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

Sigh no more, ladies.

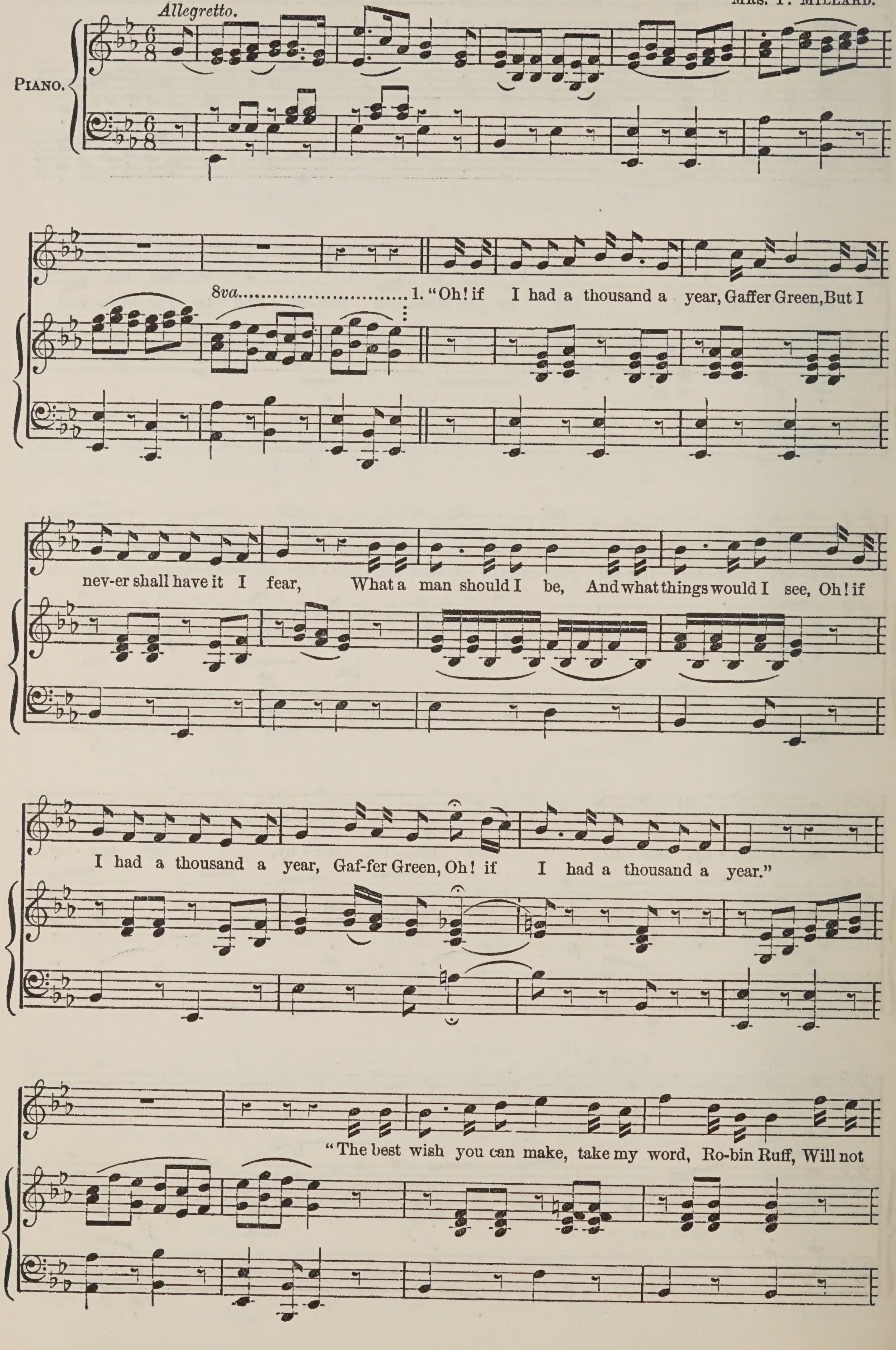
Shakspeare. **R. J. S. Stevens.**

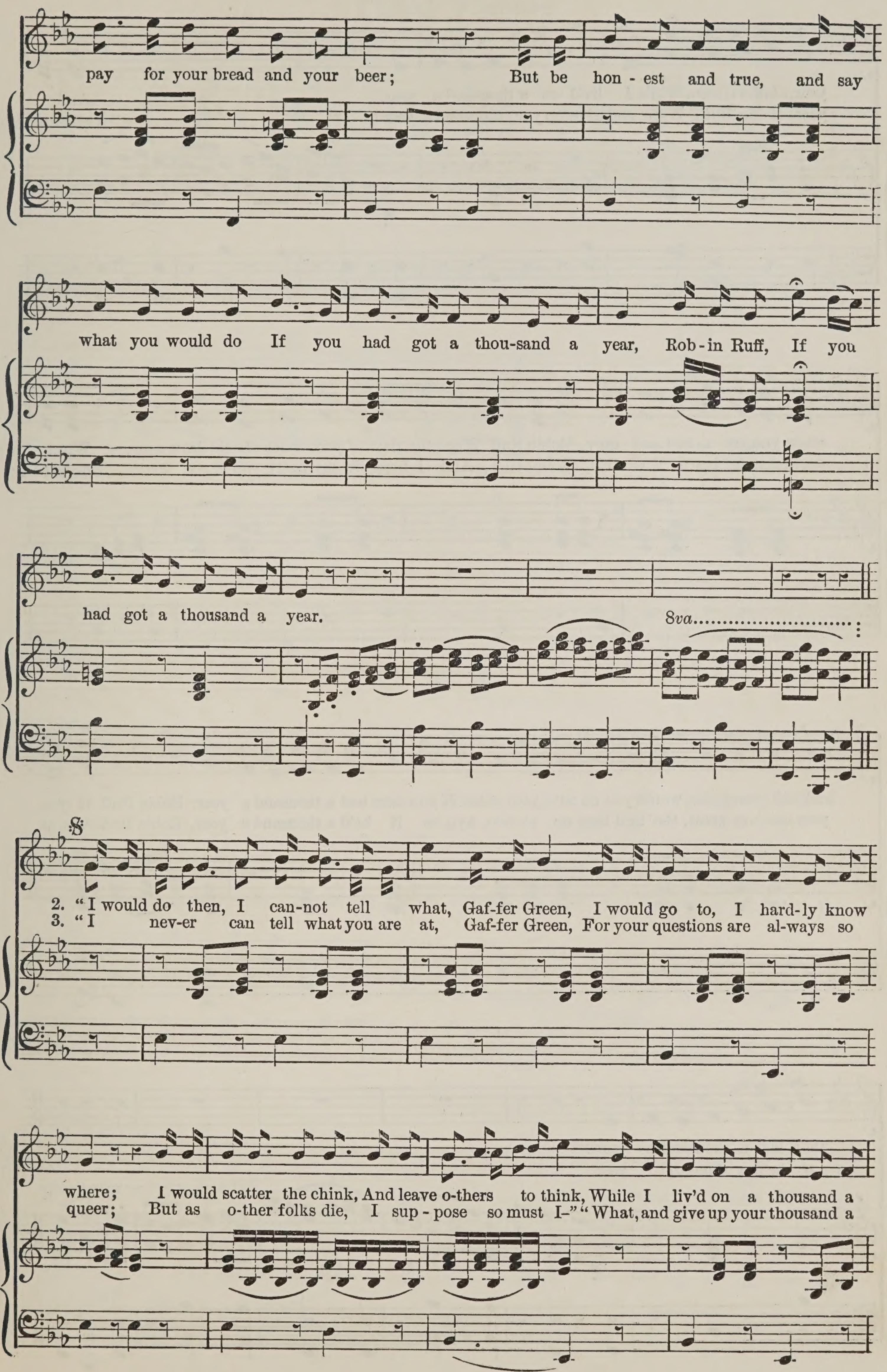

Allegretto.
Piano.
p
mf
tr
dim.
pp
1. Sigh no more, la - dies, la - dies, sigh no
2. Sigh no more, la - dies. la - dies, sigh no
more, Men were de - cei - vers ev - er, Men were de - cei - vers ev - er;
more, Of dumps so dull and hea - vy, Of dumps so dull and hea - vy;
One foot in sea, and one......... on shore,...... To one thing con - stant
The fraud of men was ev - - er so,........... Since sum - mer first was

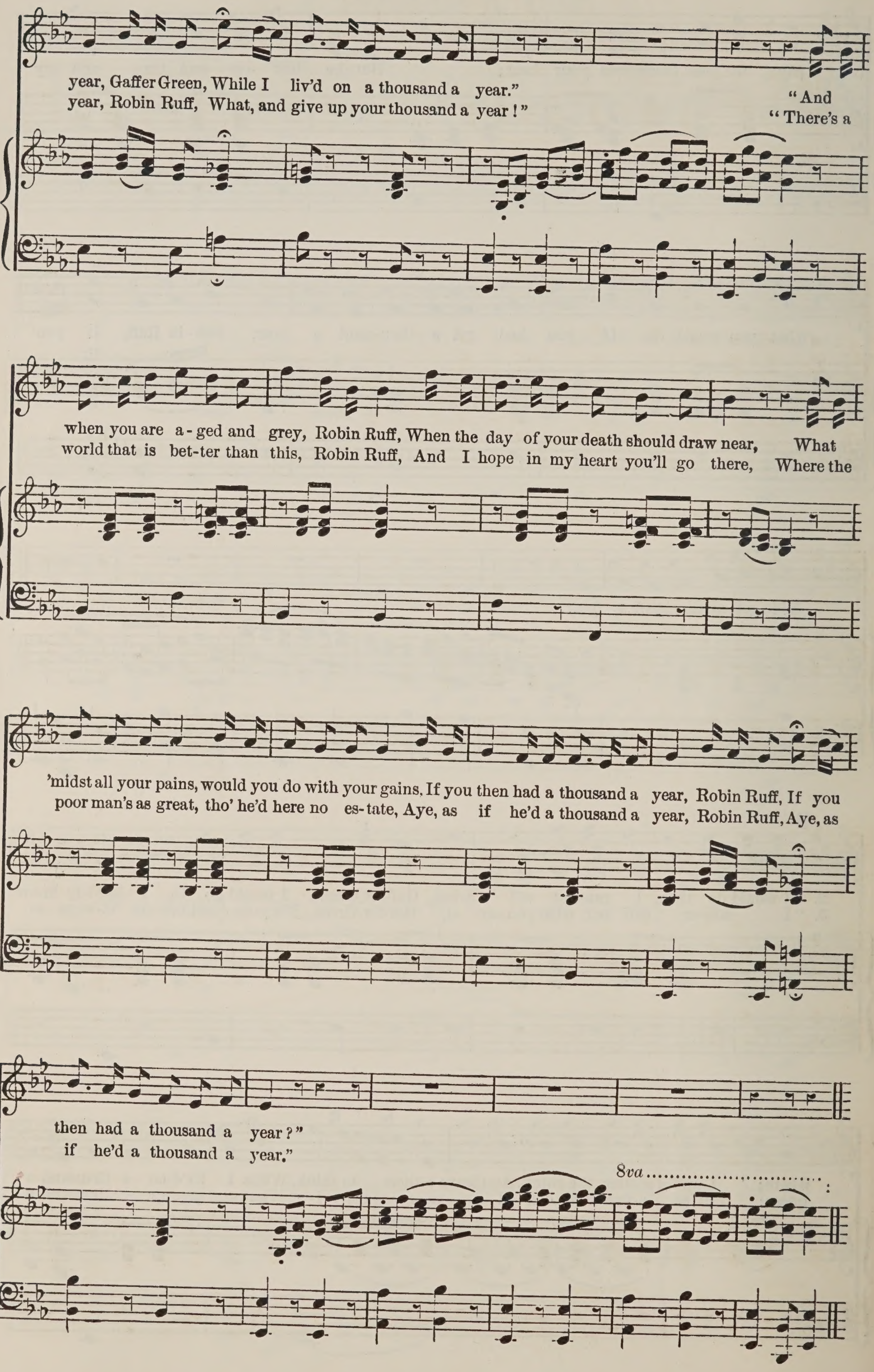

nev - er, To one thing con - stant nev - er.
lea - vy, Since sum - mer first was lea - vy.
Then sigh not so.
but let them go, And be you blithe and bon - ny, And be you blithe and
bon - ny, Con - vert - ing all your sounds of woe, Con - vert - ing all your sounds of woe To
hey non - ny, non - ny, hey non - ny, non - ny, hey non - ny,
non - ny, hey non - ny, non - ny.
f
p
mf
pp
ten.
p ad lib.
colla voce.
tr
dim.

A Thousand a Year.

Mrs. P. Millard.


Allegretto.
Piano.
8va
1. "Oh! if I had a thousand a year, Gaffer Green, But I
nev-er shall have it I fear, What a man should I be, And what things would I see, Oh! if
I had a thousand a year, Gaf-fer Green, Oh! if I had a thousand a year."
"The best wish you can make, take my word, Ro-bin Ruff, Will not

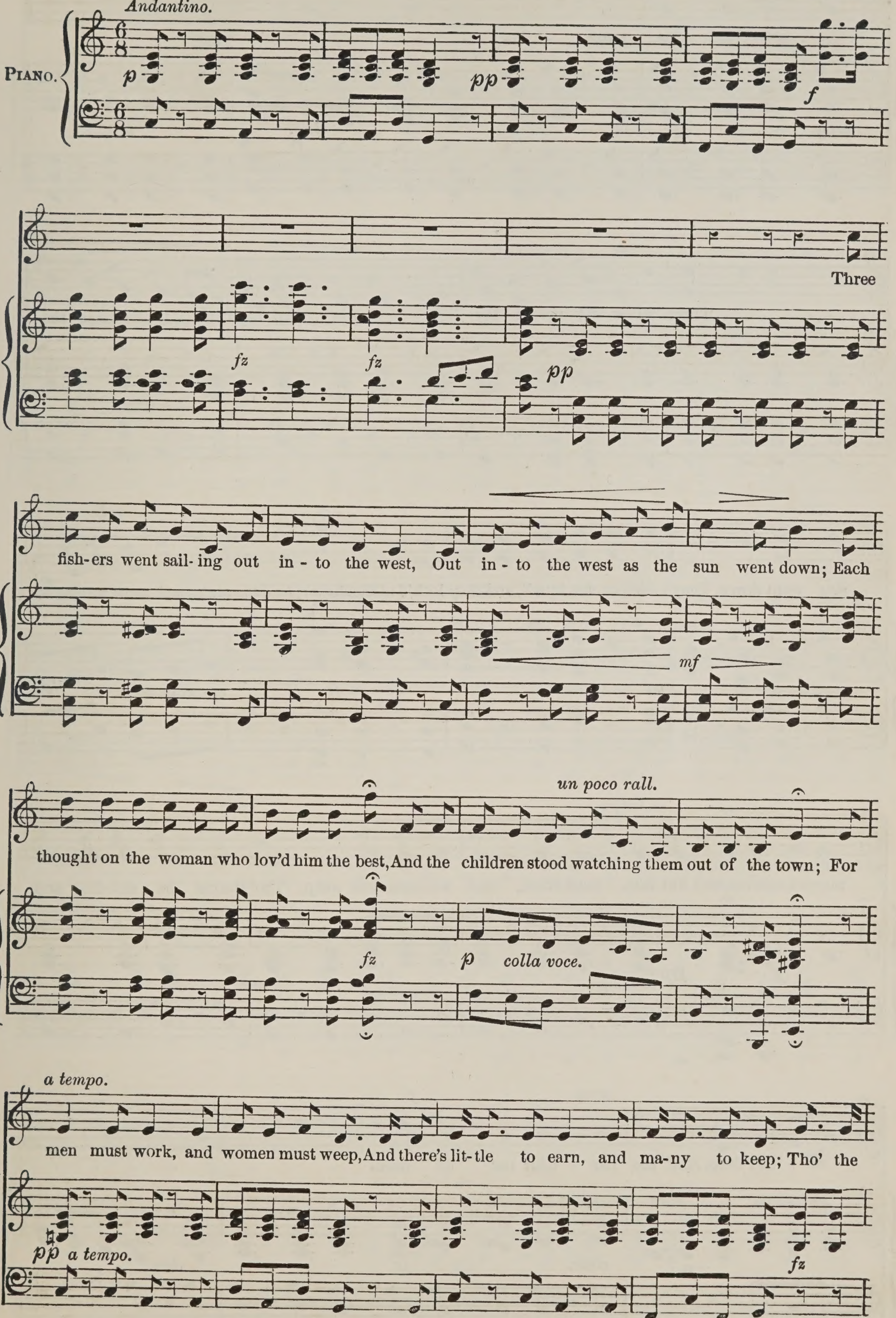

pay for your bread and your beer; But be hon - est and true, and say
what you would do If you had got a thou-sand a year, Rob-in Ruff, If you
had got a thousand a year.
8va
2. "I would do then, I can-not tell what, Gaf-fer Green, I would go to, I hard-ly know
3. "I nev-er can tell what you are at, Gaf-fer Green, For your questions are al-ways so
where; I would scatter the chink, And leave o-thers to think, While I liv'd on a thousand a
queer; But as o-ther folks die, I sup - pose so must I–" "What, and give up your thousand a

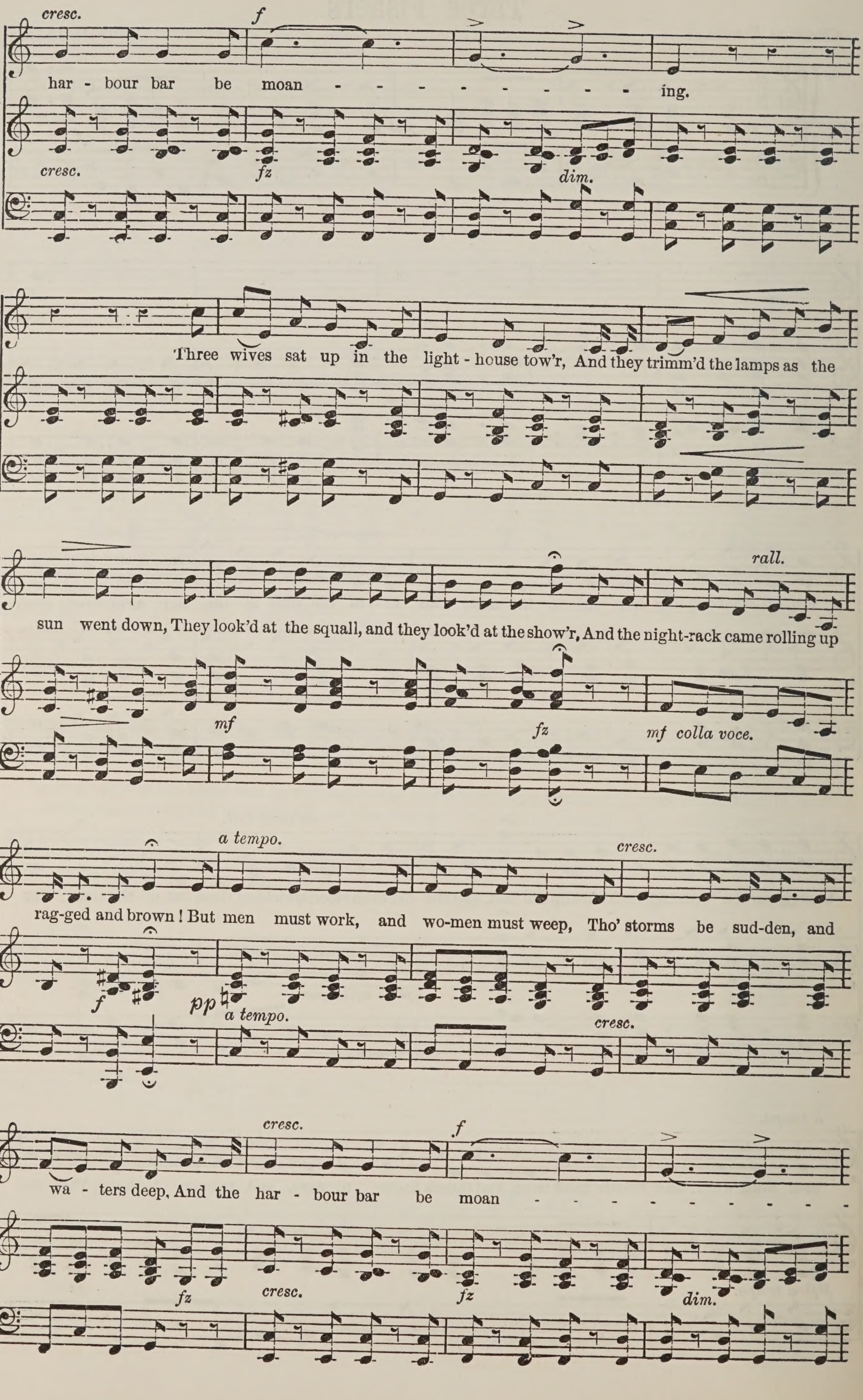

year, Gaffer Green, While I liv'd on a thousand a year."
year, Robin Ruff, What, and give up your thousand a year!"
"And
"There's a
when you are a-ged and grey, Robin Ruff, When the day of your death should draw near, What
world that is bet-ter than this, Robin Ruff, And I hope in my heart you'll go there, Where the
'midst all your pains, would you do with your gains, If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff, If you
poor man's as great, tho' he'd here no es-tate, Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff, Aye, as
then had a thousand a year?"
if he'd a thousand a year."
8va

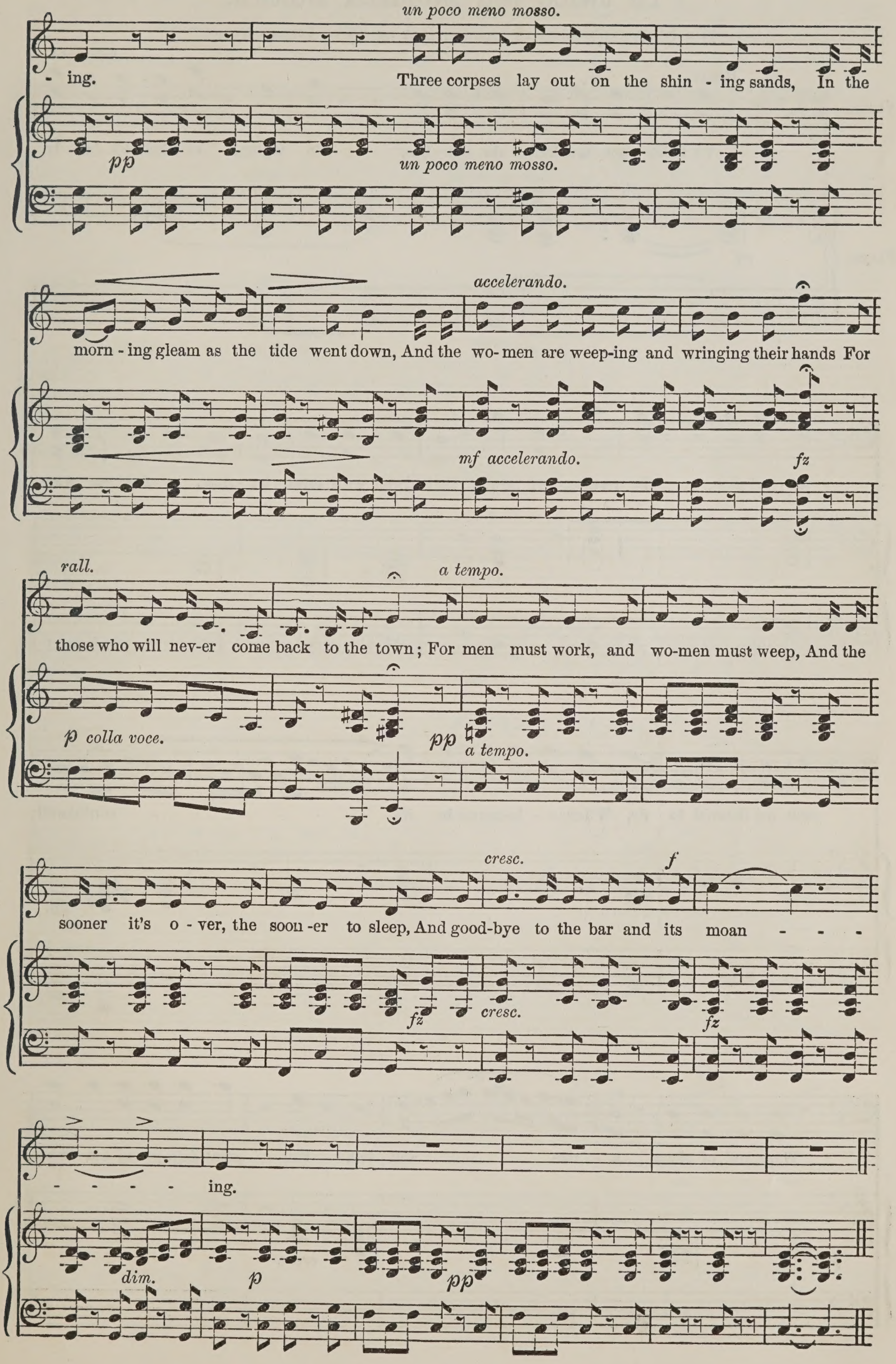
Three Fishers.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

JOHN HULLAH.


Andantino.
PIANO.
p
pp
f
fz
fz
pp
Three
fish-ers went sail-ing out in-to the west, Out in-to the west as the sun went down; Each
mf
un poco rall.
thought on the woman who lov'd him the best, And the children stood watching them out of the town; For
fz
p
colla voce.
a tempo.
men must work, and women must weep, And there's lit-tle to earn, and ma-ny to keep; Tho' the
pp a tempo.
fz

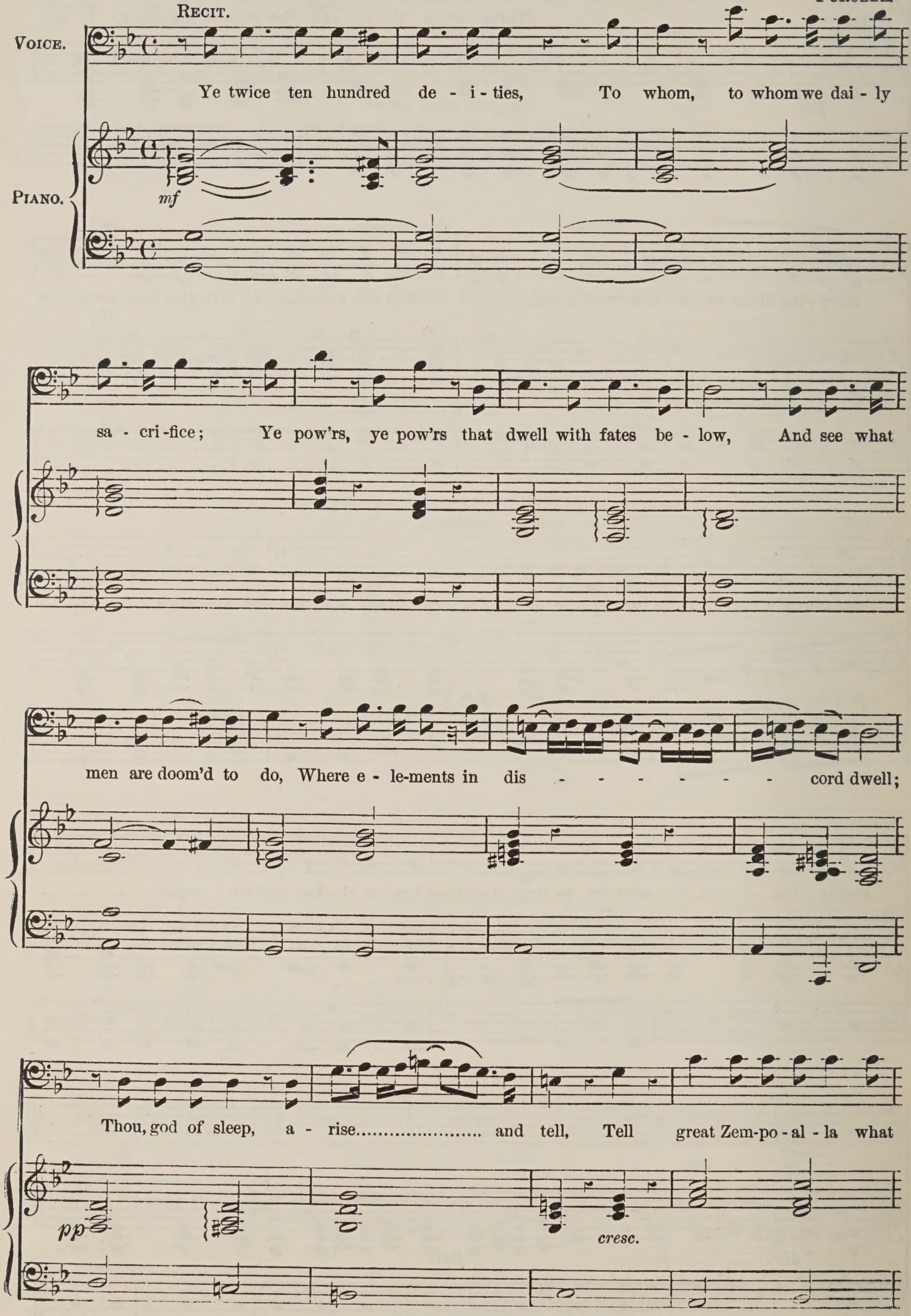

cresc.
f
har - bour bar be moan - - - - - - - - - - ing.
cresc.
fz
dim.
Three wives sat up in the light - house tow'r, And they trimm'd the lamps as the
sun went down, They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came rolling up
rall.
mf
fz
mf colla voce.
rag-ged and brown! But men must work, and wo-men must weep, Tho' storms be sud-den, and
a tempo.
cresc.
f
pp
a tempo.
cresc.
wa - ters deep, And the har - bour bar be moan - - - - - - - - - -
cresc.
f
fz
cresc.
fz
dim.

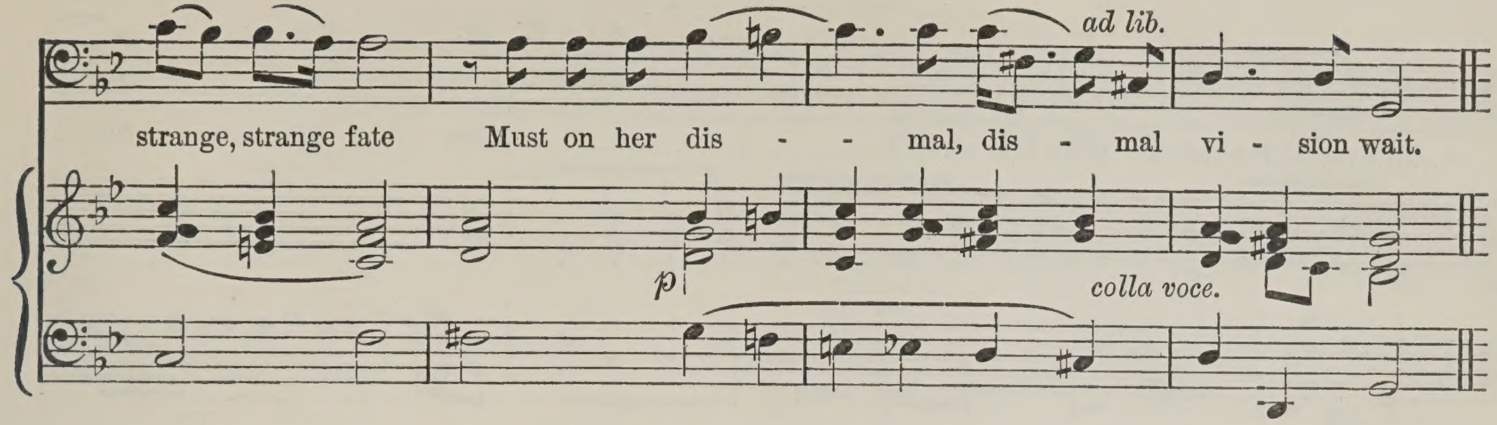

un poco meno mosso.
- ing. Three corpses lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the
pp
un poco meno mosso.
morn - ing gleam as the tide went down, And the wo- men are weep-ing and wringing their hands For
accelerando.
mf accelerando.
fz
rall.
a tempo.
those who will nev-er come back to the town; For men must work, and wo-men must weep, And the
p colla voce.
pp
a tempo.
cresc.
f
sooner it's o - ver, the soon -er to sleep, And good-bye to the bar and its moan - - - -
fz
cresc.
fz
- - - - ing.
dim.
p
pp

Ye twice ten hundred Deities.

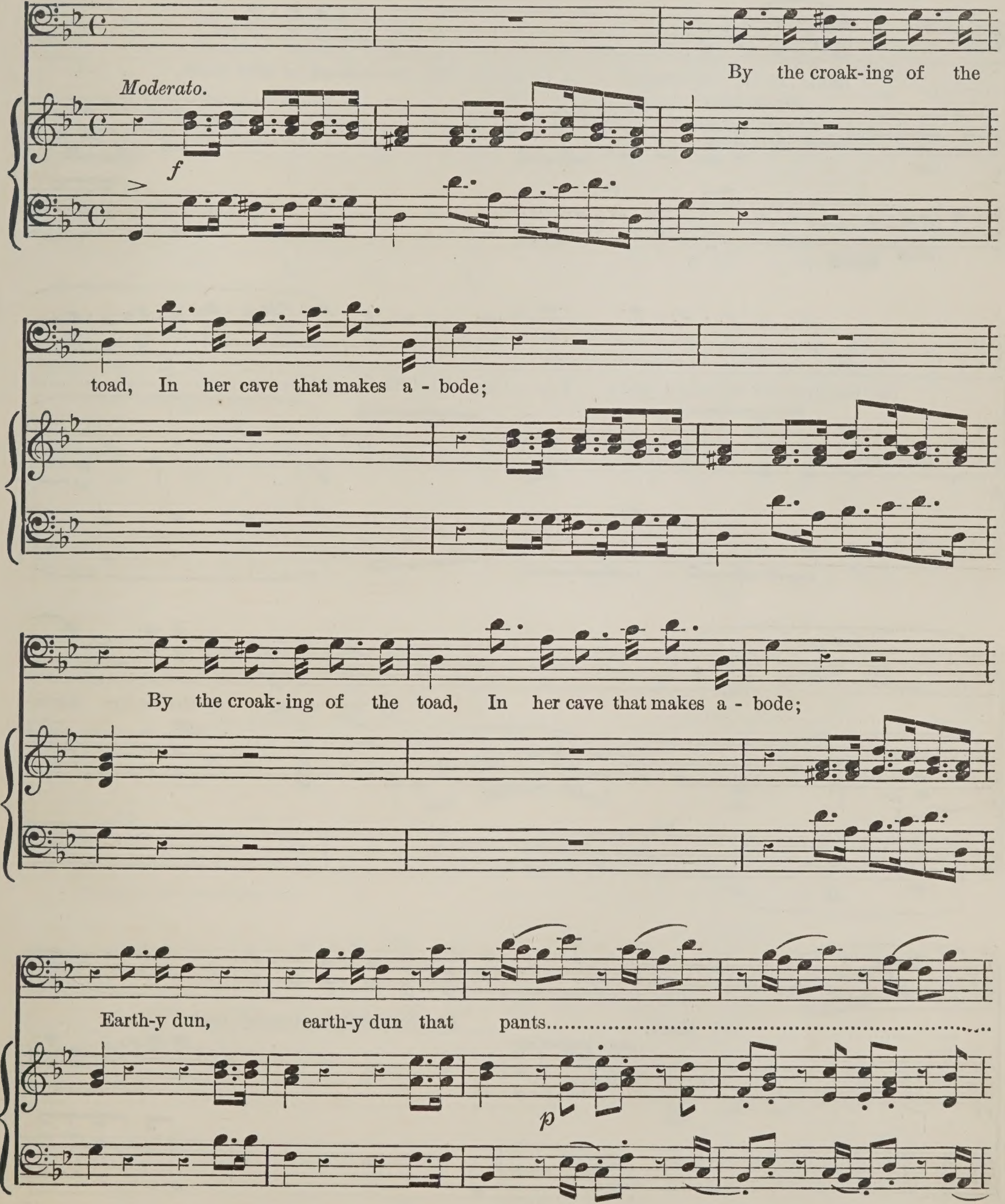
The Conjurer's Song in the 3rd Act of "The Indian Queen."

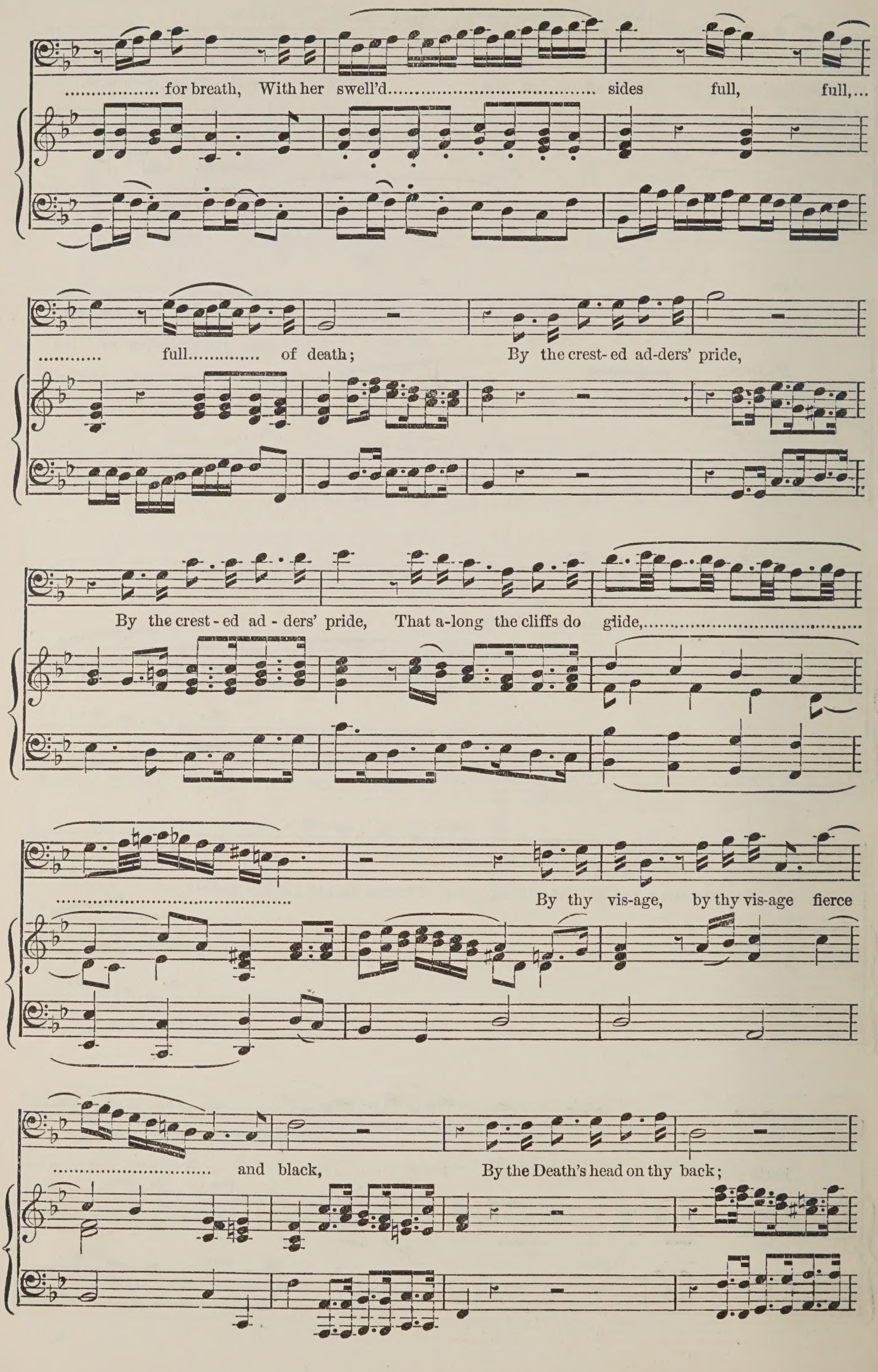
Purcell.

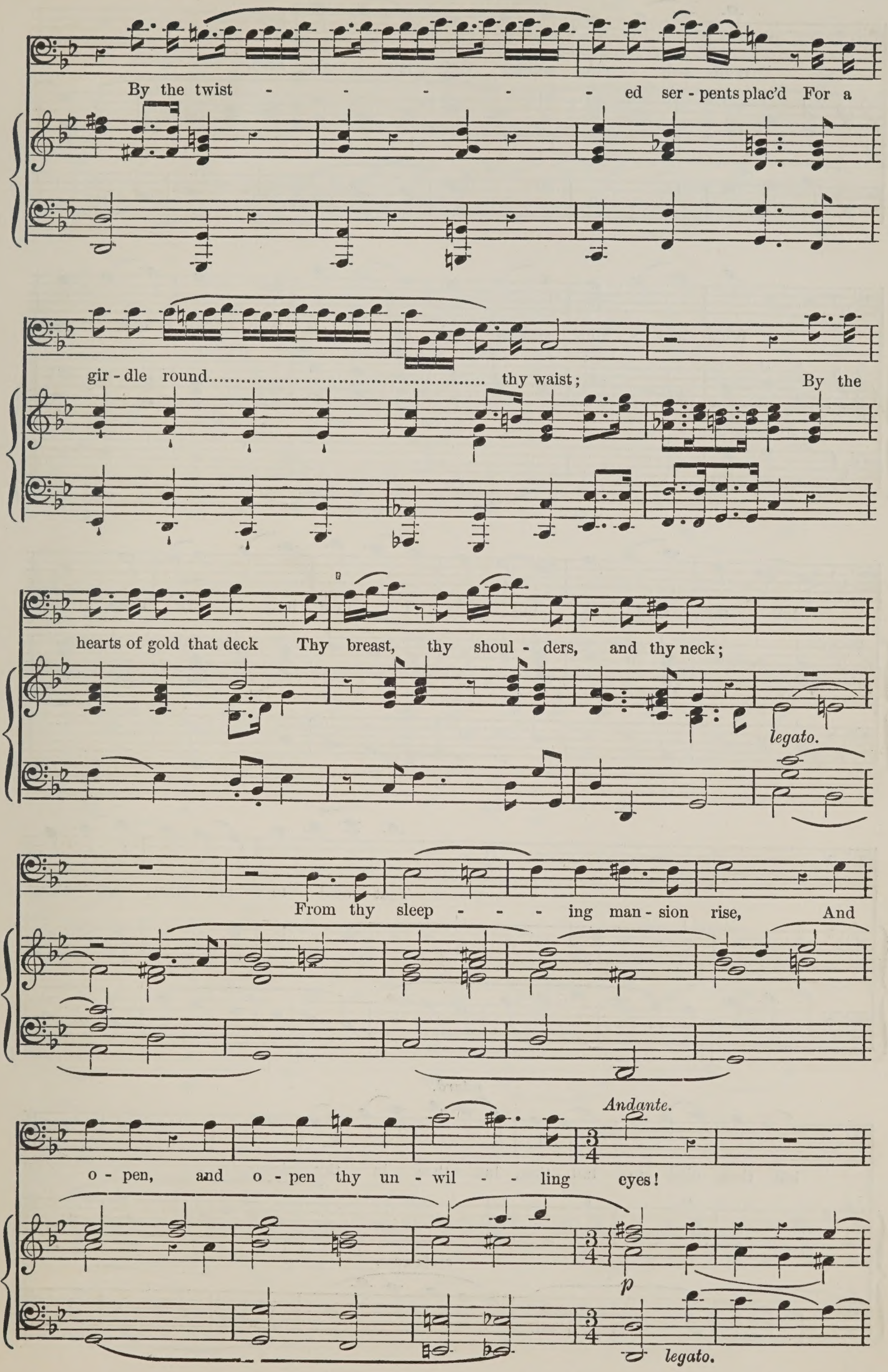

Recit.
Voice.
Piano.
mf
Ye twice ten hundred de - i - ties, To whom, to whom we dai - ly
sa - cri - fice; Ye pow'rs, ye pow'rs that dwell with fates be - low, And see what
men are doom'd to do, Where e - le-ments in dis - - - - - - - cord dwell;
pp
Thou, god of sleep, a - rise...................... and tell, Tell great Zem-po - al - la what
cresc.

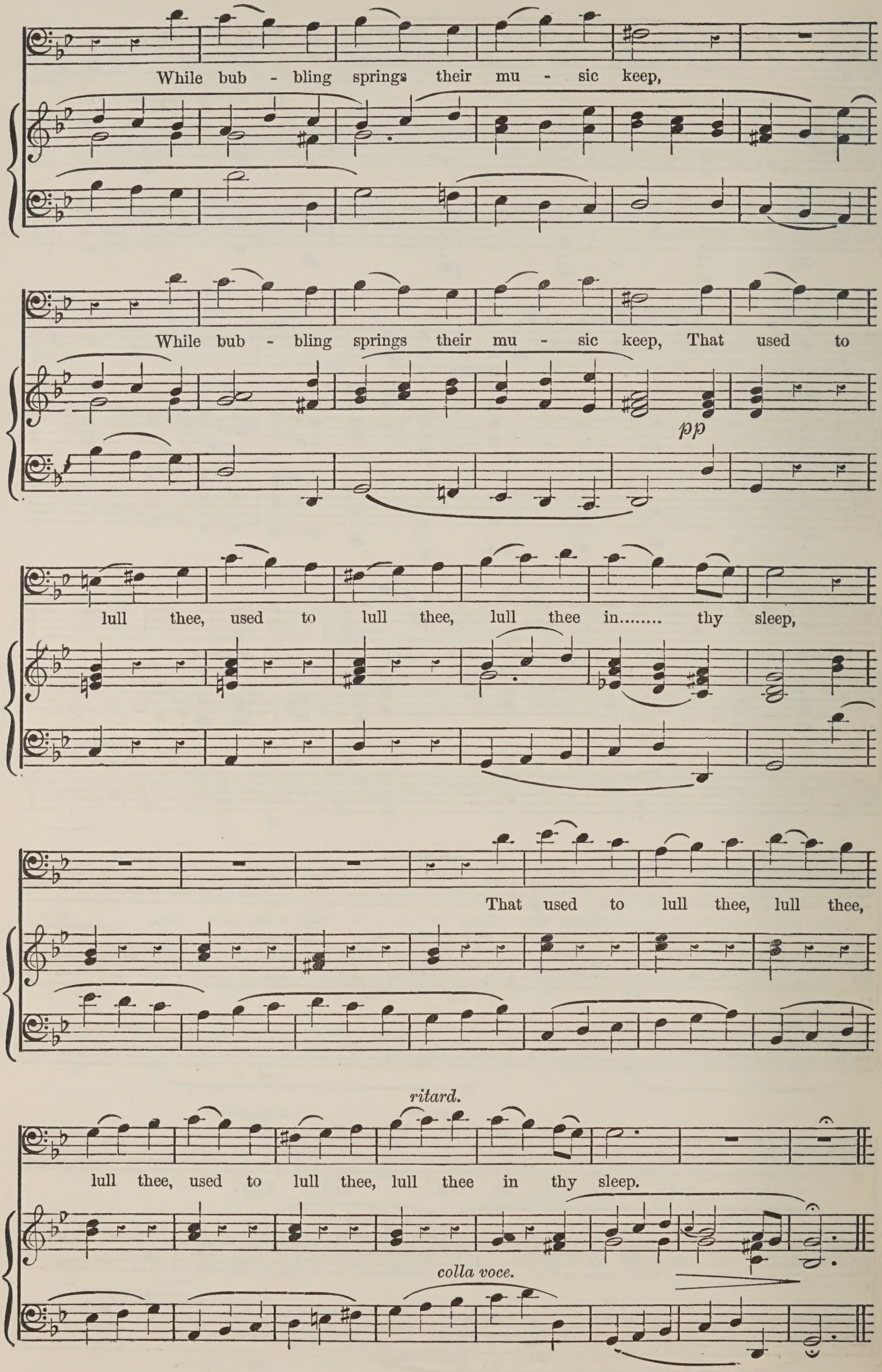

ad lib.
strange, strange fate Must on her dis - - mal, dis - mal vi - sion wait.
p
colla voce.

Air.


Moderato.
f
By the croak-ing of the toad, In her cave that makes a - bode;
By the croak- ing of the toad, In her cave that makes a - bode;
Earth-y dun, earth-y dun that pants..
p

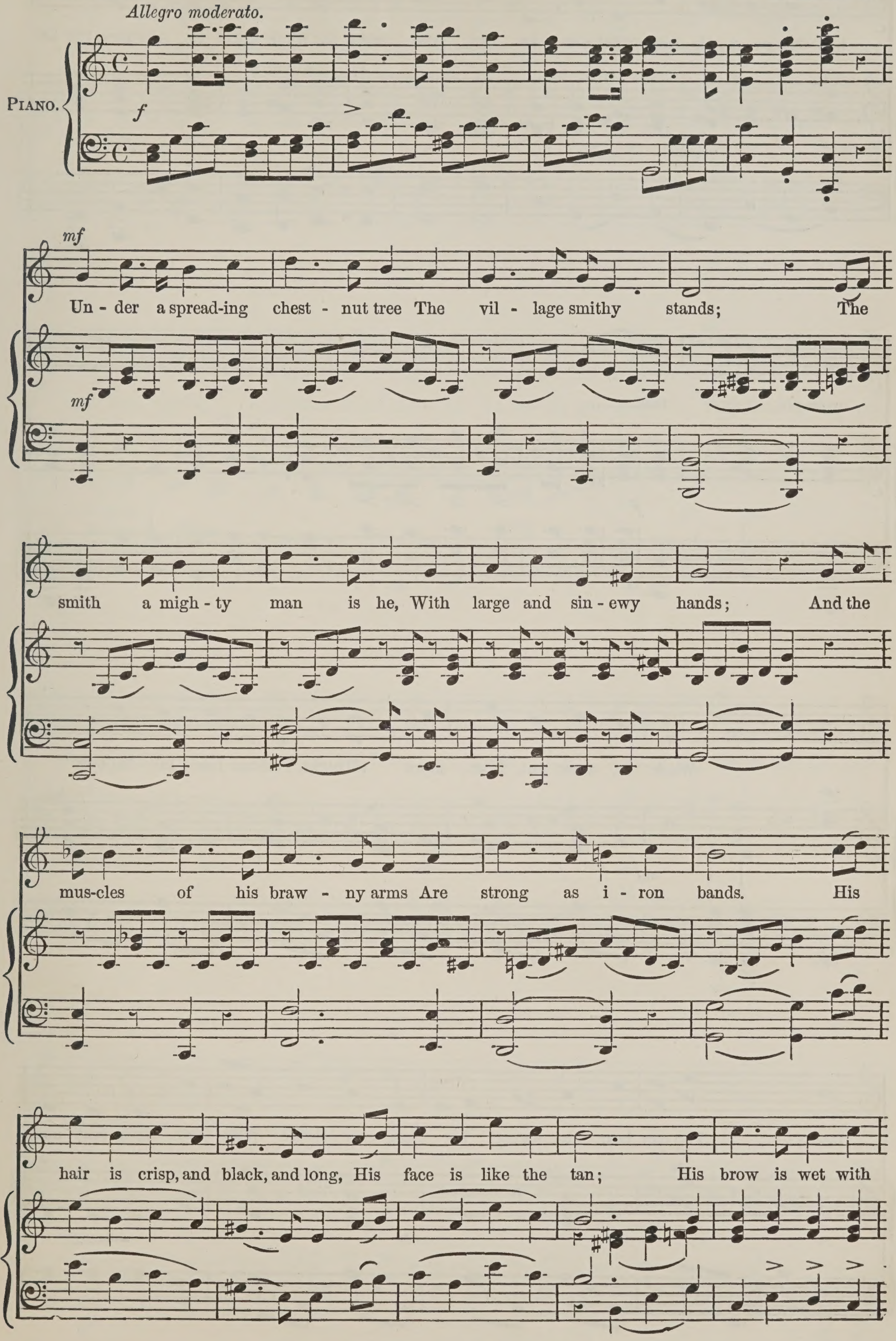

.... for breath, With her swell'd.. sides full, full,...
.... full.............. of death; By the crest-ed ad-ders' pride,
By the crest-ed ad-ders' pride, That a-long the cliffs do glide,..
.... By thy vis-age, by thy vis-age fierce
.... and black, By the Death's head on thy back;

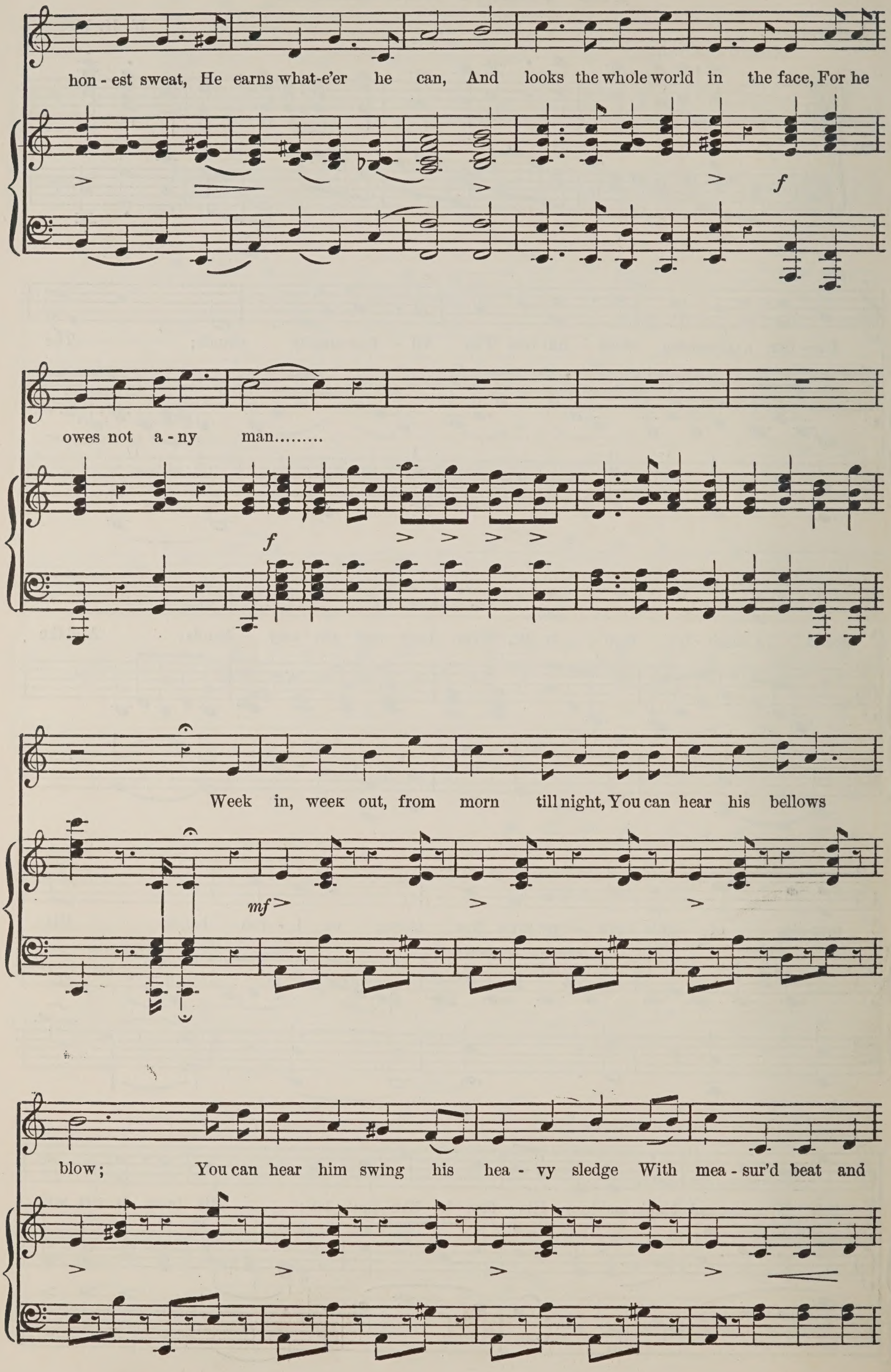

By the twist - - - - - ed ser - pents plac'd For a
gir - dle round.. thy waist; By the
hearts of gold that deck Thy breast, thy shoul - ders, and thy neck;
legato.
From thy sleep - - - - ing man - sion rise, And
o - pen, and o - pen thy un - wil - - ling eyes!
Andante.
3
4
p
legato.

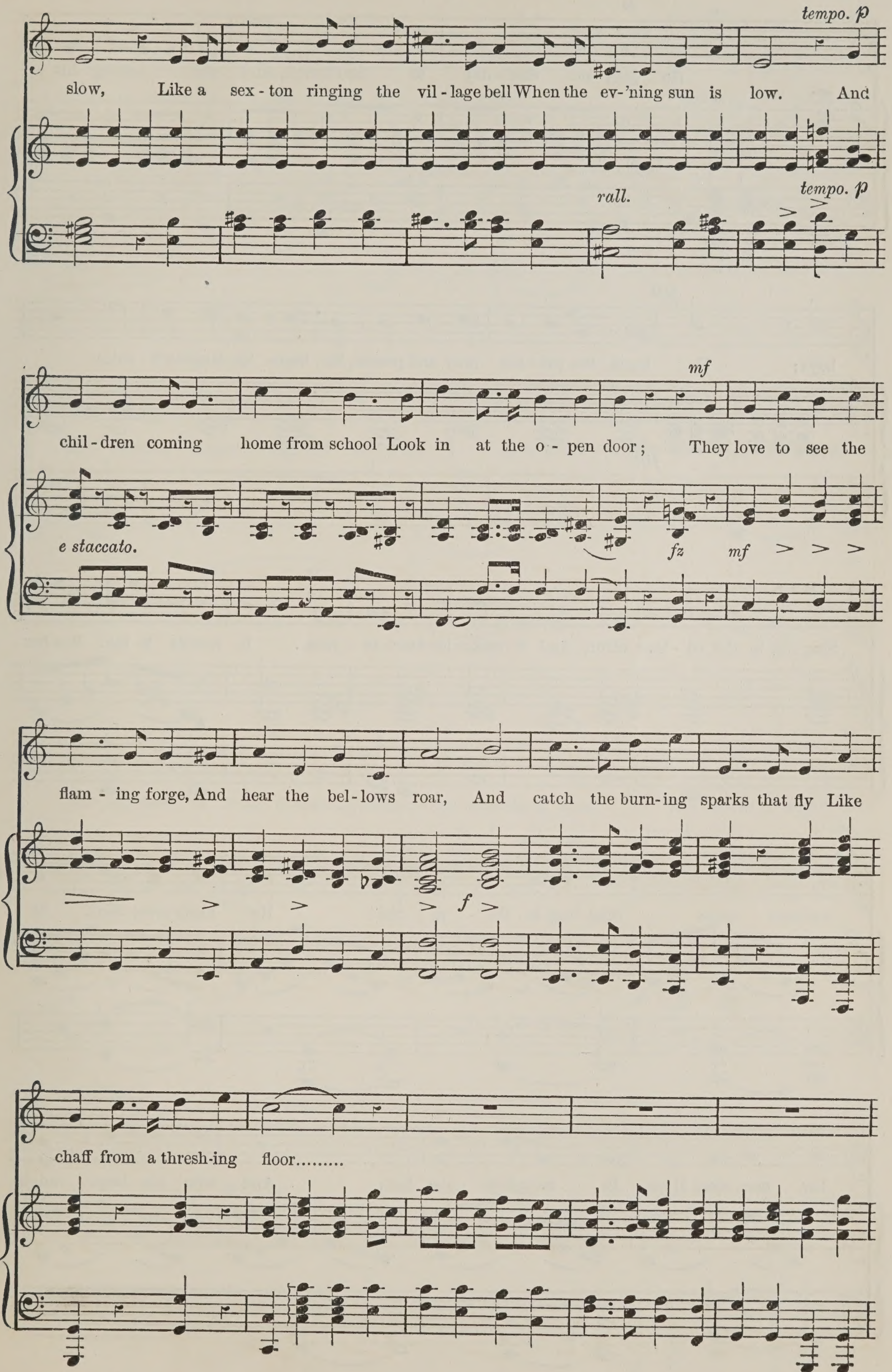

While bubbling springs their music keep,
While bubbling springs their music keep, That used to
pp
lull thee, used to lull thee, lull thee in........ thy sleep,
That used to lull thee, lull thee,
ritard.
lull thee, used to lull thee, lull thee in thy sleep.
colla voce.

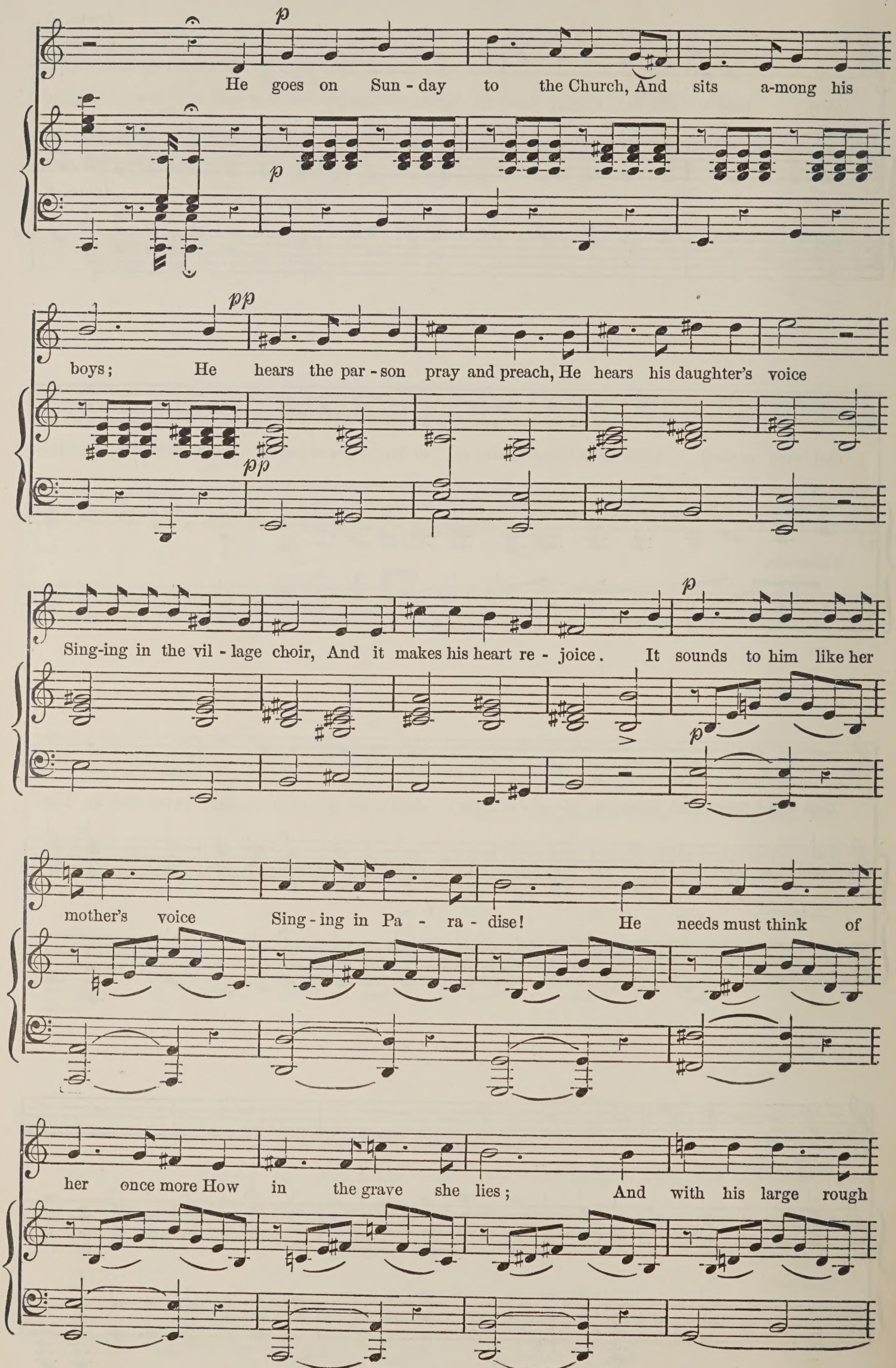
The Village Blacksmith.

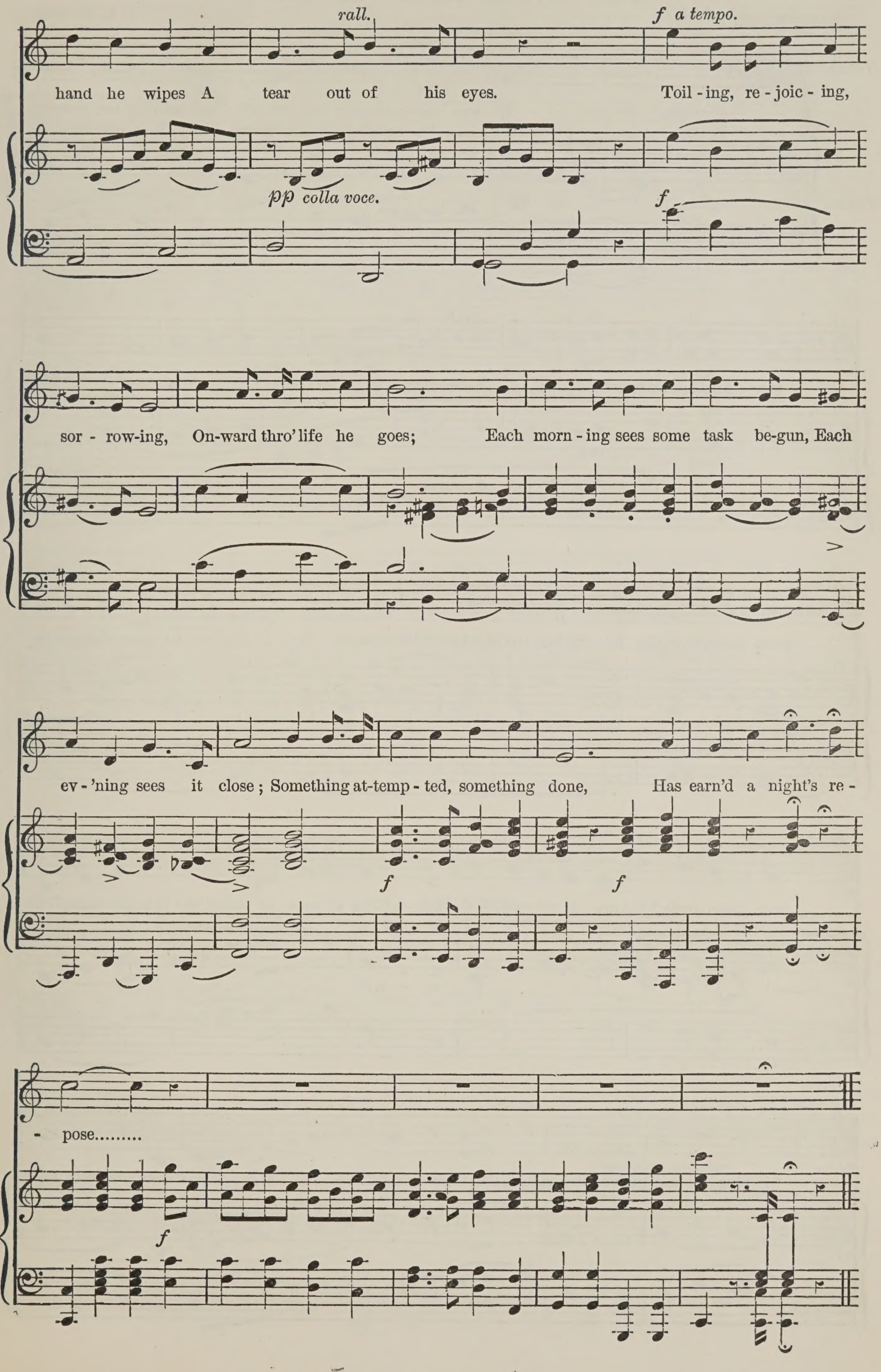
Longfellow. W. H. Weiss.


Allegro moderato.
Piano.
f
mf
Un - der a spread-ing chest - nut tree The vil - lage smithy stands; The
smith a migh - ty man is he, With large and sin - ewy hands; And the
mus-cles of his braw - ny arms Are strong as i - ron bands. His
hair is crisp, and black, and long, His face is like the tan; His brow is wet with


hon - est sweat, He earns what-e'er he can, And looks the whole world in the face, For he
owes not a - ny man.........
Week in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bellows
blow; You can hear him swing his hea - vy sledge With mea - sur'd beat and
f
mf
f

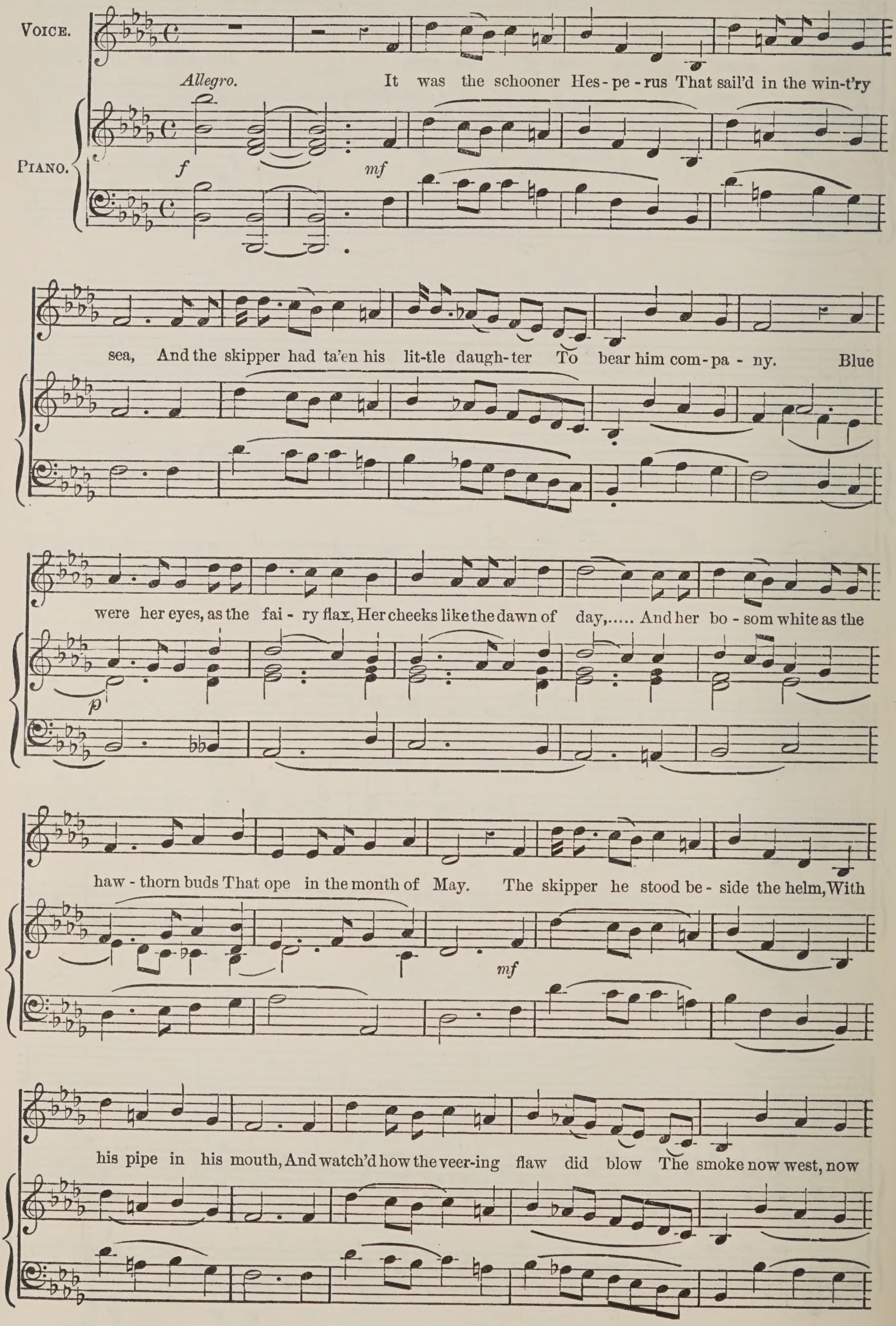

tempo. p
slow, Like a sex-ton ringing the vil-lage bell When the ev-'ning sun is low. And
rall.
tempo. p
mf
chil-dren coming home from school Look in at the o-pen door; They love to see the
e staccato.
fz
mf
flam-ing forge, And hear the bel-lows roar, And catch the burn-ing sparks that fly Like
f
chaff from a thresh-ing floor.........

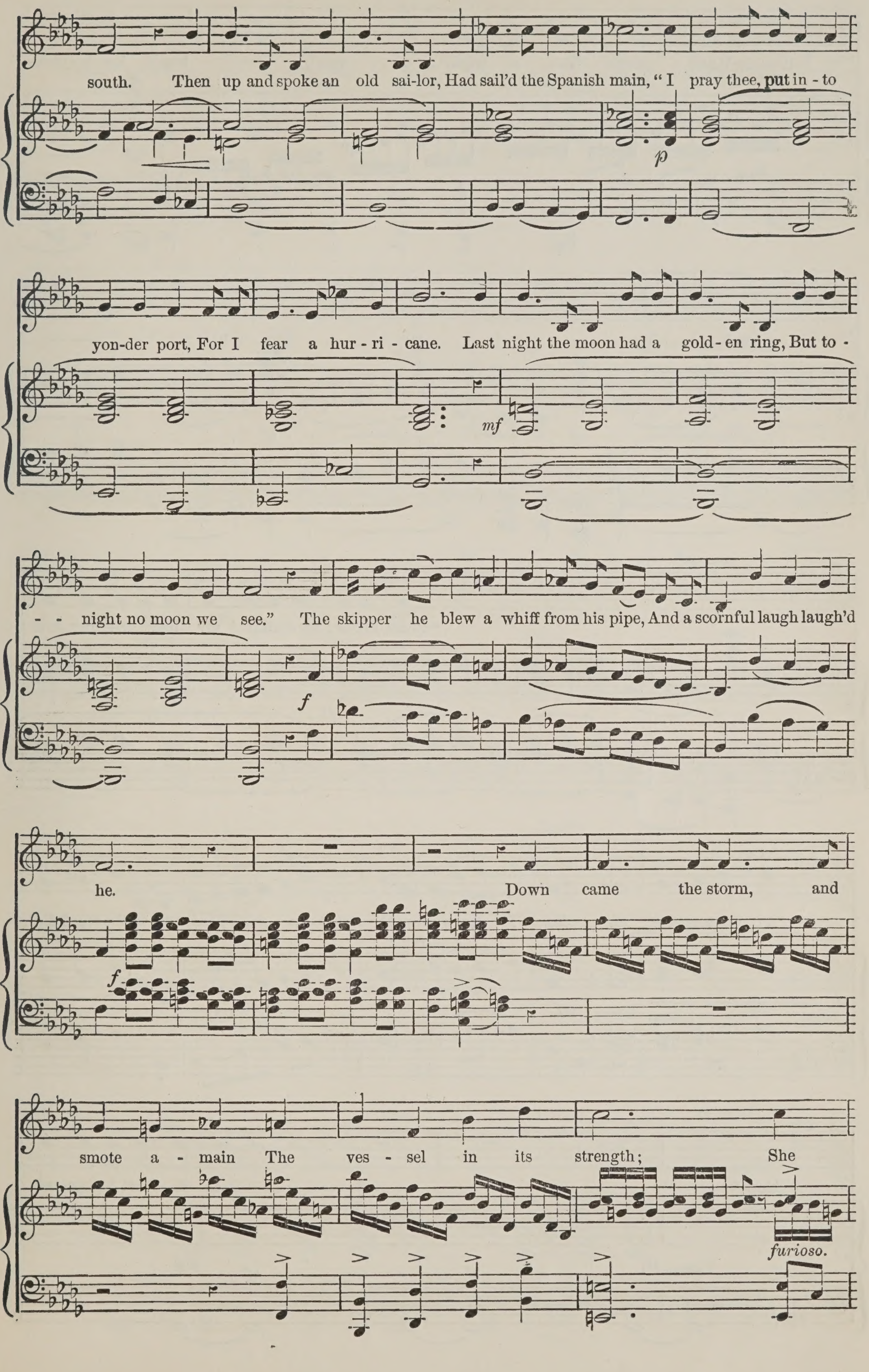

p
He goes on Sun - day to the Church, And sits a-mong his
pp
boys; He hears the par - son pray and preach, He hears his daughter's voice
Sing-ing in the vil - lage choir, And it makes his heart re - joice. It sounds to him like her
p
mother's voice Sing - ing in Pa - ra - dise! He needs must think of
her once more How in the grave she lies; And with his large rough

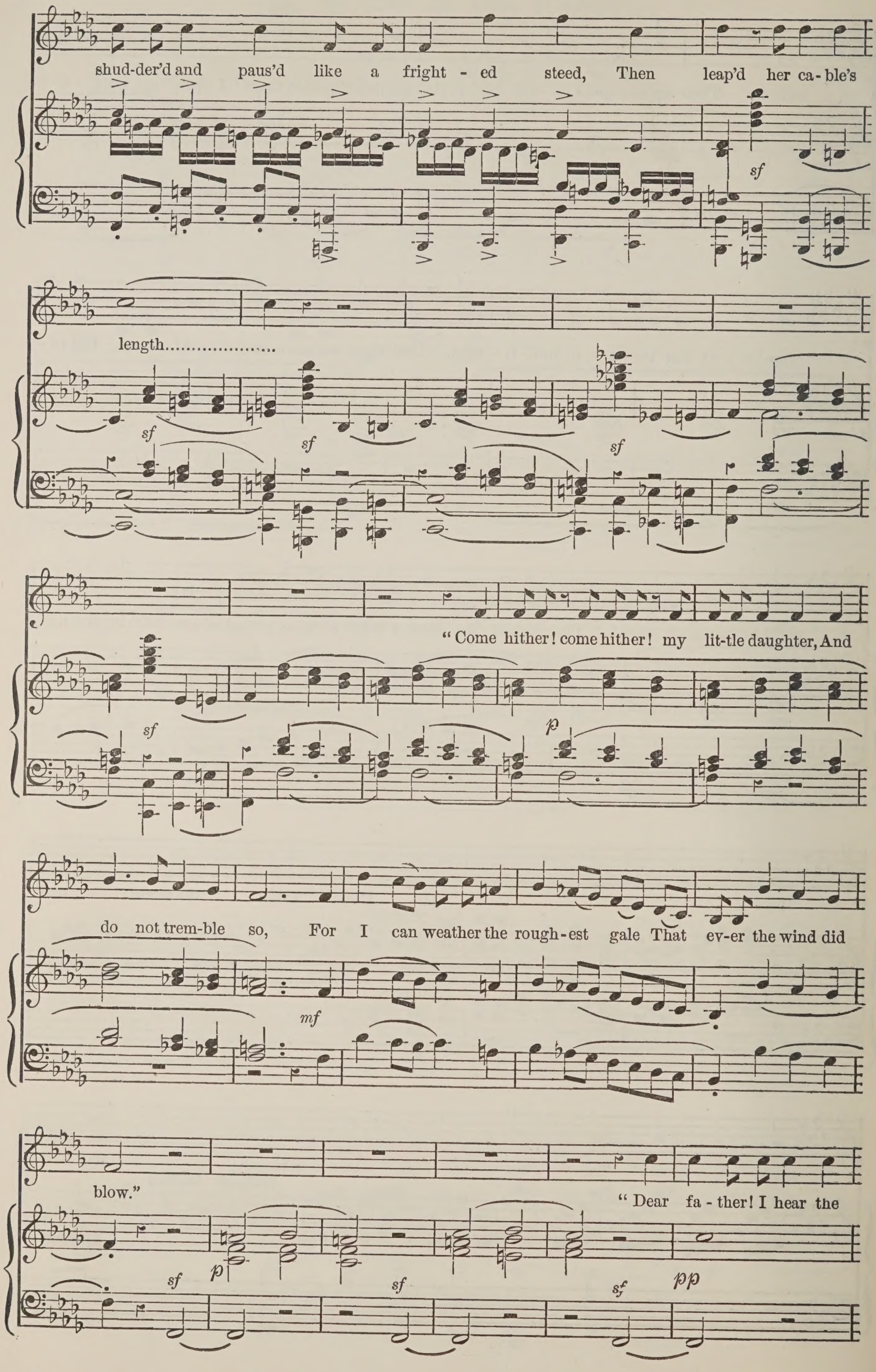

rall.
f a tempo.
hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes. Toil-ing, re-joic-ing,
pp colla voce.
f
sor-row-ing, On-ward thro' life he goes; Each morn-ing sees some task be-gun, Each
ev-'ning sees it close; Something at-temp-ted, something done, Has earn'd a night's re-
f
f
-pose.........
f

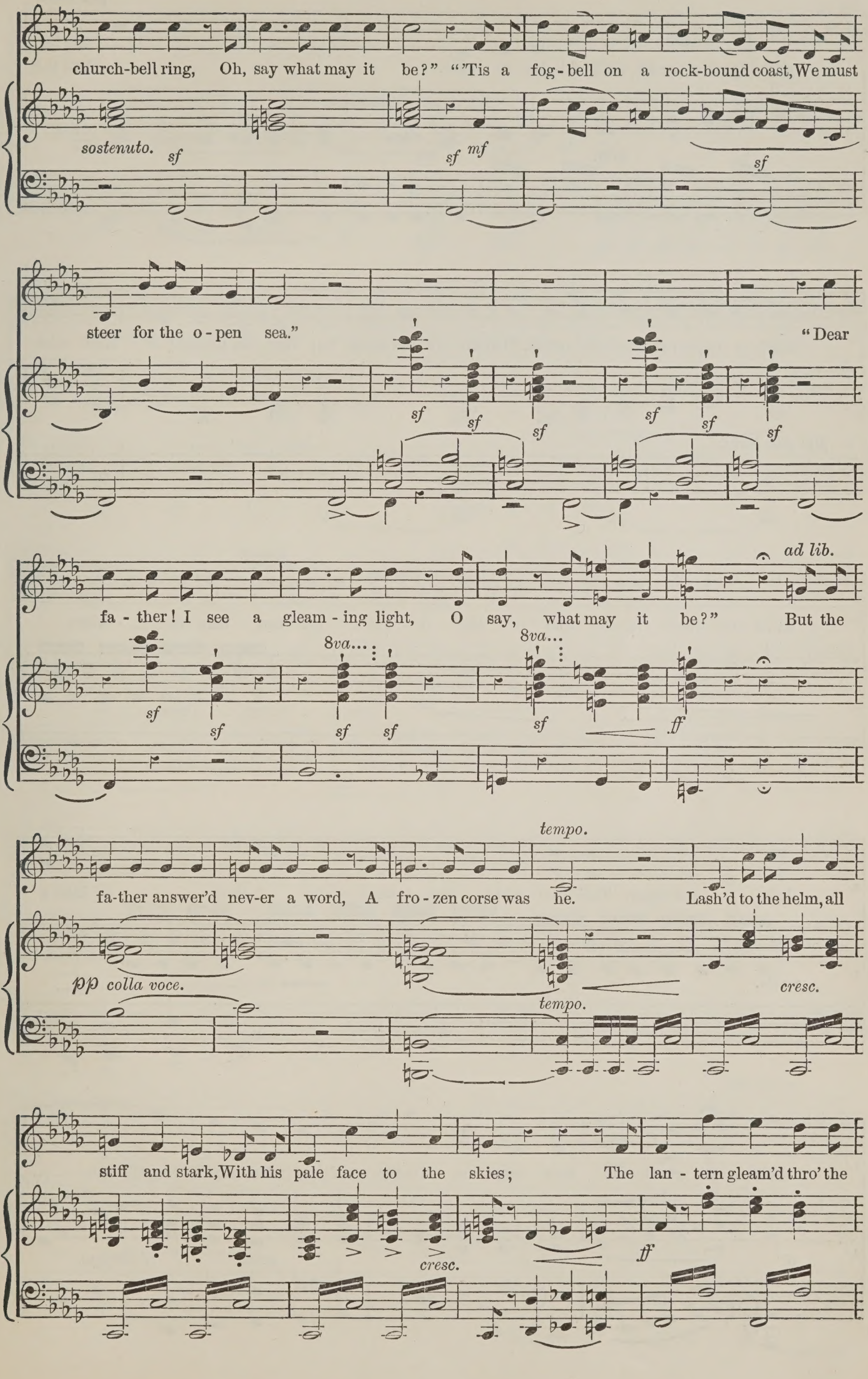
The Wreck of the Hesperus.

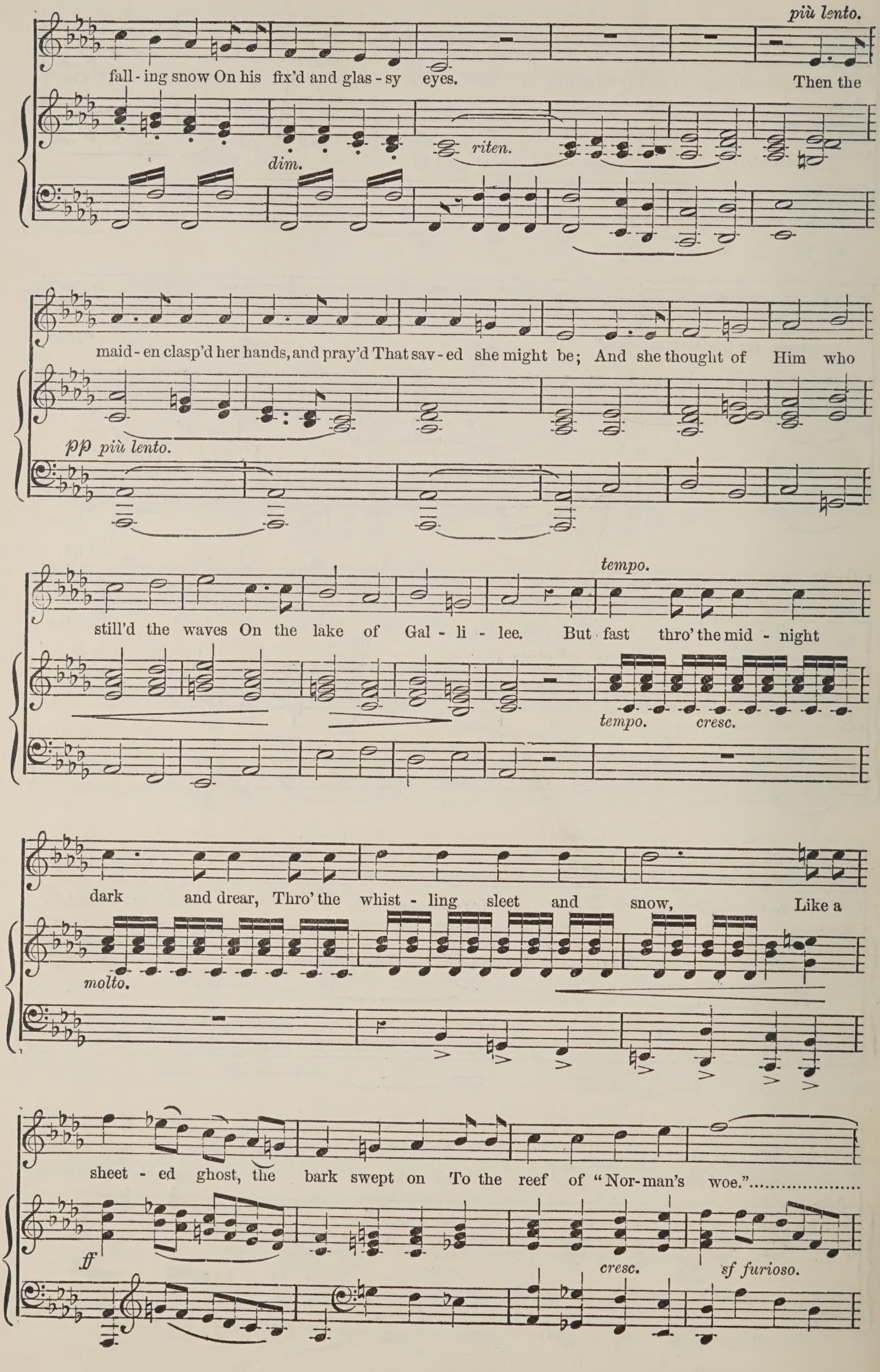
LONGFELLOW. J. L. HATTON.

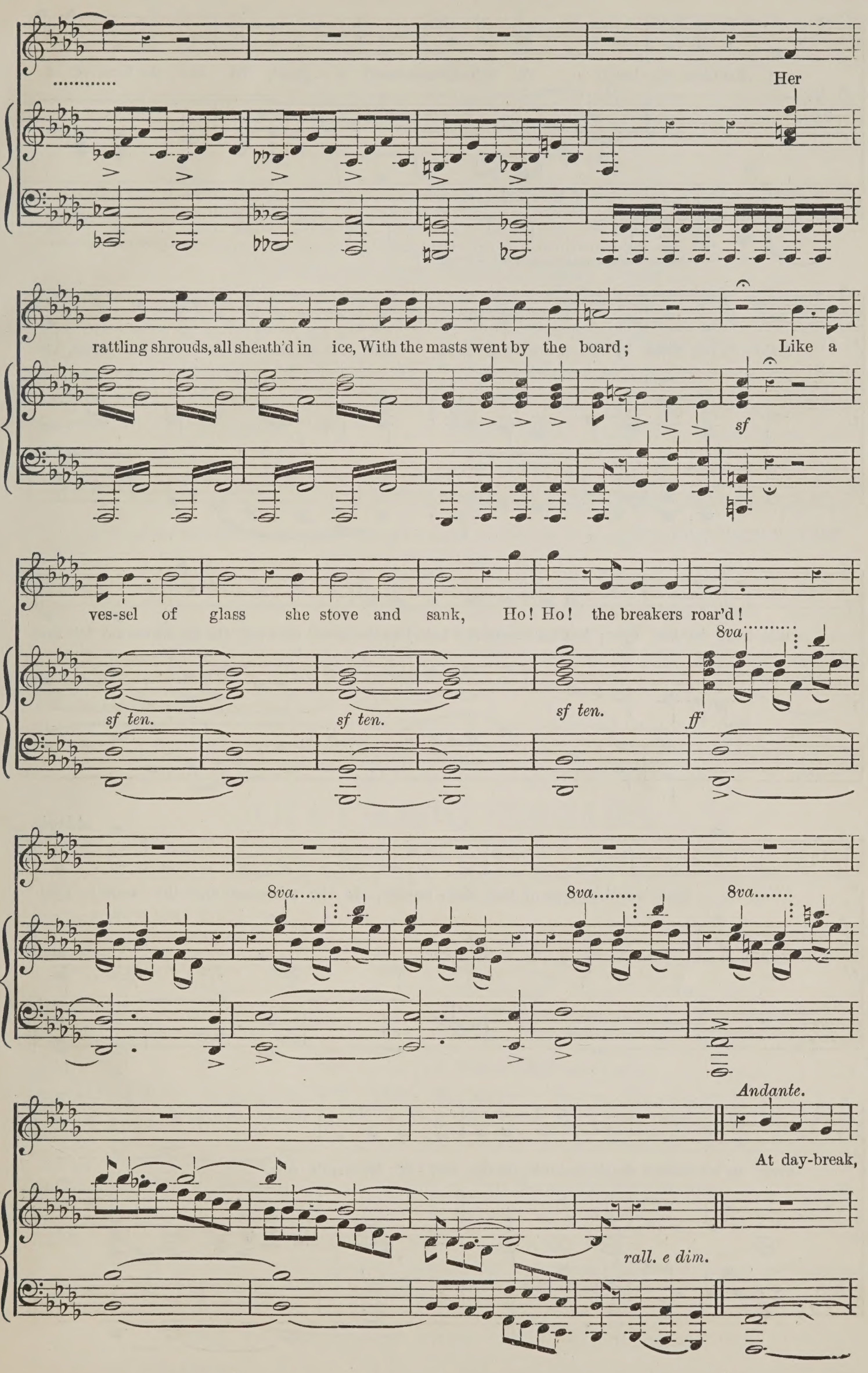

Voice.
Piano.
Allegro.
f
mf
It was the schooner Hes-pe-rus That sail'd in the win-t'ry
sea, And the skipper had ta'en his lit-tle daugh-ter To bear him com-pa - ny. Blue
were her eyes, as the fai - ry flax, Her cheeks like the dawn of day,..... And her bo - som white as the
p
haw - thorn buds That ope in the month of May. The skipper he stood be - side the helm, With
mf
his pipe in his mouth, And watch'd how the veer-ing flaw did blow The smoke now west, now

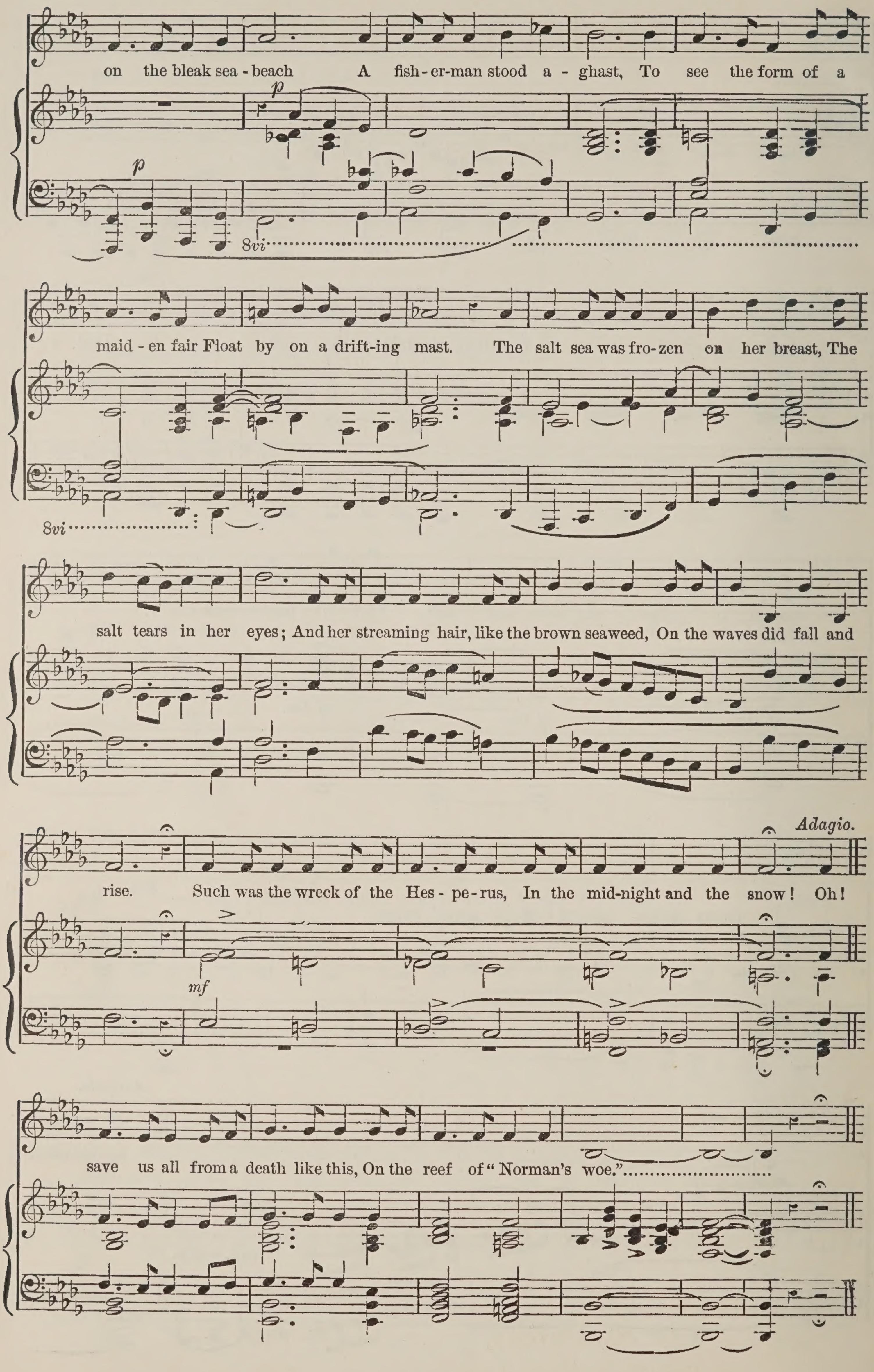

south. Then up and spoke an old sai-lor, Had sail'd the Spanish main, " I pray thee, put in - to
p
yon-der port, For I fear a hur - ri - cane. Last night the moon had a gold - en ring, But to -
mf
- - night no moon we see." The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe, And a scornful laugh laugh'd
f
he. Down came the storm, and
f
smote a - main The ves - sel in its strength; She
furioso.


shud-der'd and paus'd like a fright - ed steed, Then leap'd her ca-ble's
length.....................
"Come hither! come hither! my lit-tle daughter, And
do not trem-ble so, For I can weather the rough-est gale That ev-er the wind did
blow."
"Dear fa - ther! I hear the
sf
p
mf
pp


church-bell ring, Oh, say what may it be?" "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast, We must
sostenuto.
sf
sf
mf
sf
steer for the o-pen sea." "Dear
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
fa-ther! I see a gleam-ing light, O say, what may it be?" But the
ad lib.
8va...
8va...
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
ff
tempo.
fa-ther answer'd nev-er a word, A fro-zen corse was he. Lash'd to the helm, all
pp colla voce.
cresc.
tempo.
stiff and stark, With his pale face to the skies; The lan-tern gleam'd thro' the
cresc.
ff


più lento.
fall-ing snow On his fix'd and glas-sy eyes. Then the
riten.
dim.
maid-en clasp'd her hands, and pray'd That sav-ed she might be; And she thought of Him who
pp più lento.
tempo.
still'd the waves On the lake of Gal-li-lee. But fast thro' the mid-night
tempo. cresc.
dark and drear, Thro' the whist-ling sleet and snow, Like a
molto.
sheet-ed ghost, the bark swept on To the reef of "Nor-man's woe."........
ff
cresc.
sf furioso.


Her
rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice, With the masts went by the board;
sf
Like a
ves-sel of glass she stove and sank, Ho! Ho! the breakers roar'd!
sf ten.
sf ten.
sf ten.
ff
8va
8va
8va
8va
Andante.
At day-break,
rall. e dim.


on the bleak sea-beach A fish-er-man stood a-ghast, To see the form of a
maid-en fair Float by on a drift-ing mast. The salt sea was fro-zen on her breast, The
salt tears in her eyes; And her streaming hair, like the brown seaweed, On the waves did fall and
rise. Such was the wreck of the Hes-pe-rus, In the mid-night and the snow! Oh!
save us all from a death like this, On the reef of "Norman's woe."........................
Adagio.
p
8vi
mf

THE
IMPERIAL EDITION
OF
SONG BOOKS.

A NEW SERIES, CONTAINING

Songs of the highest class, Popular, Standard, and Classical,

ALL WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS AND ENGLISH WORDS.

Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, Paper Cover;

Also in handsome limp cover, gilt edges, 4s., or elegantly bound in Red Morocco, limp, 7s.

SOPRANO SONGS [43].*
MEZZO-SOPRANO SONGS [47].*
CONTRALTO SONGS [50].*
BARITONE SONGS [47].*
TENOR SONGS [44].*
BASS SONGS [44].*

SACRED SONGS, SOPRANO [31].
SACRED SONGS, CONTRALTO [42].
SACRED SONGS, TENOR [34].
SACRED SONGS, BARITONE [32].
GERMAN FOLK-SONGS [83].
(With English words only.)
TSCHAIKOWSKY'S SONGS [44].

* In these six volumes, the Songs by German, French, and Italian Composers have the original words in addition to the English translations.

ENGLISH TRADITIONAL SONGS AND CAROLS.

Collected and Edited with annotations and pianoforte accompaniments. By LUCY E. BROADWOOD. Price 2s. 6d.; also in limp cover, gilt edges, 4s.; or, elegantly bound in red morocco, limp, 7s. Edition with words and voice parts only (in Old Notation and Tonic Sol-fa), 1s.

ELIZABETHAN LOVE SONGS.

Edited and arranged, with pianoforte accompaniments composed, or adapted from the Lute tablature, by FREDERICK KEEL. Price 2s. 6d., paper cover; 4s., limp cover, gilt edges; or elegantly bound in red morocco, limp, 7s.

RHYTHMIC SERIES.

THE NATIONAL SONG BOOK;

A complete collection of the Folk Songs, Carols and Rounds, suggested by the Board of Education for the use of schools, edited and arranged by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.

		s.	d.
Vocal Score, paper cover	net	3	0
do. limp, gilt	,,	4	6
Edition with words and voice parts only (in Old Notation and Tonic Sol-fa), paper cover	,,	0	9
do. do. cloth	,,	1	0
English Songs *only*	net	0	3
Scotch Songs ,,	,,	0	3
Irish Songs ,,	,,	0	3
Welsh Songs ,,	,,	0	3
Carols, Rounds, and Catches	,,	0	2
Edition with words only	,,	0	6

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF SONG. FOUR VOLUMES.

Price of each volume, paper cover, 2s. 6d.; limp, gilt, 4s.; limp morocco, 7s.

Volumes I. and II. contain unique collections of Gems, all within moderate compass.
Volume III. contains carefully selected Duets and Part-Songs for Female Voices.
Volume IV. contains choice collection of Part-Songs for Male Voices.

Recommended for use in Families and Schools.

THE TRAINING COLLEGE SONG BOOK.

Edited by FRED. J. W. CROWE, containing 50 specially selected Songs for use in Training Colleges and Schools. Price 2s. 6d., paper cover; 4s. limp gilt; 7s. limp Morocco.

LIST OF CONTENTS FREE ON APPLICATION.

BOOSEY & CO., LONDON AND NEW YORK.

VOLUMES OF
SONGS, DUETS, AND QUARTETS.

	s.	d.
Frances Allitsen.		
Moods and Tenses. Cycle of Eight Songs	4	0
J. W. Alves.		
Four Songs of Burma	2	6
Margaret Anderton.		
Sweet Songs for Sweet Singers. Paper boards; illustrated cover	2	6
Florence Aylward.		
Album of Six Songs	2	6
H. Drury Baker.		
Ye olde Nurserie Rhymes. Cloth gilt	5	0
Hubert Bath.		
Three Indian Songs. Two editions, for high and low voice each	2	6
A. H. Behrend.		
Duets for Ladies' Voices (Six)	4	0
J. Blumenthal.		
In Memoriam. (Book of Ten Songs.) Paper cover, 4s.; cloth, gilt	6	0
Album of 20 Songs, with German and English words; paper cover, 4s.; cloth, gilt	6	0
Six Chansons Populaires	4	0
Lucy E. Broadwood.		
English Traditional Songs, paper cover (also limp gilt, 4s.; limp morocco, 7s.)	2	6
Do. (words and voice parts only)	1	0
Mary Carmichael.		
Album of Six Songs. Words by A. P. Graves	2	6
"Chanticleer."		
Six Drawing Room Ditties	2	6
S. Coleridge-Taylor.		
Little Songs for Little Folks	2	0
Five Fairy Ballads. Two Editions, for low and high voice each	4	0
Eric Coates.		
Lace and Porcelain. Three Old World Songs	2	6
Four Old English Songs, Two Editions, for low and high voice each	3	0
Houston Collisson.		
A Kerry Courting. Irish Song Cycle for four solo voices (S.A.T.B.)	3	0
C. Cornmell.		
Three Spanish Folk Songs	3	0
Frederic H. Cowen.		
Album of Six Old English Songs	4	0
Murray Macdonald Davey.		
Song Tide. Cycle of Six Songs for Soprano	4	0
H. Walford Davies.		
Eight Nursery Rhymes. No. 1 (S.A.T.B.)	1	6
Do. No. 2 (S.S.A.)	1	0
Arnold Dolmetsch.		
Select English Songs and Dialogues of the 16th and 17th Centuries	3	6
Edward Elgar.		
Sea Pictures. Cycle of Five Contralto Songs. Vocal Score, three editions—English, German and French words each (Full score and Band parts may be had.)	4	0
Harry Farjeon.		
Bric-a-brac. Four Songs	2	6
Three Vocal Duets	2	6
Arthur Foote.		
Twelve Songs	3	0
Rev. W. J. Foxell.		
Songs for Boys (Six); 1s.; limp cloth	2	0

	s.	d.
Elvira Gambogi.		
Child-Land. Cycle of Songs and Duets for equal voices	5	0
A. S. Gatty.		
Plantation Songs, with Choruses and Pianoforte accompaniments (Six Songs in each book) Vols. 1 to 4 each	2	0
Vols. 1, 2 & 3 with Banjo accomp. „	2	0
Vol. 1 with Guitar accomp.	2	0
Vol. 1 in Tonic Sol-fa Notation	1	0
Humorous Songs (Six) with Banjo and Pianoforte accompaniments	2	0
Edward German.		
Three Baritone Songs	2	6
Alma Goetz.		
Four Songs from the Garden of Kama. Two editions, for high and low voice each	3	0
T. Haigh.		
A Love Story. Song Cycle for Baritone	3	0
Hamilton Harty.		
Three Flower Songs	2	6
Three Traditional Ulster Airs. Two Editions, for low and high voice each	2	6
Six Songs of Ireland	4	0
Joseph Holbrooke.		
Six Characteristic Songs	2	6
Five Bohemian Songs (Band parts and Full Score may be had.)	2	6
Amy E. Horrocks.		
Six Greek Love Songs	4	0
Herbert Hughes.		
Irish Country Songs	3	6
Frederick Keel.		
Elizabethan Love Songs, paper cover (also limp gilt, 4s.; limp morocco, 7s.)	2	6
Three Old English Lyrics	2	6
M. Kennedy-Fraser.		
Songs of the Hebrides, cloth	21	0
F. Korbay.		
Five Songs from a Book of Verses by W. E. Henley	5	0
Agnes H. Lambert.		
Ten Songs from a Garden	4	0
Liza Lehmann.		
The Golden Threshold. An Indian Song Garland, for Solo Voices and Quartet (S.A.T.B.)	3	6
Selection from "The Golden Threshold"	2	6
Bird Songs. Two Editions, for medium and high voice each	3	6
The Daisy Chain. Twelve Songs of Childhood, for Solo Voices and Quartet (S.A.T.B.)	5	0
More Daisies. New Songs of Childhood for Solo Voices and Quartet	5	0
Songs of Love and Spring. Cycle of Songs and Duets for Contralto and Baritone	4	0
The Life of a Rose. Seven Short Songs. Two editions, for high and medium voice, each	3	6
Album of Nine English Songs	4	0
Samuel Liddle.		
Seven Old English Lyrics	4	0
Nine Songs	3	0
Eight Christina Rossetti Poems	4	0
C. A. Lidgey.		
A Lover's Moods. Song Cycle	4	0
A Song of Life (Seven Songs)	4	0
Hermann Lohr.		
The Little Sunbonnet. Song Cycle	4	0

VOLUMES OF SONGS, DUETS, AND QUARTETS—*continued.*

Theo. Marzials.

	s.	d.
ALBUM OF SIX SONGS French and English ...	2	6

Mrs. Raymond Maude.

	s.	d.
RHYMES ABOUT A LITTLE WOMAN ... cloth	4	0

Frank L. Moir.

	s.	d.
SILVER MEMORIES (Six Songs)	4	0
ALBUM OF SIX SONGS	2	6

Lynedoch Moncrieff.

	s.	d.
SONGS FROM TENNYSON	4	0

Alicia A. Needham.

	s.	d.
TWELVE LYRICS FOR LOVERS, 5s.; cloth, gilt ...	7	6
BALLADS FOR BAIRNS, with frontispiece by R. Sauber ... 5s. paper cover; cloth, gilt	7	6
TWELVE HUSH SONGS, with frontispiece by R. Sauber ... 5s. paper cover; cloth, gilt	7	6
A BUNCH OF SHAMROCKS. Irish Song Cycle, Solos and Quartets	5	0

Annie W. Patterson.

	s.	d.
SIX ORIGINAL GAELIC SONGS	2	6

Graham Peel.

	s.	d.
CAMELLA. Song Cycle in Miniature	4	0
THE BAD CHILD'S SONGS ABOUT BEASTS ...	3	0

Roger Quilter.

	s.	d.
FOUR SONGS (Opus 14)	3	0
TO JULIA. Cycle of Songs. Two editions, for high and low voice ... ... each	4	0
THREE SHAKESPEARE SONGS. Two editions, for high and low voice ... ... each	2	6
FOUR SONGS OF SORROW	2	6
SEVEN ELIZABETHAN LYRICS. Two Editions, for low and high voice ... ... each	4	0

A. J. Randegger.

	s.	d.
ROSE LEAVES. Six Songs by Lady Lindsay ...	4	0

Sailors' Songs or "Chanties."

	s.	d.
50 TRADITIONAL SAILOR AIRS (New Edition) ...	2	6

S. B. Schlesinger.

	s.	d.
ALBUM OF CHILDREN'S SONGS	3	0

A. Schönberg.

	s.	d.
THREE NURSERY RHYMES	2	6

Annie D. Scott.

	s.	d.
AMONG THE LILIES. Cycle of Songs. Complete	5	0

Arthur Somervell.

	s.	d.
JAMES LEE'S WIFE. Song Cycle for Contralto (Full score and Band parts may be had.)	4	0
WELSH MELODIES. Part I. Two Editions, for low and high voice ... ... each	1	6
Do. Part II.	1	6
CYCLE OF SONGS FROM TENNYSON'S "MAUD" ...	5	0
WIND FLOWERS. Cycle of Songs for Solo Voices and Quartet ...	3	0
Ditto, as trios for female voices (In Old Notation and Tonic Sol-fa.)	1	0
A SHROPSHIRE LAD. Song Cycle	4	0
FIVE OLD SONGS (arranged)	2	6
LOVE IN SPRINGTIME. Cycle of Songs ...	4	0

Reginald Somerville.

	s.	d.
LOVE THEMES. Two editions, for high and low voice ... ... each	2	6

Songs of the Day.

	s.	d.
Vol. 1.—60 SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS. Full music size, handsomely bound in cloth	7	6
Vol. 2.—37 SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS. Full music size, handsomely bound in cloth	5	0

C. Villiers Stanford.

	s.	d.
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES; the original Airs restored, with Pianoforte accompaniment ...	5	0
SONGS OF OLD IRELAND (50). The words by A. P. Graves; paper cover, 5s.; cloth, gilt ...	7	6
SONGS OF ERIN. Fifty Irish Folk Songs (arranged). Words by A. P. Graves	5	0
THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE. Five Sonnets ...	4	0
SONGS OF FAITH, Set I. (Tennyson)	2	6
Do. Set II. (Whitman)	2	6
AN IRISH IDYLL, in Six Miniatures. Two Editions, high voice and low voice ... each	4	0
SONGS OF THE SEA (5) for Male Voice and Chorus (ad lib.). Chorus part, 8d. each O N. and Tonic; Vocal Score	2	6
Full Score and Band parts may be had.		
CYCLE OF SONGS from Tennyson's "The Princess" as Quartets, for S.A.T.B. Separate parts, 1s. each; Vocal Score	5	0

Ernest Torrence.

	s.	d.
THREE SONGS OF THE HIMALAYAS	3	0

Joan Trevalsa.

	s.	d.
SIX POEMS	3	0
PETER PAN SONG CYCLE for four solo voices and quartet	4	0

William Wallace.

	s.	d.
LORDS OF THE SEA. Cycle of Four Songs ...	3	0

R. H. Walthew.

	s.	d.
ALBUM OF TWELVE SONGS	4	0
THE VILLAGE. Cycle of Six Two-Part Songs for Ladies' Voices	4	0
Voice parts only	1	0

Fred J. Whishaw. (Edited by)

	s.	d.
EIGHT RUSSIAN SONGS, 1st Vol.	2	6
TEN RUSSIAN SONGS, 2nd Vol.	2	6
EIGHT RUSSIAN SONGS, 3rd Vol.	2	6

Maude Valerie White.

	s.	d.
ALBUM OF TWELVE SONGS FOR CHILDREN (as Solos or Duets), 2s. 6d. paper cover ... cloth	4	6

Charles Willeby.

	s.	d.
HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER. Cycle of Songs .	4	0

R. Vaughan Williams.

	s.	d.
SONGS OF TRAVEL. Parts I. and II. ... each	2	6

H. Lane Wilson.

	s.	d.
DOROTHY'S WEDDING DAY. Song-Cycle for four solo voices	4	0
(Organ part, ad. lib., 1s.).		
FLORA'S HOLIDAY. A Cycle of Old English Melodies for Solo Voices and Quartet ...	4	0
OLD ENGLISH MELODIES. (Arranged) ...	4	0

Charles Wood.

	s.	d.
IRISH FOLK SONGS. (Arranged.) Words by A. P. Graves	3	6

Amy Woodforde-Finden.

	s.	d.
A DREAM OF EGYPT. Song Cycle. Two Editions, for high and low voice ... each	4	0
GOLDEN HOURS. A set of four songs. Two Editions, for high and high voice ... each	3	0
AZIZA, THREE ORIENTAL SONGS	3	0
FIVE LITTLE JAPANESE SONGS. Two editions, for high and low voice ... ... each	3	0
THE PAGODA OF FLOWERS. A Burmese Story in Song, for four Solo Voices and Chorus ...	5	0
Chorus part	0	8
LOVE SCENE FROM "THE PAGODA OF FLOWERS"	3	0
ON JHELUM RIVER, a Kashmiri Love Story. Two Editions, for high and low voice, each	4	0
SIX SONGS FROM "ON JHELUM RIVER." Two editions, for high and low voice ... each	4	0
FOUR INDIAN LOVE LYRICS. Two Editions, for high and low voice, each	3	0
Do. do. (Chants Indous) French words	5	0
A LOVER IN DAMASCUS. A Set of Six Songs. Two Editions, for high and low voice, each	4	0

List of Contents sent on application.

THE CAVENDISH MUSIC BOOKS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH. THIRTY-TWO PAGES, FULL MUSIC SIZE.

No.
1. Songs of the Day. (10). Book 1.
2. Mad. Sherrington's Ballad Concert Album. 11 Sgs.
3. Mad. A. Sterling's Ballad Concert Album. 10 Songs.
4. Mr. Sims Reeves' Ballad Concert Album. 11 Songs.
5. Mr. Santley's Ballad Concert Album. 13 Songs.
6. Album of Dance Music. Nine Sets.
7. First Pianoforte Album. Eight celebrated Pieces.
8. Second Pianoforte Album. Seven celebrated Pieces.
9. Third Pianoforte Album. Seven celebrated Pieces.
10. Fourth Pianoforte Album. 8 celebrated Pieces.
11. Madame Arabella Goddard's Pianoforte Album.
12. Fantasias, by Liszt. (3).
13. Lillie's Picture Music for Young Performers.
14. First Juvenile Album. 16 Pieces for Pianoforte.
15. Sacred Airs. For Young performers on the Piano. (8).
16. Dance Music as Duets.
17. Modern Duets for Ladies' Voices. (6).
18. Modern Sacred Songs. (10).
19. Scotch Songs. (20). 1st Selection.
20. Irish Ballads. (20).
21. Old English Ballads. (20). 1st Selection.
22. Album of National Dances. 93 Country Dances, &c.
23. Moore's Irish Melodies. (68). For Pianoforte.
24. Mr. E. Lloyd's First Ballad Concert Album.
25. Duets for Men's Voices. (6).
26. Classical Readings for the Pianoforte. (17).
27. Sacred Readings for the Pianoforte. (21).
28. Recollections of the Opera, for Pianoforte. (Book 1). 26 Pieces.
29 Gavotte Album. 1st Selection. Twelve Gavottes.
30. Fifth Pianoforte Album. Eight Popular Pieces.
31. Songs of the Day. (10). Book 2.
32. Songs of the Day. (10). Book 3.
33. Album of Marches as Duets. (10).
34. Minuet Album. 18 Minuets.
35. Humorous Songs for the Drawing Room. (12).
36. Schumann's Duet Album for Young Performers.
37. Callcott's Handel Album. Part 1. 57 Oratorio Airs for Pianoforte.
38. Callcott's Handel Album. (Part 2). 61 Opera Airs for Pianoforte.
39. Overtures as Duets. (3). 1st Selection.
40. Album of National Dances of Europe. (34).
41. Boccaccio and Mascotte Dance Album
42. Album of Old Dances. (18).
43. Album of Polonaises. (12).
44. Popular Pieces for Young Performers. (9).
45. Second Juvenile Album. 15 Pieces for Pianoforte.
46. Songs of the Day. (10). Book 4.
47. Sir Arthur Sullivan's Songs. (8).
48. Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. (Bks. 1, 2, 3.)
49. Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. (Bks. 4, 5, 6.)
50. Duets for Soprano and Contralto, by Hatton. (6)
51. Sixth Pianoforte Album. Seven celebrated pieces.
52. Half-hours with Offenbach and Audran. As Duets for the Pianoforte, by Callcott and de Vilbac.
53. Short Pieces for Pianoforte. (10).
54. Pieces by A. P. Wyman. (7).
55. Operatic Fantasias by Kuhe & Favarger. (4).
56. Pieces by Schulhoff. (5).
57. Pieces by Gottschalk. (6). 1st Selection.
58. Standard Overtures. (4). Book 1.
59. Pieces by C. D. Blake. (7).
60. Marches by American Composers. (10). Bk. 1.
61. Third Juvenile Album. 16 Pieces for Pianoforte.
62. March Album. Twelve celebrated Marches.
63. Popular Pieces for the Pianoforte. (8).
64. Popular Baritone Songs. (10).
65. New Baritone Songs. (10):
66. Pianoforte Duets by Volkmann. 12 Pieces.
67. Standard Overtures. (4). Book 2.
68. Songs of the Day. (10). Book 5.
69. Songs and Hymns for Sunday Evening. (46).
70. Seventh Pianoforte Album. Eleven Pieces.
71. American Ballads. (14). 1st Selection.
72. Pieces by Gottschalk. (7). 2nd selection.
73. Vocal Duets by Mendelssohn and Rubinstein. 11)
74. Waltzes by Strauss, Lanner, & Labitzky. (48).
75. American Pieces for Pianoforte. (9). 1st Selection.
76. American Ballads. (14). 2nd Selection.

No.

77. Songs for Young Girls. (18).
78. Songs of the Day. (10). Book 6.
79. Short American Pieces. (9). 2nd Selection.
80. Pieces by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett. (8).
81. Old English Ballads. (20). 2nd Selection.
82. Scotch Songs. (20). 2nd Selection.
83. Welsh Songs (Welsh and English words). (18).
84. Rubinstein's Songs (German & English words.) (12).
85. Songs by Sir W. S. Bennett & other Composers (11).
86. Schumann's First Album for the Young. (43 Characteristic Pieces).
87. Schumann's Fantaisie-Stücke, Op. 12. (8 Pieces).
88. Schumann's Waldscenen, Op. 82, & Papillons, Op. 2.
89. Beethoven's & Mozart's Celebrated Waltzes. (50).
90. Album of Newest Dance Music. (8 Sets).
91. Clementi's Nine Sonatinas.
92. Gavotte Album. 2nd Selection. (18 Gavottes).
93. Smallwood's Dance Album for Young Folks.
94. Celebrated Opera-Bouffe Songs. (11).
95. Chopin's Best Pianoforte Pieces. (8). Book 1.
96. Chopin's Best Pianoforte Pieces. (11). Book 2.
97 Samuel Lover's Songs.
98. Gounod's Songs. (10).
99. Fahrbach's Polkas. (16).
100. American Ballads. (15). 3rd Selection.
101. American Pieces for Pianoforte. (12). 3rd Sel.
102. Oratorio Gems. 16 Popular Songs. 1st Selection
103. Songs of the Day. (10). Book 7.
104. Duets for Ladies' Voices. (7).
105. Smallwood's Juvenile Duet Album for Piano.
106. "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl." The Principal Airs arranged for Pianoforte.
107. Marzials' Album. 9 Songs by Theo. Marzials.
108. Eighth Pianoforte Album. Eight Pieces.
109. National Anthems of all Nations for Piano.
110. Fourth Juvenile Album. 15 Pieces for Pianoforte.
111. Oratorio Gems (Songs). 2nd Selection.
112. Standard Tenor Songs. (12).
113. Short Pieces for the Pianoforte, by Mendelssohn and Beethoven.
114. Madame Belle Cole's Concert Album. 13 Songs.
115. Standard Soprano Songs (8).
116. Overtures as Duets (3). 2nd Selection.
117. Popular English Ballads (12).
118. Standard Bass Songs (10). 1st Selection.
119. American Songs. (10). 4th Selection.
120. Sacred Gems from Mendelssohn. (16). For Piano.
121. Smallwood's American Dance Album. 16 Pieces.
122. Seven Songs by Blumenthal.
123. Standard Vocal Duets. (6).
124. Popular Duets for Ladies' Voices. (8).
125. Hatton's Songs (12). Words by Herrick & Ben Jonson.
126. Boosey's Dance Album. (Thine Alone Valse, &c.)*
127. Songs by Tschaikowsky (12), with English Words.
128. Miss E. Florence's Concert Album. 10 Songs.
129. Fifth Juvenile Album. 17 Pieces for Pianoforte.
130. Recollections of the Opera, for Pianoforte. Book 2. 18 Pieces.
131. Mr. E. Lloyd's Second Ballad Concert Album.
132. Standard Bass Songs (7). 2nd Selection.
133. Marches by American Composers. (13). Bk. 2.
134. Easy Pieces for the Pianoforte (12) By A. Renaud.
135. Songs of the Day. (8). Book 8.
136. Balfe Album of Songs and Duets. (7).
137. Christmas Dance Album. (1898).*
138. Regimental Marches. (58).
139. Russian Melodies (15). For the Pianoforte.
140. Popular English Songs. (9).
141. Chopin's Eight Valses. Edited by E. Horne.
142. Chopin's Nocturnes. Complete, edited by E. Horne.
143. Original Pieces for the Pianoforte, for young performers. Tschaikowsky.
144. Album of Marches. Standard and Popular.
145. Standard and Popular Contralto Songs.
146. Standard and Popular Baritone Songs.
147. Songs by Schubert, transcribed for Piano by Kuhe.
148. Thirteen Famous Songs by Claribel.
149. Easy Pieces for the Piano (10). 2nd Set, A. Renaud.

* Violin Parts of Nos. 126 and 137, Sixpence each.

⁂ A DETAILED LIST OF CONTENTS SENT ON APPLICATION.

BOOSEY & CO., 295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W., and 9, EAST 17th STREET, NEW YORK.

BINDING SECT. JAN 27 1965

M
1740
H34S6
v.1

Music

Hatton, John Liptrott (ed.)
The songs of England

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY